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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

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A MONTHLY REVIEW

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& GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



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The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME I

February 1924

NUMBER 2

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The American MERCURY

February 1924

ALL GOD'S CHILLUN GOT WINGS

A PLAY IN TWO ACTS

BY EUGENE O'NEILL

CHARACTERS

JIM HARRIS
MRS. HARRIS, *his mother*
HATTIE, *his sister*
ELLA DOWNEY
SHORTY
JOE
MICKEY
Whites and Negroes

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE—*A corner in lower New York.*

Years ago. End of an afternoon in Spring.

SCENE TWO—*The same. Nine years later.*

End of an evening in Spring.

SCENE THREE—*The same. Five years later.*

A night in Spring.

SCENE FOUR—*The street before a church in the same ward. A morning some weeks later.*

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE—*A flat in the same ward. A morning two years later.*

SCENE TWO—*The same. At twilight some months later.*

SCENE THREE—*The same. A night some months later.*

ACT I

Scene 1

A corner in lower New York, at the edge of a colored district. Three narrow streets converge. A

triangular building in the rear, red brick, four-storied, its ground floor a grocery. Four-story tenements stretch away down the skyline of the two streets. The fire escapes are crowded with people. In the street leading left, the faces are all white; in the street leading right, all black. It is hot Spring. On the sidewalk are eight children, four boys and four girls. Two of each sex are white, two black. They are playing marbles. One of the black boys is JIM HARRIS. The little blonde girl, her complexion rose and white, who sits behind his elbow and holds his marbles is ELLA DOWNEY. She is eight. They play the game with concentrated attention for a while. People pass, black and white, the Negroes frankly participants in the spirit of Spring, the whites laughing constrainedly, awkward in natural emotion. Their words are lost. One only hears their laughter. It expresses the difference in race. There are street noises—the clattering roar of the Elevated, the puff of its locomotives, the ruminative lazy sound of a horse-car, the hooves of its team clacking on the cobbles. From the street of the whites a high-pitched, nasal tenor sings the chorus of "Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage." On the street of the blacks a Negro strikes up the chorus of: "I Guess I'll Have to Telegraph My Baby." As this singing ends, there is laughter, distinctive in quality, from both streets. Then silence. The light in the street begins to grow brilliant with the glow of the setting sun. The game of marbles goes on.

WHITE GIRL—[*Tugging at the elbow of her brother*] Come on, Mickey!

HER BROTHER—[*Roughly*] Aw, gwan, youse!

WHITE GIRL—Aw right, den. You kin git a lickin' if you want. [*Gets up to move off.*]

HER BROTHER—Aw, git off de cart!

WHITE GIRL—De old woman'll be madder'n hell!

HER BROTHER—[*Worried now*] I'm comin', ain't I? Hold your horses.

BLACK GIRL—[*To a black boy*] Come on, you Joe. We gwine git frailed too, you don't hurry.

JOE—Go long!

MICKEY—Bust up de game, huh? I gotta run! [*Jumps to his feet.*]

OTHER WHITE BOY—Me, too! [*Jumps up.*]

OTHER BLACK GIRL—Lawdy, it's late!

JOE—Me for grub!

MICKEY—[*To JIM HARRIS*] You's de winner, Jim Crow. Yeh gotta play tomorrer.

JIM—[*Readily*] Sure ting, Mick. Come one, come all! [*He laughs.*]

OTHER WHITE BOY—Me too! I gotta git back at yuh.

JIM—Aw right, Shorty.

LITTLE GIRLS—Hurry! Come on, come on! [*The six start off together. Then they notice that JIM and ELLA are hesitating, standing awkwardly and shyly together. They turn to mock.*]

JOE—Look at dat Jim Crow! Land sakes, he got a gal! [*He laughs. They all laugh.*]

JIM—[*Ashamed*] Ne'er mind, you Chocolate!

MICKEY—Look at de two softies, will yeh! Mush! Mush! [*He and the two other boys take this up.*]

LITTLE GIRLS—[*Pointing their fingers at Ella*] Shame! Shame! Everybody knows your name! Painty Face! Painty Face!

ELLA—[*Hanging her head*] Shut up!

LITTLE WHITE GIRL—He's been carrying her books!

COLORADO GIRL—Can't you find nuffin better'n him, Ella? Look at de big feet he got! [*She laughs. They all laugh. JIM puts one foot on top of the other, looking at ELLA.*]

ELLA—Mind yer own business, see! [*She strides toward them angrily. They jump up*

and dance in an ecstasy, screaming and laughing.]

ALL—Found yeh out! Found yeh out!

MICKY—Mush-head! Jim Crow de Sissy! Stuck on Painty Face!

JOE—Will Painty Face let you hold her doll, boy?

SHORTY—Cissy! Softy! [*ELLA suddenly begins to cry. At this they all howl.*]

ALL—Cry-baby! Cry-baby! Look at her! Painty Face!

JIM—[*Suddenly rushing at them, with clenched fists, furiously*] Shut yo' moufs! I kin lick de hull of you! [*They all run away, laughing, shouting, and jeering, quite triumphant now that they have made him, too, loose his temper. He comes back to ELLA, and stands beside her sheepishly, stepping on one foot after the other. Suddenly he blurts out:*]

Don't bawl no more. I done chased 'em.

ELLA—[*Comforted, politely*] T'anks.

JIM—[*Swelling out*] It was a cinch. I kin wipe up de street wid any one of dem. [*He stretches out his arms, trying to bulge out his biceps*] Feel dat muscle!

ELLA—[*Does so gingerly—then with admiration*] My!

JIM—[*Protectingly*] You mustn't never be scared when I'm hanging round, Painty Face.

ELLA—Don't call me that, Jim—please!

JIM—[*Contritely*] I didn't mean nuffin'. I didn't know you'd mind.

ELLA—I do—more'n anything.

JIM—You oughtn't to mind. Dey's jealous, dat's what.

ELLA—Jealous? Of what?

JIM—[*Pointing to her face*] Of dat. Red 'n' white. It's purty.

ELLA—I hate it!

JIM—It's purty. Yes, it's—it's purty. It's—outa sight!

ELLA—I hate it. I wish I was black like you.

JIM—[*Sort of shrinking*] No you don't. Dey'd call you Crow, den—or Chocolate—or Smoke.

ELLA—I wouldn't mind.

JIM—[*Somberly*] Dey'd call you nigger sometimes, too.

ELLA—I wouldn't mind.

JIM—[*Humbly*] You wouldn't mind?

ELLA—No, I wouldn't mind. [*An awkward pause.*]

JIM—[*Suddenly*] You know what, Ella? Since I been tuckin' yo' books to school and back, I been drinkin' lots o' chalk 'n' water tree times a day. Dat Tom, de barber, he tole me dat make me white, if I drink enough. [*Pleadingly*] Does I look whiter?

ELLA—[*Comfortingly*] Yes—maybe—a little bit—

JIM—[*Trying a careless tone*] Reckon dat Tom's a liar, an' de joke's on me! Dat chalk only makes me feel kinder sick inside.

ELLA—[*Wonderingly*] Why do you want to be white?

JIM—Because—just because—I lak dat better.

ELLA—I wouldn't. I like black. Let's you and me swap. I'd like to be black. [*Clapping her hands*] Gee, that'd be fun, if we only could!

JIM—[*Hesitatingly*] Yes—maybe—

ELLA—Then they'd call me Crow, and you'd be Painty Face!

JIM—They wouldn't never dast call you nigger, you bet! I'd kill 'em! [*Along pause. Finally she takes his hand shyly. They both keep looking as far away from each other as possible.*]

ELLA—I like you.

JIM—I like you.

ELLA—Do you want to be my feller?

JIM—Yes.

ELLA—Then I'm your girl.

JIM—Yes. [*Then grandly*] You kin bet none o' de gang gwine call you Painty Face from dis out! I lam' em' good! [*The sun has set. Twilight has fallen on the street. An organ grinder comes up to the corner and plays "Annie Rooney." They stand hand-in-hand and listen. He goes away. It is growing dark.*]

ELLA—[*Suddenly*] Golly, it's late! I'll git a lickin'!

JIM—Me, too.

ELLA—I won't mind it much.

JIM—Me nuther.

ELLA—See you going to school tomorrow.

JIM—Sure.

ELLA—I gotta skip now.

JIM—Me, too.

ELLA—I like you, Jim.

JIM—I like you.

ELLA—Don't forget.

JIM—Don't you.

ELLA—Good-by.

JIM—So long. [*They run away from each other—then stop abruptly, and turn as at a signal.*]

ELLA—Don't forget.

JIM—I won't, you bet!

ELLA—Here! [*She kisses her hand at him, then runs off in frantic embarrassment.*]

JIM—[*Overcome*] Gee! [*Then he turns and darts away, as*

THE CURTAIN FALLS

Scene 2

The same corner. Nine years have passed. It is again late Spring at a time in the evening which immediately follows the hour of Scene 1. Nothing has changed much. One street is still all white, the other all black. The fire escapes are laden with drooping human beings. The grocery-store is still at the corner. The street noises are now more rhythmically mechanical, electricity having taken the place of horse and steam. People pass, white and black. They laugh as in Scene 1. From the street of the whites the high-pitched nasal tenor sings: "Gee, I Wish That I Had a Girl," and the Negro replies with "All I Got Was Sympathy." The singing is followed again by laughter from both streets. Then silence. The dusk grows darker. With a spluttering flare the arc-lamp at the corner is lit and sheds a pale glare over the street. Two young roughs slouch up to the corner, as tough in manner as they can make themselves. One is the SHORTY of Scene 1; the other the Negro, JOE. They stand loafing. A boy of seventeen or so passes by, escorting a girl of about the same age. Both are dressed in their best, the boy in black with stiff collar, the girl in white.

SHORTY—[*Scornfully*] Hully cripes! Pipe who's here! [*To the girl, sneeringly*] Wha's

- matter, Liz? Don't yer recernize yer old fr'ens?
- GIRL—*[Frightenedly]* Hello, Shorty.
- SHORTY—Why de glad rags? Goin' to graduation? *[He tries to obstruct their way but, edging away from him, they turn and run.]*
- JOE—Har-har! Look at dem scoot, will you! *[SHORTY grins with satisfaction.]*
- SHORTY—*[Looking down other street]* Here comes Mickey.
- JOE—He won de semi-final last night easy?
- SHORTY—Knocked de bloke out in de thoid.
- JOE—Dat boy's suah a-comin'! He'll be de champeen yit.
- SHORTY—*[Judicially]* Got a good chanct—if he leaves de broads alone. Dat's where he's wide open. *[Mickey comes in from the left. He is dressed loudly, a straw hat with a gaudy band cocked over one cauliflower ear. He has acquired a typical "pug's" face, with the added viciousness of a natural bully. One of his eyes is puffed, almost closed, as a result of his battle the night before. He swaggers up.]*
- BOTH—Hello, Mickey.
- MICKEY—Hello.
- JOE—Hear you knocked him col'.
- MICKEY—Sure. I knocked his block off. *[Changing the subject]* Say. Seen 'em goin' past to de graduation racket?
- SHORTY—*[With a wink]* Why? You int'-rested?
- JOE—*[Chuckling]* Mickey's gwine roun' git a good conduct medal.
- MICKEY—Sure. Dey kin pin it on de seat o' me pants. *[They laugh]* Listen. Seen Ella Downey goin'?
- SHORTY—Painty Face? No, she ain't been along.
- MICKEY—*[With authority]* Can dat name, see! Want a bunch o' fives in yer kisser? Den nix! She's me goil, understan'?
- JOE—*[Venturing to joke]* Which one? Yo' number ten?
- MICKEY—*[Flattered]* Sure. Dereal K.O. one.
- SHORTY—*[Pointing right—sneeringly]* Gee! Pipe Jim Crow all dolled up for de racket.
- JOE—*[With disgusted resentment]* You mean tell me dat nigger's graduatin'?
- SHORTY—Ask him. *[JIM HARRIS comes in. He is dressed in black, stiff white collar, etc.—a quiet-mannered Negro boy with a queerly-baffled, sensitive face.]*
- JIM—*[Pleasantly]* Hello, fellows. *[They grunt in reply, looking over him scornfully.]*
- JOE—*[Staring resentfully]* Is you graduatin' tonight?
- JIM—Yes.
- JOE—*[Spitting disgustedly]* Fo' Gawd's sake! You is gittin' high-falutin'!
- JIM—*[Smiling deprecatingly]* This is my second try. I didn't pass last year.
- JOE—What de hell does it git you, huh? Whatever is you gwine do wid it now you gits it? Live lazy on yo' ol' woman?
- JIM—*[Assertively]* I'm going to study and become a lawyer.
- JOE—*[With a snort]* Fo' Chris' sake, nigger!
- JIM—*[Fiercely]* Don't you call me that—not before them!
- JOE—*[Pugnaciously]* Does you deny you's a nigger? I shows you—
- MICKEY—*[Gives them both a push—truculently]* Cut it out, see! I'm runnin' dis corner. *[Turning to JIM insultingly]* Say, you! Painty Face's gittin' her ticket tonight, ain't she?
- JIM—You mean Ella—
- MICKEY—Painty Face Downey, dat's who I mean! I don't have to be perlite wit' her. She's me goil!
- JIM—*[Glumly]* Yes, she's graduating.
- SHORTY—*[Winks at Mickey]* Smart, huh?
- MICKEY—*[Winks back—meaningly]* Willin' to loin, take it from me! *[JIM stands tensely as if a struggle were going on in him.]*
- JIM—*[Finally blurts out]* I want to speak to you, Mickey—alone.
- MICKEY—*[Surprised—insultingly]* Aw, what de hell—!
- JIM—*[Excitedly]* It's important, I tell you!
- MICKEY—Huh? *[Stares at him inquisitively—then motions the others back carelessly and follows JIM down front.]*
- SHORTY—Some noive!
- JOE—*[Vengefully]* I gits dat Jim alone, you wait!
- MICKEY—Well, spill de big news. I ain't got all night. I got a date.

JIM—With—Ella?

MICKEY—What's dat to you?

JIM—[*The words tumbling out*] What—I wanted to say! I know—I've heard—all the stories—what you've been doing around the ward—with other girls—it's none of my business, with them—but she—Ella—it's different—she's not that kind—

MICKEY—[*Insultingly*] Who told yuh so, huh?

JIM—[*Draws back his fist threateningly*] Don't you dare—! [MICKEY is so paralyzed by this effrontery that he actually steps back.]

MICKEY—Say, cut de comedy! [Beginning to feel insulted] Listen, you Jim Crow! Ain't you wise I could give yuh one poke dat'd knock yuh into next week?

JIM—I'm only asking you to act square, Mickey.

MICKEY—What's it to yuh? Why, yuh lousy goat, she wouldn't spit on yuh even! She hates de sight of a coon.

JIM—[*In agony*] I—I know—but once she didn't mind—we were kids together—

MICKEY—Aw, ferget dat! Dis is now!

JIM—And I'm still her friend always—even if she don't like colored people—

MICKEY—Coons, why don't yuh say it right! De trouble wit' you is yuh're gittin' stuck up, dat's what! Stay where yeh belong, see! Yer old man made coin at de truckin' game and yuh're tryin' to buy yerself white—graduatin' and law, fer Hell's sake! Yuh're gittin' yerself in Dutch wit' everyone in de ward—and it ain't cause yer a coon neider. Don't de gang all train wit' Joe dere and lots of others? But yuh're tryin' to buy white and it won't git yuh no place, see!

JIM—[*Trembling*] Some day—I'll show you—

MICKEY—[*Turning away*] Aw, gwan!

JIM—D'you think I'd change—be you—your dirty white—!

MICKEY—[*Whirling about*] What's dat?

JIM—[*With hysterical vehemence*] You act square with her—or I'll show you up—I'll report you—I'll write to the papers—

the sporting writers—I'll let them know how white you are!

MICKEY—[*Infuriated*] Yuh damn nigger, I'll bust yer jaw in! [Assuming his ring pose he weaves toward JIM, his face set in a cruel scowl. JIM waits helplessly but with a certain dignity.]

SHORTY—Cheese it! A couple bulls! And here's de Downey skoit comin', too.

MICKEY—I'll get yuh de next time! [ELLA DOWNEY enters from the right. She is seventeen, still has the same rose and white complexion, is pretty but with a rather repelling bold air about her.]

ELLA—[*Smiles with pleasure when she sees MICKEY*] Hello, Mick. Am I late? Say, I'm so glad you won last night. [She glances from one to the other as she feels something in the air] Hello! What's up?

MICKEY—Dis boob. [He indicates JIM scornfully.]

JIM—[*Diffidently*] Hello, Ella.

ELLA—[*Shortly, turning away*] Hello. [Then to MICKEY] Come on, Mick. Walk down with me. I got to hurry.

JIM—[*Blurts out*] Wait—just a second. [Painfully] Ella, do you hate—colored people?

MICKEY—Aw, shut up!

JIM—Please answer.

ELLA—[*Forcing a laugh*] Say! What is this—another exam?

JIM—[*Doggedly*] Please answer.

ELLA—[*Irritably*] Of course I don't! Haven't I been brought up alongside—Why, some of my oldest—the girls I've been to public school the longest with—

JIM—Do you hate me, Ella?

ELLA—[*Confusedly and more irritably*] Say, is he drunk? Why should I? I don't hate anyone.

JIM—Then why haven't you ever hardly spoken to me—for years?

ELLA—[*Resentfully*] What would I speak about? You and me've got nothing in common any more.

JIM—[*Desperately*] Maybe not any more—but—right on this corner—do you remember once—?

ELLA—I don't remember nothing! [*Angri-*

ly] Say! What's got into you to be butting into my business all of a sudden like this? Because you finally managed to graduate, has it gone to your head?

JIM—No, I—only want to help you, Ella.

ELLA—Of all the nerve! You're certainly forgetting your place! Who's asking you for help, I'd like to know? Shut up and stop bothering me!

JIM—*[Insistently]* If you ever need a friend—a true friend—

ELLA—I've got lots of friends among my own—kind, I can tell you. *[Exasperatedly]* You make me sick! Go to—hell! *[She flounces off. The three men laugh. MICK- EY follows her. JIM is stricken. He goes and sinks down limply on a box in front of the grocery-store.]*

SHORTY—I'm going to shoot a drink. Come on, Joe, and I'll blow yuh.

JOE—*[Who has never ceased to follow every move of JIM's with angry, resentful eyes]* Go long. I've gwine stay here a secon'. I got a lil' argument. *[He points to JIM.]*

SHORTY—Suit yerself. Do a good job. See yuh later. *[He goes, whistling.]*

JOE—*[Stands for a while glaring at JIM, his fierce little eyes peering out of his black face. Then he spits on his hands aggressively and strides up to the oblivious JIM. He stands in front of him, gradually working himself into a fury at the other's seeming indifference to his words]* Listen to me, nigger: I got a heap to whisper in yo' ear! Who is you, anyhow? Who does you think you is? Don't yo' old man and mine work on de docks togidder befo' yo' old man gits his own truckin' business? Yo' ol' man swallers his nickels, my ol' man buys him beer wid dem and swallers dat—dat's de on'y difference. Don't you n'me drag up togidder?

JIM—*[Dully]* I'm your friend, Joe.

JOE—No, you isn't! I ain't no fren o' yourn! I don't even know who you is! What's all dis schoolin' you doin'? What's all dis dressin' up and graduatin' an' sayin' you gwine study be a lawyer? What's all dis fakin' an' pretendin' and swellin' out grand an' talkin' soft and perlite? What's all dis denyin' you's a nigger—an' wid

de white boys listenin' to you say it! Is you aimin' to buy white wid yo' ol' man's dough like Mickey say? What is you? *[In a rage at the other's silence]* You don't talk? Den I takes it out o' yo' hide! *[He grabs JIM by the throat with one hand and draws the other fist back]* Tell me befo' I wrecks yo' face in! Is you a nigger or isn't you? *[Shaking him]* Is you a nigger, Nigger? Nigger, is you a nigger?

JIM—*[Looking into his eyes—quietly]* Yes. I'm a nigger. We're both niggers. *[They look at each other for a moment. JOE's rage vanishes. He slumps onto a box beside JIM's. He offers him a cigarette. JIM takes it. JOE scratches a match and lights both their cigarettes.]*

JOE—*[After a puff, with full satisfaction]* Man, why didn't you 'splain dat in de fust place?

JIM—We're both niggers. *[The same hand-organ man of Scene 1 comes to the corner. He plays the chorus of "Bon Bon Buddie, the Chocolate Drop." They both stare straight ahead listening. Then the organ man goes away. A silence. JOE gets to his feet.]*

JOE—I'll go get me a cold beer. *[He starts to move off—then turns]* Time you was graduatin', ain't it? *[He goes. JIM remains sitting on his box staring straight before him as*

THE CURTAIN FALLS

Scene 3

The same corner five years later. Nothing has changed much. It is a night in Spring. The arc-lamp discovers faces with a favorless cruelty. The street noises are the same but more intermittent and dulled with a quality of fatigue. Two people pass, one black and one white. They are tired. They both yawn, but neither laughs. There is no laughter from the two streets. From the street of the whites the tenor, more nasal than ever and a bit drunken, wails in high barber-shop falsetto the last half of the chorus of "When I Lost You." The Negro voice, a bit maudlin in turn, replies with the last half of "Waitin' for the Robert E. Lee." Silence. SHORTY enters. He looks tougher than ever, the typical gangster. He stands waiting, singing a bit drunkenly, peering down the street.

SHORTY—[*Indignantly*] Yuh bum! Ain't yuh ever comin'? [*He begins to sing: "And sewed up in her yellor kimona, She had a blue-barrelled forty-five gun, For to get her man Who'd done her wrong."* Then he comments scornfully] Not her, dough! No gat for her. She ain't got de noive. A little sugar. Dat'll fix her. [ELLA enters. She is dressed poorly, her face is pale and hollow-eyed, her voice cold and tired.]

SHORTY—Yuh got de message?

ELLA—Here I am.

SHORTY—How yuh been?

ELLA—All right. [*A pause. He looks at her puzzledly.*]

SHORTY—[*A bit embarrassedly*] Well, I s'pose yuh'd like me to give yuh some dope on Mickey, huh?

ELLA—No.

SHORTY—Mean to say yuh don't wanter know where he is or what he's doin'?

ELLA—No.

SHORTY—Since when?

ELLA—A long time.

SHORTY—[*After a pause—with a rat-like viciousness*] Between you'n me, kid, you'll get even soon—you'n all de odder dames he's tossed. I'm on de inside. I've watched him trainin'. His next scrap, watch it! He'll go! It won't be de odder guy. It'll be all youse dames he's kidded—and de ones what's kidded him. Youse'll all be in de odder guy's corner. He won't need no odder seconds. Youse'll trow water on him, and sponge his face, and take de kinks out of his socker—and Mickey'll catch it on de button—and he won't be able to take it no more—'cause all your weight—you and de odders—'ll be behind dat punch. Ha ha! [*He laughs an evil laugh*] And Mickey'll go—down to his knees first—[*He sinks to his knees in the attitude of a groggy boxer.*]

ELLA—I'd like to see him on his knees!

SHORTY—And den—flat on his pan—dead to de world—de boidies singin' in de trees—ten—out! [*He suits his action to the words, sinking flat on the pavement, then rises and laughs the same evil laugh.*]

ELLA—He's been out—for me—a long time.

[*A pause*] Why did you send for me?

SHORTY—He sent me.

ELLA—Why?

SHORTY—To slip you dis wad o' dough.

[*He reluctantly takes a roll of bills from his pocket and holds it out to her.*]

ELLA—[*Looks at the money indifferently*] What for?

SHORTY—For you.

ELLA—No.

SHORTY—For de kid den.

ELLA—The kid's dead. He took diptheria.

SHORTY—Hell yuh say! When?

ELLA—A long time.

SHORTY—Why didn't you write Mickey—?

ELLA—Why should I? He'd only be glad.

SHORTY—[*After a pause*] Well—it's better.

ELLA—Yes.

SHORTY—You made up wit yer family?

ELLA—No chance.

SHORTY—Livin' alone?

ELLA—In Brooklyn.

SHORTY—Workin'?

ELLA—In a factory.

SHORTY—You're a sucker. There's lots of softer snaps fer you, kid—

ELLA—I know what you mean. No.

SHORTY—Don't yuh wanter step out no more—have fun—live?

ELLA—I'm through.

SHORTY—[*Mockingly*] Jump in de river, huh?

T'ink it over, baby. I kin start yuh right in my stable. No one'll bodder yuh den. I got influence.

ELLA—[*Without emphasis*] You're a dirty dog. Why doesn't someone kill you?

SHORTY—Is dat so! What're you? They say you been travelin' round with Jim Crow.

ELLA—He's been my only friend.

SHORTY—A nigger!

ELLA—The only white man in the world! Kind and white. You're all black—black to the heart!

SHORTY—Nigger-lover! [*He throws the money in her face. It falls to the street*] Listen, you! Mickey says he's off of yuh for keeps. Dis is de finish! Dat's what he sent me to tell you. [*Glances at her searchingly—a pause*] Yuh won't make no trouble?

ELLA—Why should I? He's free. The kid's dead. I'm free. No hard feelings—only—I'll be there in spirit at his next fight, tell him! I'll take your tip—the other corner—second the punch—nine—ten—out! He's free! That's all. [*She grins horribly at Shorty*] Go away, Shorty.

SHORTY—[*Looking at her and shaking his head—maudlinly*] Groggy! Groggy! We're all groggy! Gluttons for punishment! Me for a drink. So long. [*He goes. A Salvation Army band comes toward the corner. They are playing and singing "Till We Meet at Jesus' Feet."* They reach the end as they enter and stop before ELLA. THE CAPTAIN steps forward.]

CAPTAIN—Sister—

ELLA—[*Picks up the money and drops it in his hat—mockingly*] Here. Go save yourself. Leave me alone.

A WOMAN SALVATIONIST—Sister—

ELLA—Never mind that. I'm not in your line—yet. [*As they hesitate, wonderingly*] I want to be alone. [*To the thud of the big drum they march off. ELLA sits down on a box, her hands hanging at her sides. Presently JIM HARRIS comes in. He has grown into a quietly-dressed, studious-looking Negro with an intelligent yet queerly-baffled face.*]

JIM—[*With a joyous but bewildered cry*] Ella! I just saw Shorty—

ELLA—[*Smiling at him with frank affection*] He had a message from Mickey.

JIM—[*Sadly*] Ah!

ELLA—[*Pointing to the box behind her*] Sit down. [*He does so. A pause—then she says indifferently*] It's finished. I'm free, Jim.

JIM—[*wearily*] We're never free—except to do what we have to.

ELLA—What are you getting gloomy about all of a sudden?

JIM—I've got the report from the school. I've flunked again.

ELLA—Poor Jim.

JIM—Don't pity me. I'd like to kick myself all over the block. Five years—and I'm still plugging away where I ought to have been at the end of two.

ELLA—Why don't you give it up?

JIM—No!

ELLA—After all, what's being a lawyer?

JIM—A lot—to me—what it means. [*Intensely*] Why, if I was a Member of the Bar right now, Ella, I believe I'd almost have the courage to—

ELLA—What?

JIM—Nothing. [*After a pause—gropingly*] I can't explain—just—but it hurts like fire. It brands me in my pride. I swear I know more'n any member of my class. I ought to, I study harder. I work like the devil. It's all in my head—all fine and correct to a T. Then when I'm called on—I stand up—all the white faces looking at me—and I can feel their eyes—I hear my own voice sounding funny, trembling—and all of a sudden it's all gone in my head—there's nothing remembered—and I hear myself stuttering—and give up—sit down—They don't laugh, hardly ever. They're kind. They're good people. [*In a frenzy*] They're considerate, damn them! But I feel branded!

ELLA—Poor Jim!

JIM—[*Going on painfully*] And it's the same thing in the written exams. For weeks before I study all night. I can't sleep anyway. I learn it all, I see it, I understand it. Then they give me the paper in the exam room. I look it over, I know each answer—perfectly. I take up my pen. On all sides are white men starting to write. They're so sure—even the ones that I know know nothing. But I know it all—but I can't remember any more—it fades—it goes—it's gone. There's a blank in my head—stupidity—I sit like a fool fighting to remember a little bit here, a little bit there—not enough to pass—not enough for anything—when I know it all!

ELLA—[*Compassionately*] Jim. It isn't worth it. You don't need to—

JIM—I need it more than anyone ever needed anything. I need it to live.

ELLA—What'll it prove?

JIM—Nothing at all much—but everything to me.

ELLA—You're so much better than they are in every other way.

JIM—*[Looking up at her]* Then—you understand?

ELLA—Of course. *[Affectionately]* Don't I know how fine you've been to me! You've been the only one in the world who's stood by me—the only understanding person—and all after the rotten way I used to treat you.

JIM—But before that—way back so high—you treated me good. *[He smiles.]*

ELLA—You've been white to me, Jim. *[She takes his hand.]*

JIM—White—to you!

ELLA—Yes.

JIM—All love is white. I've always loved you. *[This with the deepest humility.]*

ELLA—Even now—after all that's happened!

JIM—Always.

ELLA—I like you, Jim—better than anyone else in the world.

JIM—That's more than enough, more than I ever hoped for. *[The organ grinder comes to the corner. He plays the chorus of "Annie Laurie." They sit listening, hand in hand.]*

JIM—Would you ever want to marry me, Ella?

ELLA—Yes, Jim.

JIM—*[As if this quick consent alarmed him]* No, no, don't answer now. Wait! Turn it over in your mind! Think what it means to you! Consider it—over and over again! I'm in no hurry, Ella. I can wait months—years—

ELLA—I'm alone. I've got to be helped. I've got to help someone—or it's the end—one end or another.

JIM—*[Eagerly]* Oh, I'll help—I know I can help—I'll give my life to help you—that's what I've been living for—

ELLA—But can I help you? Can I help you?

JIM—Yes! Yes! We'll go abroad where a man is a man—where it don't make that difference—where people are kind and wise to see the soul under skins. I don't ask you to love me—I don't dare to hope nothing like that! I don't want nothing—only to wait—to know you

like me—to be near you—to keep harm away—to make up for the past—to never let you suffer any more—to serve you—to lie at your feet like a dog that loves you—to kneel by your bed like a nurse that watches over you sleeping—to preserve and protect and shield you from evil and sorrow—to give my life and my blood and all the strength that's in me to give you peace and joy—to become your slave!—yes, be your slave!—your black slave that adores you as sacred! *[He has sunk to his knees. In a frenzy of self-abnegation, as he says the last words he beats his head on the flagstones.]*

ELLA—*[Overcome and alarmed]* Jim! Jim! You're crazy! I want to help you, Jim—I want to help—

CURTAIN

Scene 4

Some weeks or so later. A street in the same ward in front of an old brick church. The church sets back from the sidewalk in a yard enclosed by a rusty iron railing with a gate at center. On each side of this yard are tenements. The buildings have a stern, forbidding look. All the shades on the windows are drawn down, giving an effect of staring, brutal eyes that pry callously at human beings without acknowledging them. Even the two tall, narrow church windows on either side of the arched door are blanked with dull green shades. It is a bright, sunny morning. The district is unusually still, as if it were waiting, holding its breath.

From the street of the blacks to the right a Negro tenor sings in a voice of shadowy richness—the first stanza with a contented, childlike melancholy—

Sometimes I feel like a mourning dove,
Sometimes I feel like a mourning dove,
I feel like a mourning dove.

The second with a dreamy, boyish exultance—

Sometimes I feel like an eagle in the air,
Sometimes I feel like an eagle in the air,
I feel like an eagle in the air.

The third with a brooding, earthbound sorrow—

Sometimes I wish that I'd never been born,
Sometimes I wish that I'd never been born,
I wish that I'd never been born.

As the music dies down there is a pause of waiting stillness. This is broken by one startling, metallic clang of the church-bell. As if it were a signal, people—men, women, children—pour from the two tenements, whites from the tenement to the left, blacks from the one to the right. They hurry to form into two racial lines on each side of the gate, rigid and unyielding, staring across at each other with bitter hostile eyes. The halves of the big church door swing open and JIM and ELLA step out from the darkness within into the sunlight. The doors slam behind them like wooden lips of an idol that has spat them out. JIM is dressed in black, ELLA in white, both with extreme plainness. They stand in the sunlight, shrinking and confused. All the hostile eyes are now concentrated on them. They become aware of the two lines through which they must pass; they hesitate and tremble; then stand there staring back at the people as fixed and immovable as they are. The organ grinder comes in from the right. He plays the chorus of "Old Black Joe." As he finishes the bell of the church clangs one more single stroke, insistently dismissing.

JIM—*[As if the sound had awakened him from a trance, reaches out and takes her hand]* Come. Time we got to the steamer. Time we sailed away over the sea. Come, Honey! *[She tries to answer but her lips tremble; she cannot take her eyes off the eyes of the people; she is unable to move. He sees this and, keeping the same tone of profound, affectionate kindness, he points upward in the sky, and gradually persuades her eyes to look up]* Look up, Honey! See the sun! Feel his warm eye lookin' down! Feel how kind he looks! Feel his blessing deep in your heart, your bones! Look up, Honey! *[Her eyes are fixed on the sky now. Her face is calm. She tries to smile bravely back at the sun. Now he pulls her by the hand, urging her gently to walk with him down through the yard and gate, through the lines of people. He is maintaining an attitude to support them through the ordeal only by a terrible effort, which manifests itself in the hysteric quality of ecstasy which breaks into his voice.]* And look at the sky! Ain't it kind and

blue! Blue for hope! Don't they say blue's for hope? Hope! That's for us, Honey. All those blessings in the sky! What's it the Bible says? Falls on just and unjust alike? No, that's the sweet rain. Pshaw, what am I saying? All mixed up. There's no unjust about it. We're all the same—equally just—under the sky—under the sun—under God—sailing over the sea—to the other side of the world—the side where Christ was born—the kind side that takes count of the soul—over the sea—the sea's blue, too—. Let's not be late—let's get that steamer! *[They have reached the curb now, passed the lines of people. She is looking up to the sky with an expression of trancelike calm and peace. He is on the verge of collapse, his face twitching, his eyes staring. He calls hoarsely:]* Taxi! Where is he? Taxi!

CURTAIN

ACT II

Scene 1

Two years later. A flat of the better sort in the Negro district near the corner of Act 1. This is the parlor. Its furniture is a queer clash. The old pieces are cheaply ornate, naïvely, childishly gaudy—the new pieces give evidence of a taste that is diametrically opposed, severe to the point of somberness. On one wall, in a heavy gold frame, is a colored photograph—the portrait of an elderly Negro with an able, shrewd face but dressed in outlandish lodge regalia, a get-up adorned with medals, sashes, a cocked hat with frills—the whole effect as absurd to contemplate as one of Napoleon's Marshals in full uniform. In the left corner, where a window lights it effectively, is a Negro primitive mask from the Congo—a grotesque face, inspiring obscure, dim connotations in one's mind, but beautifully done, conceived in a true religious spirit. In this room, however, the mask acquires an arbitrary accentuation. It dominates by a diabolical quality that contrast imposes upon it.

There are two windows on the left looking out in the street. In the rear, a door to the hall of the

building. In the right, a doorway with red and gold portières leading into the bedroom and the rest of the flat. Everything is cleaned and polished. The dark brown wall paper is new, the brilliantly figured carpet also. There is a round mahogany table at center. In a rocking chair by the table MRS. HARRIS is sitting. She is a mild-looking, gray-haired Negress of sixty-five, dressed in an old-fashioned Sunday-best dress. Walking about the room nervously is HATTIE, her daughter, JIM's sister, a woman of about thirty with a high-strung, defiant face—an intelligent head showing both power and courage. She is dressed severely, mannishly.

It is a fine morning in Spring. Sunshine comes through the windows at the left.

MRS. HARRIS—Time dey was here, ain't it?

HATTIE—[*Impatiently*] Yes.

MRS. H.—[*Worriedly*] You ain't gwine ter kick up a fuss, is you—like you done wid' Jim befo' de weddin'?

HATTIE—No. What's done is done.

MRS. H.—We mustn't let her see we hold it agin her—de bad dat happened to her wid dat no-count fighter.

HATTIE—I certainly never give that a thought. It's what she's done to Jim—making him run away and give up his fight—!

MRS. H.—Jim loves her a powerful lot, must be.

HATTIE—[*After a pause—bitterly*] I wonder if she loves Jim!

MRS. H.—She must, too. Yes, she must, too. Don't you forget dat it was hard for her—mighty, mighty hard—harder for de white dan for de black!

HATTIE—[*Indignantly*] Why should it be?

MRS. H.—[*Shaking her head*] I ain't talkin' of shoulds. It's too late for shoulds. Dey's o'ny one should. [*Solemnly*] De white and de black shouldn't mix dat close. Dere's one road where de white goes on alone; dere's anudder road where de black goes on alone—

HATTIE—Yes if they'd only leave us alone!

MRS. H.—Dey leaves your Pa alone. He comes to de top till he's got his own business, lots o' money in de bank, he

owns a building even befo' he die. [*She looks up proudly at the picture. HATTIE sighs impatiently—then her mother goes on*] Dey leaves me alone. I bears four children into dis worl', two dies, two lives, I helps you two grow up fine an' healthy and eddicated wid schoolin' and money fo' yo' comfort—

HATTIE—[*Impatiently*] Ma!

MRS. H.—I does de duty God set for me in dis worl'. Dey leaves me alone. [*HATTIE goes to the window to hide her exasperation. The mother broods for a minute—then goes on*]

The worl' done change. Dey ain't no satisfaction wid nuffin' no more.

HATTIE—Oh! [*Then after a pause*] They'll be here any minute now.

MRS. H.—Why didn't you go meet 'em at de dock like I axed you?

HATTIE—I couldn't. My face and Jim's among those hundreds of white faces—[*With a harsh laugh*] It would give her too much advantage!

MRS. H.—[*Impatiently*] Don't talk dat way! What makes you so proud? [*Then after a pause—sadly*] Hattie.

HATTIE—[*Turning*] Yes, Ma.

MRS. H.—I want to see Jim again—my only boy—but—all de same I'd ruther he stayed away. He say in his letter he's happy, she's happy, dey likes it dere, de folks don't think nuffin' but what's natural at seeing 'em married. Why don't dey stay?

HATTIE—[*Vehemently*] No! They were cowards to run away. If they believe in what they've done, then let them face it out, live it out here, be strong enough to conquer all prejudice!

MRS. H.—Strong? Dey ain't many strong. Dey ain't many happy neider. Dey was happy ovah yondah.

HATTIE—We don't deserve happiness till we've fought the fight of our race and won it! [*In the pause that follows there is a ring from back in the flat*] It's the door bell! You go, Ma. I—I—I'd rather not. [*Her mother looks at her rebukingly and goes out agitatedly through the portières. HATTIE waits, nervously walking about, trying to*

compose herself. There is a long pause. Finally the portières are parted and JIM enters. He looks much older, graver, worried.]

JIM—Hattie!

HATTIE—Jim! *[They embrace with great affection.]*

JIM—It's great to see you again! You're looking fine.

HATTIE—*[Looking at him searchingly]* You look well, too—thinner maybe—and tired. *[Then as she sees him frowning]* But where's Ella?

JIM—With Ma. *[Apologetically]* She sort of—broke down—when we came in. The trip wore her out.

HATTIE—*[Coldly]* I see.

JIM—Oh, it's nothing serious. Nerves. She needs a rest.

HATTIE—Wasn't living in France restful?

JIM—Yes, but—too lonely—especially for her.

HATTIE—*[Resentfully]* Why? Didn't the people there want to associate—?

JIM—*[Quickly]* Oh, no indeedy, they didn't think anything of that. *[After a pause]* But—she did. For the first year it was all right. Ella liked everything a lot. She went out with French folks and got so she could talk it a little—and I learned it—a little. We were having a right nice time. I never thought then we'd ever want to come back here.

HATTIE—*[Frowning]* But—what happened to change you?

JIM—*[After a pause—haltingly]* Well—you see—the first year—she and I were living around—like friends—like a brother and sister—like you and I might.

HATTIE—*[Her face becoming more and more drawn and tense]* You mean—then—? *[She shudders—then after a pause]* She loves you, Jim?

JIM—If I didn't know that I'd have to jump in the river.

HATTIE—Are you sure she loves you?

JIM—Isn't that why she's suffering?

HATTIE—*[Letting her breath escape through her clenched teeth]* Ah!

JIM—*[Suddenly springs up and shouts almost hysterically]* Why d'you ask me all those

damn questions? Are you trying to make trouble between us?

HATTIE—*[Controlling herself—quietly]* No, Jim.

JIM—*[After a pause—contritely]* I'm sorry, Hattie. I'm kind of on edge today. *[He sinks down on his chair—then goes on as if something forced him to speak]* After that we got to living housed in. Ella didn't want to see nobody, she said just the two of us was enough. I was happy then—and I really guess she was happy too—in a way—for a while. *[Again a pause]* But she never did get to wanting to go out any place again. She got to saying she felt she'd be sure to run into someone she knew—from over here. So I moved us out to the country where no tourist ever comes—but it didn't make any difference to her. She got to avoiding the French folks the same as if they were Americans and I couldn't get it out of her mind. She lived in the house and got paler and paler, and more and more nervous and scarey, always imagining things—until I got to imagining things, too. I got to feeling blue. Got to sneering at myself that I wasn't any better than a quitter because I sneaked away right after getting married, didn't face nothing, gave up trying to become a Member of the Bar—and I got to suspecting Ella must feel that way about me too—that I wasn't a real man!

HATTIE—*[Indignantly]* She couldn't!

JIM—*[With hostility]* You don't need to tell me! All this was only in my own mind. We never quarreled a single bit. We never said a harsh word. We were as close to each other as could be. We were all there was in the world to each other. We were alone together! *[A pause]* Well, one day I got so I couldn't stand it. I could see she couldn't stand it. So I just up and said: Ella, we've got to have a plain talk, look everything straight in the face, hide nothing, come out with the exact truth of the way we feel.

HATTIE—And you decided to come back!

JIM—Yes. We decided the reason we felt sort of ashamed was we'd acted like cowards. We'd run away from the thing—and taken it with us. We decided to come back and face it and live it down in ourselves, and prove to ourselves we were strong in our love—and then, and that way only, by being brave we'd free ourselves, and gain confidence, and be really free inside and able then to go anywhere and live in peace and equality with ourselves and the world without any guilty uncomfortable feeling coming up to rile us. *[He has talked himself now into a state of happy confidence.]*

HATTIE—*[Bending over and kissing him]* Good for you! I admire you so much, Jim! I admire both of you! And are you going to begin studying right away and get admitted to the Bar?

JIM—You bet I am!

HATTIE—You must, Jim! Our race needs men like you to come to the front and help—*[As voices are heard approaching she stops, stiffens, and her face grows cold.]*

JIM—*[Noticing this—warningly]* Remember Ella's been sick! *[Losing control—threateningly]* You be nice to her, you hear! *[Mrs. HARRIS enters, showing ELLA the way. The colored woman is plainly worried and perplexed. ELLA is pale, with a strange, haunted expression in her eyes. She runs to Jim as to a refuge, clutching his hands in both of hers, looking from Mrs. HARRIS to HATTIE with a frightened defiance.]*

MRS. H.—Dere he is, child, big's life! She was afraid we'd done kidnapped you away, Jim.

JIM—*[Patting her hand]* This place ought to be familiar, Ella. Don't you remember playing here with us sometimes as a kid?

ELLA—*[Queerly—with a frown of effort]* I remember playing marbles one night—but that was on the street.

JIM—Don't you remember Hattie?

HATTIE—*[Coming forward with a forced smile]* It was a long time ago—but I remember Ella. *[She holds out her hand.]*

ELLA—*[Taking it—looking at HATTIE with*

the same queer defiance] I remember. But you've changed so much.

HATTIE—*[Stirred to hostility by ELLA's manner—condescendingly]* Yes, I've grown older, naturally. *[Then in a tone which, as if in spite of herself, becomes bragging]* I've worked so hard. First I went away to college, you know—then I took up post-graduate study—when suddenly I decided I'd accomplish more good if I gave up learning and took up teaching. *[She suddenly checks herself, ashamed, and stung by ELLA's indifference]* But this sounds like stupid boasting. I don't mean that. I was only explaining—

ELLA—*[Indifferently]* I didn't know you'd been to school so long. *[A pause]* Where are you teaching? In a colored school, I suppose. *[There is an indifferent superiority in her words that is maddening to HATTIE.]*

HATTIE—*[Controlling herself]* Yes. A private school endowed by some wealthy members of our race.

ELLA—*[Suddenly—even eagerly]* Then you must have taken lots of examinations and managed to pass them, didn't you?

HATTIE—*[Biting her lips]* I always passed with honors!

ELLA—Yes, we both graduated from the same High School, didn't we? That was dead easy for me. Why I hardly even looked at a book. But Jim says it was awfully hard for him. He failed one year, remember? *[She turns and smiles at JIM—a tolerant, superior smile but one full of genuine love. HATTIE is outraged, but JIM smiles.]*

JIM—Yes, it was hard for me, Honey.

ELLA—And the law school examinations Jim hardly ever could pass at all. Could you? *[She laughs lovingly.]*

HATTIE—*[Harshly]* Yes, he could! He can! He'll pass them now—if you'll give him a chance!

JIM—*[Angrily]* Hattie!

MRS. HARRIS—Hold yo' fool tongue!

HATTIE—*[Sullenly]* I'm sorry. *[ELLA has shrunk back against JIM. She regards HATTIE with a sort of wondering hatred. Then she looks away about the room. Sud-*

denly her eyes fasten on the primitive mask and she gives a stifled scream.]

JIM—What's the matter, Honey?

ELLA—[*Pointing*] That! For God's sake, what is it?

HATTIE—[*Scornfully*] It's a Congo mask. [*She goes and picks it up*] I'll take it away if you wish. I thought you'd like it. It was my wedding present to Jim.

ELLA—What is it?

HATTIE—It's a mask which used to be worn in religious ceremonies by my people in Africa. But, aside from that, it's beautifully made, a work of Art by a real artist—as real in his way as your Michael Angelo. [*Forces ELLA to take it*] Here. Just notice the workmanship.

ELLA—[*Defiantly*] I'm not scared of it if you're not. [*Looking at it with disgust*] Beautiful! Well, some people certainly have queer notions! It looks ugly to me and stupid—like a kid's game—making faces! [*She slaps it contemptuously*] Pooh! You needn't look hard at me. I'll give you the laugh. [*She goes to put it back on the stand.*]

JIM—Maybe, if it disturbs you, we better put it in some other room.

ELLA—[*Defiantly aggressive*] No. I want it here where I can give it the laugh! [*She sets it there again—then turns suddenly on HATTIE with aggressive determination*] Jim's not going to take any more examinations! I won't let him!

HATTIE—[*Bursting forth*] Jim! Do you hear that? There's white justice!—their fear for their superiority!—

ELLA—[*With a terrified pleading*] Make her go away, Jim!

JIM—[*Losing control—furiously to his sister*] Either you leave here—or we will!

MRS. H.—[*Weeping—throws her arms around HATTIE*] Let's go, chile! Let's go!

HATTIE—[*Calmly now*] Yes, Ma. All right. [*They go through the portières. As soon as they are gone, JIM suddenly collapses into a chair and hides his head in his hands. ELLA stands beside him for a moment. She stares distractedly about her, at the portrait, at the mask, at the furniture, at JIM. She seems*

fighting to escape from some weight on her mind. She throws this off and, completely her old self for the moment, kneels by JIM and pats his shoulder.]

ELLA—[*With kindness and love*] Don't, Jim! Don't cry, please! You don't suppose I really meant that about the examinations, do you? Why, of course, I didn't mean a word! I couldn't mean it! I want you to take the examinations! I want you to pass! I want you to be a lawyer! I want you to be the best lawyer in the country! I want you to show 'em—all the dirty sneaking, gossiping liars that talk behind our backs—what a man I married. I want the whole world to know you're the whitest of the white! I want you to climb and climb—and step on 'em, stamp right on their mean faces! I love you, Jim. You know that!

JIM—[*Calm again—happily*] I hope so, Honey—and I'll make myself worthy.

HATTIE—[*Appears in the doorway—quietly*] We're going now, Jim.

ELLA—No. Don't go.

HATTIE—We were going to anyway. This is your house—Mother's gift to you, Jim.

JIM—[*Astonished*] But I can't accept—Where are you going?

HATTIE—We've got a nice flat in the Bronx—[*With bitter pride*] in the heart of the Black Belt—the Congo—among our own people!

JIM—[*Angrily*] You're crazy—I'll see Ma—[*He goes out. HATTIE and ELLA stare at each other with scorn and hatred for a moment, then HATTIE goes. ELLA remains kneeling for a moment by the chair, her eyes dazed and strange as she looks about her. Then she gets to her feet and stands before the portrait of JIM's father—with a sneer.*]

ELLA—It's his Old Man—all dolled up like a circus horse! Well, they can't help it. It's in the blood, I suppose. They're ignorant, that's all there is to it. [*She moves to the mask—forcing a mocking tone*] Hello, sport! Who d'you think you're scaring. Not me! I'll give you the laugh. He won't pass, you wait and see. Not in a thousand years! [*She goes to the window and looks down at*

the street and mutters] All black! Every one of them! [*Then with sudden excitement*] No, there's one. Why, it's Shorty! [*She throws the window open and calls*] Shorty! Shorty! Hello, Shorty! [*She leans out and waves—then stops, remains there for a moment looking down, then comes back into the room suddenly as if she wanted to hide—her whole face in an anguish*] Say! Say! I wonder?—No, he didn't hear you. Yes, he did too! He must have! I yelled so loud you could hear me in Jersey! No, what are you talking about? How would he hear with all kids yelling down there? He never heard a word, I tell you! He did too! He didn't want to hear you! He didn't want to let anyone know he knew you! Why don't you acknowledge it? What are you lying about? I'm not! Why shouldn't he? Where does he come in to—For God's sake, who is Shorty anyway? A pimp! Yes, and a dope-peddler, too! D'you mean to say he'd have the nerve to hear me call him and then deliberately—? Yes, I mean to say it! I do say it! And it's true, and you know it, and you might as well be honest for a change and admit it! He heard you but he didn't want to hear you! He doesn't want to know you any more. No, not even him! He's afraid it'd get him in wrong with the old gang. Why? You know well enough! Because you married a—a—a—well, I won't say it, but you know without my mentioning names! [*ELLA springs to her feet in horror and shakes off her obsession with a frantic effort*] Stop! [*Then whimpering like a frightened child*] Jim! Jim! Jim! Where are you? I want you, Jim! [*She runs out of the room as*

THE CURTAIN FALLS

Scene 2

The same. Six months later. It is evening. The walls of the room appear shrunken in, the ceiling lowered, so that the furniture, the portrait, the mask look unnaturally large and domineering. JIM is seated at the table studying, law books piled by his elbows. He is keeping his

attention concentrated only by a driving physical effort which gives his face the expression of a runner's near the tape. His forehead shines with perspiration. He mutters one sentence from Blackstone over and over again, tapping his forehead with his fist in time to the rhythm he gives the stale words. But, in spite of himself, his attention wanders, his eyes have an uneasy, hunted look, he starts at every sound in the house or from the street. Finally, he remains rigid, Blackstone forgotten, his eyes fixed on the portières with tense grief. Then he groans, slams the book shut, goes to the window and throws it open and sinks down beside it, his arms on the sill, his head resting wearily on his arms, staring out into the night, the pale glare from the arc-lamp on the corner throwing his face into relief. The portières on the right are parted and HATTIE comes in.

HATTIE—[*Not seeing him at the table*] Jim! [*Discovering him*] Oh, there you are. What're you doing?

JIM—[*Turning to her*] Resting. Cooling my head. [*Forcing a smile*] These law books certainly are a sweating proposition! [*Then, anxiously*] How is she?

HATTIE—She's asleep now. I felt it was safe to leave her for a minute. [*After a pause*] What did the doctor tell you, Jim?

JIM—The same old thing. She must have rest, he says, her mind needs rest—[*Bitterly*] But he can't tell me any prescription for that rest—leastways not any that'd work.

HATTIE—[*After a pause*] I think you ought to leave her, Jim—or let her leave you—for a while, anyway.

JIM—[*Angrily*] You're like the doctor. Everything's so simple and easy. Do this and that happens. Only it don't. Life isn't simple like that—not in this case, anyway—no, it isn't simple a bit. [*After a pause*] I can't leave her. She can't leave me. And there's a million little reasons combining to make one big reason why we can't. [*A pause*] For her sake—if it'd do her good—I'd go—I'd leave—I'd do anything—because I love her. I'd kill myself even—jump out of this window this second—I've thought it over, too—

but that'd only make matters worse for her. I'm all she's got in the world! Yes, that isn't bragging or fooling myself. I know that for a fact! Don't you know that's true? [*There is a pleading for the certainty he claims.*]

HATTIE—Yes, I know she loves you, Jim. I know that now.

JIM—[*Simply*] Then we've got to stick together to the end, haven't we, whatever comes—and hope and pray for the best. [*A pause—then hopefully*] I think maybe this is the crisis in her mind. Once she settles this in herself, she's won to the other side. And me—once I become a Member of the Bar—then I win, too! We're both free—by our own fighting down our own weakness! We're both really, truly free! Then we can be happy with ourselves here or anywhere. She'll be proud then! Yes, she's told me again and again, she says she'll be actually proud!

HATTIE—[*Turning away to conceal her emotion*] Yes, I'm sure—but you mustn't study too hard, Jim! You mustn't study too awfully hard!

JIM—[*Gets up and goes to the table and sits down wearily*] Yes, I know. Oh, I'll pass easily. I haven't got any scarey feeling about that any more. And I'm doing two years' work in one here alone. That's better than schools, eh?

HATTIE—[*Doubtfully*] It's wonderful, Jim.

JIM—[*His spirit evaporating*] If I can only hold out! It's hard! I'm worn out. I don't sleep. I get to thinking and thinking. My head aches and burns like fire with thinking. Round and round my thoughts go chasing like crazy chickens hopping and flapping before the wind. It gets me crazy mad—'cause I can't stop!

HATTIE—[*Watching him for a while and seeming to force herself to speak*] The doctor didn't tell you all, Jim.

JIM—[*Dully*] What's that?

HATTIE—He told me you're liable to break down too, if you don't take care of yourself.

JIM—[*Abjectly weary*] Let'er come! I don't care what happens to me. Maybe if I

get sick she'll get well. There's only so much bad luck allowed to one family, maybe. [*He forces a wan smile.*]

HATTIE—[*Hastily*] Don't give in to that idea, for the Lord's sake!

JIM—I'm tired—and blue—that's all.

HATTIE—[*After another long pause*] I've got to tell you something else, Jim.

JIM—[*Dully*] What?

HATTIE—The doctor said Ella's liable to be sick like this a very long time.

JIM—He told me that too—that it'd be a long time before she got back her normal strength. Well, I suppose that's got to be expected.

HATTIE—[*Slowly*] He didn't mean convalescing—what he told me. [*A long pause.*]

JIM—[*Evasively*] I'm going to get other doctors in to see Ella—specialists. This one's a damn fool.

HATTIE—Be sensible, Jim. You'll have to face the truth—sooner or later.

JIM—[*Irritably*] I know the truth about Ella better'n any doctor.

HATTIE—[*Persuasively*] She'd get better so much sooner if you'd send her away to some nice sanitarium—

JIM—No! She'd die of shame there!

HATTIE—At least until after you've taken your examinations—

JIM—To hell with me!

HATTIE—Six months. That wouldn't be long to be parted.

JIM—What are you trying to do—separate us? [*He gets to his feet—furiously*] Go on out! Go on out!

HATTIE—[*Calmly*] No, I won't. [*Sharply*] There's something that's got to be said to you and I'm the only one with the courage—[*Intensely*] Tell me, Jim, have you heard her raving when she's out of her mind?

JIM—[*With a shudder*] No!

HATTIE—You're lying, Jim. You must have—if you don't stop your ears—and the doctor says she may develop a violent mania, dangerous for you—get worse and worse until—Jim, you'll go crazy too—living this way. Today she

raved on about "Black! Black!" and cried because she said her skin was turning black—that you had poisoned her—
JIM—*[In anguish]* That's only when she's out of her mind.

HATTIE—And then she suddenly called me a dirty nigger.

JIM—No! She never said that ever! She never would!

HATTIE—She did—and kept on and on! *[A tense pause]* She'll be saying that to you soon.

JIM—*[Torturedly]* She don't mean it! She isn't responsible for what she's saying!

HATTIE—I know she isn't—yet she is just the same. It's deep down in her or it wouldn't come out.

JIM—Deep down in her people—not deep in her.

HATTIE—I can't make such distinctions. The race in me, deep in me, can't stand it. I can't play nurse to her any more, Jim,—not even for your sake. I'm afraid—afraid of myself—afraid sometime I'll kill her dead to set you free! *[She loses control and begins to cry.]*

JIM—*[After a long pause—somerly]* Yes, I guess you'd better stay away from here. Good-by.

HATTIE—Who'll you get to nurse her, Jim,—a white woman?

JIM—Ella'd die of shame. No, I'll nurse her myself.

HATTIE—And give up your studies?

JIM—I can do both.

HATTIE—You can't! You'll get sick yourself! Why, you look terrible even as it is—and it's only beginning!

JIM—I can do anything for her! I'm all she's got in the world! I've got to prove I can be all to her! I've got to prove worthy! I've got to prove she can be proud of me! I've got to prove I'm the whitest of the white!

HATTIE—*[Stung by this last—with rebellious bitterness]* Is that the ambition she's given you? Oh, you soft, weak-minded fool, you traitor to your race! And the thanks you'll get—to be called a dirty nigger—to hear her cursing you because

she can never have a child because it'll be born black—!

JIM—*[In a frenzy]* Stop!

HATTIE—I'll say what must be said even though you kill me, Jim. Send her to an asylum before you both have to be sent to one together.

JIM—*[With a sudden wild laugh]* Do you think you're threatening me with something dreadful now? Why, I'd like that. Sure, I'd like that! Maybe she'd like it better, too. Maybe we'd both find it all simple then—like you think it is now. Yes. *[He laughs again.]*

HATTIE—*[Frightenedly]* Jim!

JIM—Together! You can't scare me even with hell fire if you say she and I go together. It's heaven then for me! *[With sudden savagery]* You go out of here! All you've ever been aiming to do is to separate us so we can't be together!

HATTIE—I've done what I did for your own good.

JIM—I have no own good. I only got a good together with her. I'm all she's got in the world! Let her call me nigger! Let her call me the whitest of the white! I'm all she's got in the world, ain't I? She's all I've got! You with your fool talk of the black race and the white race! Where does the human race get a chance to come in? I suppose that's simple for you. You lock it up in asylums and throw away the key! *[With fresh violence]* Go along! There isn't going to be no more people coming in here to separate—excepting the doctor. I'm going to lock the door and it's going to stay locked, you hear? Go along, now!

HATTIE—*[Confusedly]* Jim!

JIM—*[Pushes her out gently and slams the door after her—vaguely]* Go along! I got to study. I got to nurse Ella, too. Oh, I can do it! I can do anything for her! *[He sits down at the table and, opening the book, begins again to recite the line from Blackstone in a meaningless rhythm, tapping his forehead with his fist. ELLA enters noiselessly through the portières. She wears a red dress—*

ing-gown over her night-dress but is in her bare feet. She has a carving-knife in her right hand. Her eyes fasten on JIM with a murderous mania. She creeps up behind him. Suddenly he senses something and turns. As he sees her he gives a cry, jumping up and catching her wrist. She stands fixed, her eyes growing bewildered and frightened.]

JIM—[*Aghast*] Ella! For God's sake! Do you want to murder me? [*She does not answer. He shakes her.*]

ELLA—[*Whimperingly*] They kept calling me names as I was walking along—I can't tell you what, Jim—and then I grabbed a knife—

JIM—Yes! See! This! [*She looks at it frightenedly.*]

ELLA—Where did I—? I was having a nightmare—Where did they go—I mean, how did I get here? [*With sudden terrified pleading—like a little girl*] O Jim—don't ever leave me alone! I have such terrible dreams, Jim—promise you'll never go away!

JIM—I promise, Honey.

ELLA—[*Her manner becoming more and more childishly silly*] I'll be a little girl—and you'll be old Uncle Jim who's been with us for years and years—Will you play that?

JIM—Yes, Honey. Now you better go back to bed.

ELLA—[*Like a child*] Yes, Uncle Jim. [*She turns to go. He pretends to be occupied by his book. She looks at him for a second—then suddenly asks in her natural woman's voice*] Are you studying hard, Jim?

JIM—Yes, Honey. Go to bed now. You need to rest, you know.

ELLA—[*Stands looking at him, fighting with herself. A startling transformation comes over her face. It grows mean, vicious, full of jealous hatred. She cannot contain herself but breaks out harshly with a cruel, venomous grin*] You dirty nigger!

JIM—[*Starting as if he'd been shot*] Ella! For the good Lord's sake!

ELLA—[*Coming out of her insane mood for a moment, aware of something terrible, frightened*] Jim! Jim! Why are you looking at me like that?

JIM—What did you say to me just then?

ELLA—[*Gropingly*] Why, I—I said—I remember saying, are you studying hard, Jim? Why? You're not mad at that, are you?

JIM—No, Honey. What made you think I was mad? Go to bed now.

ELLA—[*Obediently*] Yes, Jim. [*She passes behind the portières. JIM stares before him. Suddenly her head is thrust out at the side of the portières. Her face is again that of a vindictive maniac*] Nigger! [*The face disappears—she can be heard running away, laughing with cruel satisfaction. JIM bows his head on his outstretched arms but he is too stricken for tears.*]

CURTAIN

Scene 3

The same, six months later. The sun has just gone down. The Spring twilight sheds a vague, gray light about the room, picking out the Congo mask on the stand by the window. The walls have shrunk in still more, the ceiling now barely clears the people's heads, the furniture and the characters appear enormously magnified. Law books are stacked in two great piles on each side of the table. ELLA comes in from the right, the carving-knife in her hand. She is pitifully thin, her face is wasted, but her eyes glow with a mad energy, her movements are abrupt and spring-like. She looks stealthily about the room, then advances and stands before the mask, her arms akimbo, her attitude one of crazy mockery, fear and bravado. She is dressed in the red dressing-gown, grown dirty and ragged now, and is in her bare feet.

ELLA—I'll give you the laugh, wait and see! [*Then in a confidential tone*] He thought I was asleep! He called, Ella, Ella—but I kept my eyes shut, I pretended to snore. I fooled him good. [*She gives a little hoarse laugh*] This is the first time he's dared to leave me alone for months and months. I've been wanting to talk to you every day but this is the only chance—[*With sudden violence—flourishing her knife*] What're you grinning about, you dirty nigger, you? How dare you grin at me?

I guess you forget what you are! That's always the way. Be kind to you, treat you decent, and in a second you've got a swelled head, you think you're somebody, you're all over the place putting on airs, why, it's got so I can't even walk down the street without seeing niggers, niggers everywhere. Hanging around, grinning, grinning—going to school—pretending they're white—taking examinations—*[She stops, arrested by the word, then suddenly]* That's where he's gone—down to the mail-box—to see if there's a letter from the Board—telling him—But why is he so long? *[She calls pitifully]* Jim! *[Then in a terrified whimper]* Maybe he's passed! Maybe he's passed! *[In a frenzy]* No! No! He can't! I'd kill him! I'd kill myself! *[Threatening the Congo mask]* It's you who're to blame for this! Yes, you! Oh, I'm on to you! *[Then appealingly]* But why d'you want to do this to us? What have I ever done wrong to you? What have you got against me? I married you, didn't I? Why don't you let Jim alone? Why don't you let him be happy as he is—with me? Why don't you let me be happy? He's white, isn't he—the whitest man that ever lived? Where do you come in to interfere? Black! Black! Black as dirt! You've poisoned me! I can't wash myself clean! Oh, I hate you! I hate you! Why don't you let Jim and I be happy? *[She sinks down in his chair, her arms outstretched on the table. The door from the hall is slowly opened and JIM appears. His bloodshot, sleepless eyes stare from deep hollows. His expression is one of crushed numbness. He holds an open letter in his hand.]*

JIM—*[Seeing ELLA—in an absolutely dead voice]* Honey—I thought you were asleep.

ELLA—*[Starts and wheels about in her chair]* What's that? You got—you got a letter—?

JIM—*[Turning to close the door after him]* From the Board of Examiners for admission to the Bar, State of New York—God's country! *[He finishes up with a chuckle of ironic self-pity so spent as to be barely audible.]*

ELLA—*[Writhing out of her chair like some fierce animal, the knife held behind her—with fear and hatred]* You didn't—you didn't—you didn't pass, did you?

JIM—*[Looking at her wildly]* Pass? Pass? *[He begins to chuckle and laugh between sentences and phrases, rich, Negro laughter, but heart-breaking in its mocking grief]* Good Lord, child, how come you can ever imagine such a crazy idea? Pass? Me? Jim Crow Harris? Nigger Jim Harris—become a full-fledged Member of the Bar! Why the mere notion of it is enough to kill you with laughing! It'd be against all natural laws, all human right and justice. It'd be miraculous, there'd be earthquakes and catastrophes, the seven Plagues'd come again and locusts'd devour all the money in the banks, the second Flood'd come roaring and Noah'd fall overboard, the sun'd drop out of the sky like a ripe fig, and the Devil'd perform miracles, and God'd be tipped head first right out of the Judgment seat! *[He laughs, maulinly uproarious.]*

ELLA—*[Her face beginning to relax, to light up]* Then you—you didn't pass?

JIM—*[Spent—giggling and gasping idiotically]* Well, I should say not! I should certainly say not!

ELLA—*[With a cry of joy, pushes all the law-books crashing to the floor—then with childish happiness she grabs JIM by both hands and dances up and down]* Oh Jim, I knew it! I knew you couldn't! Oh, I'm so glad, Jim! I'm so happy! You're still my old Jim—and I'm so glad! *[He looks at her dazedly, a fierce rage slowly gathering on his face. She dances away from him. His eyes follow her. His hands clench. She stands in front of the mask—triumphantly]* There! What did I tell you? I told you I'd give you the laugh! *[She begins to laugh with wild unrestraint, grabs the mask from its place, sets it in the middle of the table and plunging the knife down through it pins it to the table]* There! Who's got the laugh now?

JIM—*[His eyes bulging—hoarsely]* You devil! You white devil woman! *[In a terrible roar, raising his fists above her head]* You devil!

ELLA—*[Looking up at him with a bewildered cry of terror]* Jim! *[Her appeal recalls him to himself. He lets his arms slowly drop to his sides, bowing his head. ELLA points tremblingly to the mask]* It's all right, Jim! It's dead. The devil's dead. See! It couldn't live—unless you passed. If you'd passed it would have lived in you. Then I'd have had to kill you, Jim, don't you see—or it would have killed me. But now I've killed it. *[She pats his hand]* So you needn't ever be afraid any more, Jim.

JIM—*[Dully]* I've got to sit down, Honey. I'm tired. I haven't had much chance for sleep in so long—*[He slumps down in the chair by the table.]*

ELLA—*[Sits down on the floor beside him and holds his hand. Her face is gradually regaining an expression that is happy, childlike and pretty]* I know, Jim! That was my fault. I wouldn't let you sleep. I couldn't let you. I kept thinking if he sleeps good then he'll be sure to study good and then he'll pass—and the devil'll win!

JIM—*[With a groan]* Don't, Honey!

ELLA—*[With a childish grin]* That was why I carried that knife around—*[She frowns—puzzled]*—one reason—to keep you from studying and sleeping by scaring you.

JIM—I wasn't scared of being killed. I was scared of what they'd do to you after.

ELLA—*[After a pause—like a child]* Will God forgive me, Jim?

JIM—Maybe He can forgive what you've done to me; and maybe He can forgive what I've done to you; but I don't see how He's going to forgive—Himself.

ELLA—I prayed and prayed. When you were away taking the examinations and I was alone with the nurse, I closed my eyes and pretended to be asleep but I was praying with all my might: O, God, don't let Jim pass!

JIM—*[With a sob]* Don't, Honey, don't! For the good Lord's sake! You're hurting me!

ELLA—*[Frightenedly]* How, Jim? Where? *[Then after a pause—suddenly]* I'm sick, Jim. I don't think I'll live long.

JIM—*[Simply]* Then I won't either. Somewhere yonder maybe — together — our

luck'll change. But I wanted—here and now—before you—we—I wanted to prove to you—to myself—to become a full-fledged Member—so you could be proud—*[He stops. Words fail and he is beyond tears.]*

ELLA—*[Brightly]* Well, it's all over, Jim. Everything'll be all right now. *[Chattering along]* I'll be just your little girl, Jim—and you'll be my little boy—just as we used to be, remember, when we were beaux; and I'll put shoe blacking on my face and pretend I'm black and you can put chalk on your face and pretend you're white just as we used to do—and we can play marbles—Only you mustn't all the time be a boy. Sometimes you must be my old kind Uncle Jim who's been with us for years and years. Will you, Jim?

JIM—*[With utter resignation]* Yes, Honey.

ELLA—And you'll never, never, never, never leave me, Jim?

JIM—Never, Honey.

ELLA—'Cause you're all I've got in the world—and I love you, Jim. *[She kisses his hand as a child might, tenderly and gratefully.]*

JIM—*[Suddenly throws himself on his knees and raises his shining eyes, his transfigured face]* Forgive me, God—and make me worthy! Now I see Your Light again! Now I hear Your Voice! *[He begins to weep in an ecstasy of religious humility]* Forgive me, God, for blaspheming You! Let this fire of burning suffering purify me of selfishness and make me worthy of the child You send me for the woman You take away!

ELLA—*[Jumping to her feet—excitedly]* Don't cry, Jim! You mustn't cry! I've got only a little time left and I want to play. Don't be old Uncle Jim now. Be my little boy Jim. Pretend you're Painty Face and I'm Jim Crow. Come and play!

JIM—*[Still deeply exalted]* Honey, Honey, I'll play right up to the gates of Heaven with you! *[She tugs at one of his hands, laughingly trying to pull him up from his knees as]*

THE CURTAIN FALLS

THE GRAMMARIAN AND HIS LANGUAGE

BY EDWARD SAPIR

THE normal man of intelligence has something of a contempt for linguistic studies, convinced as he is that nothing can well be more useless. Such minor usefulness as he concedes to them is of a purely instrumental nature. French is worth studying because there are French books that are worth reading. Greek is worth studying—if it is—because a few plays and a few passages of verse, written in that curious and extinct vernacular, have still the power to disturb our hearts—if indeed they have. For the rest, there are excellent translations.

Now, it is a notorious fact that the linguist is not necessarily very deeply interested in the abiding things that language has done for us. He handles languages very much as the zoölogist handles dogs. The zoölogist examines the dog carefully, then he dissects him in order to examine him still more carefully, and finally, noting resemblances between him and his cousins, the wolf and the fox, and differences between him and his more distant relations, the cat and the bear, he assigns him his place in the evolutionary scheme of animated nature, and has done. Only as a polite visitor, not as a zoölogist, is he even mildly interested in Towzer's sweet parlor tricks, however fully he may recognize the fact that these tricks could never have evolved unless the dog had evolved first. To return to the philologist and the layman by whom he is judged, it is a precisely parallel indifference to the beauty wrought by the instrument which nettles the judge. And yet the cases are not altogether parallel. When Towzer has performed his tricks and when Ponto has saved the drowning

man's life, they relapse, it is true, into the status of mere dog—but even the zoölogist's dog is of interest to all of us. But when Achilles has bewailed the death of his beloved Patroclus and Clytæmnestra has done her worst, what are we to do with the Greek aorists that are left on our hands? There is a traditional mode of procedure which arranges them into patterns. It is called grammar. The man who is in charge of grammar and is called a grammarian is regarded by all plain men as a frigid and dehumanized pedant.

It is not difficult to understand the very pallid status of linguistics in America. The purely instrumental usefulness of language study is recognized, of course, but there is not and cannot be in this country that daily concern with foreign modes of expression that is so natural on the continent of Europe, where a number of languages jostle each other in every-day life. In the absence of a strong practical motive for linguistic pursuits the remoter, more theoretical, motives are hardly given the opportunity to flower. But it would be a profound mistake to ascribe our current indifference to philological matters entirely to the fact that English alone serves us well enough for all practical purposes. There is something about language itself, or rather about linguistic differences, that offends the American spirit. That spirit is rationalistic to the very marrow of its bone. Consciously, if not unconsciously, we are inclined to impatience with any object or idea or system of things which cannot give a four-square reckoning of itself in terms of reason and purpose. We see this spirit pervading our whole scientific out-

look. If psychology and sociology are popular sciences in America today, that is mainly due to the prevailing feeling that they are convertible into the cash values of effective education, effective advertising, and social betterment. Even here, there is, to the American, something immoral about a psychological truth which will not do pedagogical duty, something wasteful about a sociological item which can be neither applied nor condemned. If we apply this rationalistic test to language, it is found singularly wanting. After all, language is merely a lever to get thoughts "across." Our business instinct tells us that the multiplication of levers, all busy on the same job, is poor economy. Thus, one way of "spitting it out" becomes as good as another. If other nationalities find themselves using other levers, that is their affair. The fact of language, in other words, is an unavoidable irrelevance, not a problem to intrigue the inquiring mind.

II

There are two ways, it seems, to give linguistics its requisite dignity as a science. It may be treated as history or it may be studied descriptively and comparatively as form. Neither point of view augurs well for the arousing of American interest. History has always to be something else before it is taken seriously. Otherwise it is "mere" history. If we could show that certain general linguistic changes are correlated with stages of cultural evolution, we would come appreciably nearer securing linguistics a hearing, but the slow modifications that eat into the substance and the form of speech, and that gradually remold it entirely do not seem to run parallel to any scheme of cultural evolution yet proposed. Since "biological" or evolutionary history is the only kind of history for which we have a genuine respect, the history of language is left out in the cold as another one of those unnecessary sequences of events which German erudition is in the habit of worrying about.

But before pinning our faith to linguistics as an exploration into form, we might cast an appealing glance at the psychologist, for he is likely to prove a useful ally. He has himself looked into the subject of language, which he finds to be a kind of "behavior," a rather specialized type of functional adaptation, yet not so specialized but that it may be declared to be a series of laryngeal habits. We may go even further, if we select the right kind of psychologist to help us, and have thought itself put in its place as a merely "subvocal laryngeating." If these psychological contributions to the study of the nature of speech do not altogether explain the Greek aorists bequeathed to us by classical poets, they are at any rate very flattering to philology. Unfortunately the philologist cannot linger long with the psychologist's rough and ready mechanisms. They may make shift for an introduction to his science, but his real problems are such as few psychologists have clearly envisaged, though it is not unlikely that psychology may have much to say about them when it has gained strength and delicacy. The psychological problem which most interests the linguist is that of the inner structure of language, in terms of unconscious psychic processes, not that of the individual's adaptation to this traditionally conserved structure. It goes without saying, however, that the two problems are not independent of each other.

To say in so many words that the noblest task of linguistics is to understand language as form rather than as function or as historical process is not to say that it can be understood as form alone. The formal configuration of speech at any particular time and place is the result of a long and complex historical development, which, in turn, is unintelligible without constant reference to functional factors. Form is even more liable to be stigmatized as "mere" than the historical process which shapes it. For our characteristically pragmatic American attitude, forms in themselves seem to have little or no reality, and it is for this

reason that we so often fail to divine them or to realize into what new patterns ideas and institutions are balancing themselves or tending to do so. Now, it is very probable that the poise which goes with culture is largely due to the habitual appreciation of the formal outlines and formal intricacies of experience. Where life is tentative and experimental, where ideas and sentiments are constantly protruding gaunt elbows out of an inherited stock of meagre, inflexible patterns, instead of graciously bending them to their own uses, form is necessarily felt as a burden and a tyranny instead of the gentle embrace it should be. Perhaps it is not too much to say that the lack of culture in America is in some way responsible for the unpopularity of linguistic studies, for these demand at one and the same time an intense appreciation of a given form of expression and a readiness to accept a great variety of possible forms.

The outstanding fact about any language is its formal completeness. This is as true of a primitive language, like Eskimo or Hottentot, as it is of the carefully recorded and standardized languages of our great cultures. By "formal completeness" I mean a profoundly significant peculiarity which is easily overlooked. Each language has a well defined and exclusive phonetic system with which it carries on its work and, more than that, all of its expressions, from the most habitual to the merely potential, are fitted into a deft tracery of prepared forms from which there is no escape. These forms establish a definite relational feeling or attitude towards all possible contents of expression and, through them, towards all possible contents of experience, in so far, of course, as experience is capable of expression in linguistic terms. To put this matter of the formal completeness of speech in somewhat different words, we may say that a language is so constructed that no matter what any speaker of it may desire to communicate, no matter how original or bizarre his idea or his fancy, the language is prepared to do his work. He will never need to create new forms or to force

upon his language a new formal orientation—unless, poor man, he is haunted by the form-feeling of another language and is subtly driven to the unconscious distortion of the one speech-system on the analogy of the other.

The world of linguistic forms, held within the framework of a given language, is a complete system of reference, very much as a number system is a complete system of quantitative reference or as a set of geometrical axes of coördinates is a complete system of reference to all points of a given space. The mathematical analogy is by no means as fanciful as it appears to be. To pass from one language to another is psychologically parallel to passing from one geometrical system of reference to another. The environing world which is referred to is the same for either language; the world of points is the same in either frame of reference. But the formal method of approach to the expressed item of experience, as to the given point of space, is so different that the resulting feeling of orientation can be the same neither in the two languages nor in the two frames of reference. Entirely distinct, or at least measurably distinct, formal adjustments have to be made and these differences have their psychological correlates.

Formal completeness has nothing to do with the richness or the poverty of the vocabulary. It is sometimes convenient or, for practical reasons, necessary for the speakers of a language to borrow words from foreign sources as the range of their experience widens. They may extend the meanings of words which they already possess, create new words out of native resources on the analogy of existing terms, or take over from another people terms to apply to the new conceptions which they are introducing. None of these processes affects the form of the language, any more than the enriching of a certain portion of space by the introduction of new objects affects the geometrical form of that region as defined by an accepted mode of reference. It would be absurd to say that Kant's

"Critique of Pure Reason" could be rendered forthwith into the unfamiliar accents of Eskimo or Hottentot, and yet it would be absurd in but a secondary degree. What is really meant is that the culture of these primitive folk has not advanced to the point where it is of interest to them to form abstract conceptions of a philosophical order. But it is not absurd to say that there is nothing in the formal peculiarities of Hottentot or of Eskimo which would obscure the clarity or hide the depth of Kant's thought—indeed, it may be suspected that the highly synthetic and periodic structure of Eskimo would more easily bear the weight of Kant's terminology than his native German. Further, to move to a more positive vantage point, it is not absurd to say that both Hottentot and Eskimo possess all the formal apparatus that is required to serve as matrix for the expression of Kant's thought. If these languages have not the requisite Kantian vocabulary, it is not the languages that are to be blamed but the Eskimos and Hottentots themselves. The languages as such are quite hospitable to the addition of a philosophic load to their lexical stock-in-trade.

The unsophisticated natives, having no occasion to speculate on the nature of causation, have probably no word that adequately translates our philosophic term *causation*, but this shortcoming is purely and simply a matter of vocabulary and of no interest whatever from the standpoint of linguistic form. From this standpoint the term *causation* is merely one out of an indefinite number of examples illustrating a certain pattern of expression. Linguistically—in other words, as regards form-feeling—*causation* is merely a particular way of expressing the notion of "act of causing," the idea of a certain type of action conceived of as a thing, an entity. Now the form-feeling of such a word as *causation* is perfectly familiar to Eskimo and to hundreds of other primitive languages. They have no difficulty in expressing the idea of a certain activity, say "laugh" or "speak" or "run," in terms of

an entity, say *laughter* or *speech* or *running*. If the particular language under consideration cannot readily adapt itself to this type of expression, what it can do is to resolve all contexts in which such forms are used in other languages into other formal patterns that eventually do the same work. Hence, "laughter is pleasurable," "it is pleasant to laugh," "one laughs with pleasure," and so on *ad infinitum*, are functionally equivalent expressions, but they canalize into entirely distinct form-feelings. All languages are set to do all the symbolic and expressive work that language is good for, either actually or potentially. The formal technique of this work is the secret of each language.

It is very important to get some notion of the nature of this form-feeling, which is implicit in all language, however bewilderingly at variance its actual manifestations may be in different types of speech. There are many knotty problems here—and curiously elusive ones—that it will require the combined resources of the linguist, the logician, the psychologist, and the critical philosopher to clear up for us. There is one important matter that we must now dispose of. If the Eskimo and the Hottentot have no adequate notion of what we mean by causation, does it follow that their languages are incapable of expressing the causative relation? Certainly not. In English, in German, and in Greek we have certain formal linguistic devices for passing from the primary act or state to its causative correspondent, e.g. English *to fall*, *to fell*, "to cause to fall"; *wide*, *to widen*; German *hangen*, "to hang, be suspended"; *hängen*, "to hang, cause to be suspended"; Greek *phero*, "to carry"; *phoreo*, "to cause to carry." Now this ability to feel and express the causative relation is by no manner of means dependent on the ability to conceive of causality as such. The latter ability is conscious and intellectual in character; it is laborious, like most conscious processes, and it is late in developing. The former ability is unconscious and non-intellectual in character, exercises itself

with great rapidity and with the utmost ease, and develops early in the life of the race and of the individual. We have therefore no theoretical difficulty in finding that conceptions and relations which primitive folk are quite unable to master on the conscious plane are being unconsciously expressed in their languages—and, frequently, with the utmost nicety. As a matter of fact, the causative relation, which is expressed only fragmentarily in our modern European languages, is in many primitive languages rendered with an absolutely philosophic relentlessness. In Nootka, an Indian language of Vancouver Island, there is no verb or verb form which has not its precise causative counterpart.

Needless to say, I have chosen the concept of causality solely for the sake of illustration, not because I attach an especial linguistic importance to it. Every language, we may conclude, possesses a complete and psychologically satisfying formal orientation, but this orientation is only felt in the unconscious of its speakers—is not actually, that is, consciously, known by them.

III

Our current psychology does not seem altogether adequate to explain the formation and transmission of such submerged formal systems as are disclosed to us in the languages of the world. It is usual to say that isolated linguistic responses are learned early in life and that, as these harden into fixed habits, formally analogous responses are made, when the need arises, in a purely mechanical manner, specific precedents pointing the way to new responses. We are sometimes told that these analogous responses are largely the result of reflection on the utility of the earlier ones, directly learned from the social environment. Such methods of approach see nothing in the problem of linguistic form beyond what is involved in the more and more accurate control of a certain set of muscles towards a desired end, say the hammering of a nail. I can only believe that explanations of

this type are seriously incomplete and that they fail to do justice to a certain innate striving for formal elaboration and expression and to an unconscious patterning of sets of related elements of experience.

The kind of mental processes that I am now referring to are, of course, of that compelling and little understood sort for which the name "intuition" has been suggested. Here is a field which psychology has barely touched but which it cannot ignore indefinitely. It is precisely because psychologists have not greatly ventured into these difficult reaches that they have so little of interest to offer in explanation of all those types of mental activity which lead to the problem of form, such as language, music, and mathematics. We have every reason to surmise that languages are the cultural deposits, as it were, of a vast and self-completing network of psychic processes which still remain to be clearly defined for us. Probably most linguists are convinced that the language-learning process, particularly the acquisition of a feeling for the formal set of the language, is very largely unconscious and involves mechanisms that are quite distinct in character from either sensation or reflection. There is doubtless something deeper about our feeling for form than even the majority of art theorists have divined, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that, as psychological analysis becomes more refined, one of the greatest values of linguistic study will be in the unexpected light it may throw on the psychology of intuition, this "intuition" being perhaps nothing more nor less than the "feeling" for relations.

There is no doubt that the critical study of language may also be of the most curious and unexpected helpfulness to philosophy. Few philosophers have deigned to look into the morphologies of primitive languages nor have they given the structural peculiarities of their own speech more than a passing and perfunctory attention. When one has the riddle of the universe on one's hands, such pursuits seem trivial enough, yet when it begins to be

suspected that at least *some* solutions of the great riddle are elaborately round-about applications of the rules of Latin or German or English grammar, the triviality of linguistic analysis becomes less certain. To a far greater extent than the philosopher has realized, he is likely to become the dupe of his speech-forms, which is equivalent to saying that the mould of his thought, which is typically a linguistic mould, is apt to be projected into his conception of the world. Thus innocent linguistic categories may take on the formidable appearance of cosmic absolutes. If only, therefore, to save himself from philosophic verbalism, it would be well for the philosopher to look critically to the linguistic foundations and limitations of his thought. He would then be spared the humiliating discovery that many new ideas, many apparently brilliant philosophic conceptions, are little more than rearrangements of familiar words in formally satisfying patterns. In their recently published work on "The Meaning of Meaning" Messrs. Ogden and Richards have done philosophy a signal service in indicating how readily the most hard-headed thinkers have allowed themselves to be cajoled by the formal slant of their habitual mode of expression. Perhaps the best way to get behind our thought processes and to eliminate from them all the accidents or irrelevances due to their linguistic garb is to plunge into the study of exotic modes of expression. At any rate, I know of no better way to kill spurious "entities."

This brings us to the nature of language as a symbolic system, a method of referring to all possible types of experience. The natural or, at any rate, the naïve thing is to assume that when we wish to communicate a certain idea or impression, we make something like a rough and rapid inventory of the objective elements and relations involved in it, that such an inventory or analysis is quite inevitable, and that our linguistic task consists merely of the finding of the particular words and groupings of words that correspond to the terms of

the objective analysis. Thus, when we observe an object of the type that we call a "stone" moving through space towards the earth, we involuntarily analyze the phenomenon into two concrete notions, that of a stone and that of an act of falling, and, relating these two notions to each other by certain formal methods proper to English, we declare that "the stone falls." We assume, naïvely enough, that this is about the only analysis that can properly be made. And yet, if we look into the way that other languages take to express this very simple kind of impression, we soon realize how much may be added to, subtracted from, or rearranged in our own form of expression without materially altering our report of the physical fact.

In German and in French we are compelled to assign "stone" to a gender category—perhaps the Freudians can tell us why this object is masculine in the one language, feminine in the other—; in Chippewa we cannot express ourselves without bringing in the apparently irrelevant fact that a stone is an inanimate object. If we find gender beside the point, the Russians may wonder why we consider it necessary to specify in every case whether a stone, or any other object, for that matter, is conceived in a definite or an indefinite manner, why the difference between "the stone" and "a stone" matters. "Stone falls" is good enough for Lenin, as it was good enough for Cicero. And if we find barbarous the neglect of the distinction as to definiteness, the Kwakiutl Indian of British Columbia may sympathize with us but wonder why we do not go a step further and indicate in some way whether the stone is visible or invisible to the speaker at the moment of speaking and whether it is nearest to the speaker, the person addressed, or some third party. "That would no doubt sound fine in Kwakiutl, but we are too busy!" And yet we insist on expressing the singularity of the falling object, where the Kwakiutl Indian, differing from the Chippewa, can generalize and make a statement which would apply

equally well to one or several stones. Moreover, he need not specify the time of the fall. The Chinese get on with a minimum of explicit formal statement and content themselves with a frugal "stone fall."

These differences of analysis, one may object, are merely formal; they do not invalidate the necessity of the fundamental concrete analysis of the situation into "stone" and what the stone does, which in this case is "fall." But this necessity, which we feel so strongly, is an illusion. In the Nootka language the combined impression of a stone falling is quite differently analyzed. The stone need not be specifically referred to, but a single word, a verb form, may be used which is in practice not essentially more ambiguous than our English sentence. This verb form consists of two main elements, the first indicating general movement or position of a stone or stone-like object, while the second refers to downward direction. We can get some hint of the feeling of the Nootka word if we assume the existence of an intransitive verb "to stone," referring to the position or movement of a stone-like object. Then our sentence, "the stone falls," may be reassembled into something like "it stones down." In this type of expression the thing-quality of the stone is implied in the generalized verbal element "to stone," while the specific kind of motion which is given us in experience when a stone falls is conceived as separable into a generalized notion of the movement of a class of objects and a more specific one of direction. In other words, while Nootka has no difficulty whatever in describing the fall of a stone, it has no verb that truly corresponds to our *fall*.

It would be possible to go on indefinitely with such examples of incommensurable analyses of experience in different languages. The upshot of it all would be to make very real to us a kind of relativity that is generally hidden from us by our naïve acceptance of fixed habits of speech as guides to an objective understanding of the nature of experience. This is the relativity of concepts or, as it might be called, the relativity of the form of thought. It is not so difficult to grasp as the physical relativity of Einstein nor is it as disturbing to our sense of security as the psychological relativity of Jung, which is barely beginning to be understood, but it is perhaps more readily evaded than these. For its understanding the comparative data of linguistics are a *sine qua non*. It is the appreciation of the relativity of the form of thought which results from linguistic study that is perhaps the most liberalizing thing about it. What fetters the mind and benumbs the spirit is ever the dogged acceptance of absolutes.

To a certain type of mind linguistics has also that profoundly serene and satisfying quality which inheres in mathematics and in music and which may be described as the creation out of simple elements of a self-contained universe of forms. Linguistics has neither the sweep nor the instrumental power of mathematics, nor has it the universal æsthetic appeal of music. But under its crabbed, technical, appearance there lies hidden the same classical spirit, the same freedom in restraint, which animates mathematics and music at their purest. This spirit is antagonistic to the romanticism which is rampant in America today and which debauches so much of our science with its frenetic desire.

THE PART-TIME MISSIONARY

BY HOWELL SYKES

WHAT is a part-time missionary? A part-time missionary is a man of God, financed and sent to China by the churches of the Western world, who spends part of his time saving the immortal souls of the yellow heathen, and the rest buying from these same heathen their jewelry, mandarin coats, mah jong sets and other such trifles, and shipping them home to sell at a profit. No mission board, of course, knowingly sends part-time missionaries to the foreign field, but China is far away, and mission boards are quite generally made up of pious and ignorant old maids, male and female. Less pious, perhaps, but even more ignorant are the faithful, lay and clerical, who provide the funds. The picture painted by the pastor of the Main Street church when he begs contributions for the foreign missions box is drawn from inspiration alone. Knowledge, in such high matters, is held to be unnecessary; God will give him light and power. Perhaps so, but God so far has given him distressingly little geography, and even less understanding of the missionary.

The word China, to the business man sitting next the aisle in the fifth pew, brings up a vague, shadowy picture. In the foreground is a rolling yellow river; on the bank stands a little group of mud huts, small and dark within. It is late afternoon. Suddenly a shout goes up from a watcher by the river. A figure on a toiling donkey comes slowly up through the middle distance, and halts by the squalid huts. It is a missionary, with collar reversed and pie hat at a pious angle, all true to stage and movie tradition. More shouts follow. A crowd gathers around the bringer of light;

he draws from a pocket of his long-tailed black coat the magic Book; in a deep solemn voice he reads the Word. The pig-tailed listeners huddle around him like sheep about a shepherd. The voice stops; the hands are raised in benediction; the heathen heads bow low to a new and mightier power. As the round tones of the voice raised in prayer mingle with the murmur of the mighty river, a golden-throated bell rings in a Chinese temple nearby, as though ringing out its last call to heathen worshippers—a call unanswered by the little group kneeling about the bringer of light. The sun sets, shedding a warm red glow over a hazy background in which assorted Fujiyamas, as seen in Japanese prints, are the predominant feature. It is a restful picture. The business man is content to drop his quarter or dollar into the box. From that time on he feels that he is a part of a mighty and good work.

It is a pretty picture, but far from true. There are, of course, some missionaries living back in the hills of China under conditions that are rightly described as primitive, but for every one of them there are twenty city dwellers, and it is among the latter that the part-timers flourish. These city missionaries live under conditions far more pleasant than those confronting most of their brethren in the home churches. Life in the seaboard cities of China, indeed, is often more comfortable and amusing than in even our largest cities at home. Good servants are to be had by the month for the equivalent of five American dollars, and the food of each servant comes out of his pay. Practically all missionary compounds and private homes have electric

lights, and a large number have hot and cold running water. Aided by the low exchange of the current Mexican dollars, by the lower prices, and by the amazing cheapness of labor, a missionary who at home would be nightly helping his wife with the dishes and putting little Teddy to bed is able to have three or four servants, a Chinese nurse-maid for his heir, and a modern and well-equipped home to house his staff, his supply of tracts and Bibles, and his family.

I do not say that this is wrong. It is, indeed, only right that the ambassadors of God should have all the comforts of home, and more. I do say, however, that the facts should be known by those who provide the money for these comforts, and that the drivelt emanating from the pulpit whenever a foreign mission fund is to be raised should be stopped. It is not fair to take comforts from the widow and the workingwoman at home by means of an untrue appeal,—a fanciful picture on a false canvas—, and give them to missionaries living in luxury beyond the dreams of the donors.

II

So much for the privations that the brave missionary suffers. What about the dangers? They are always good for a moving paragraph in a begging sermon. As a matter of sober fact, the American missionary holds the safest job in the Far East. He is, by treaty and understanding, a piece of the sacred soil of the Republic. Hands off! The Legation is bound to protect him wherever he goes, and extricate him from whatever troubles his zeal may bring upon him. Not so the business man, the tourist, and the explorer and scientist in search of knowledge. These are always turned away from bandit-suspected districts. "At your own risk!" is the password for them. "The Legation will take no official responsibility." But the missionary goes everywhere, preaching his gospel of peace with security in his heart, knowing that the bayonets of his country are backing him, that the Chris-

tian world will demand swift revenge if he be harmed. China has paid out too much good silver in harsh indemnities to make a practice of harming missionaries; she has lost too much valuable land through the rash and thoughtless acts of heathen Buddhists and damned followers of Confucius. Christians, the Chinese have learned by bitter experience, preach turn the other cheek, but practice a tooth for a tooth.

But the missionaries have many other advantages. They are sent out for long periods at the home churches' expense; they are provided with funds while learning the language,—an accomplishment which takes one or two years' time—; they are subsidized while they familiarize themselves with the country and its people. This period of study and observation is essential if they are to do their saving of the heathen efficiently—but it is also valuable to anyone who wishes to do business with the Chinese. The undisguised business man pays for a like training from his own pocket, looking upon the loss of time and money as a means to a future gain. Under the circumstances, have the missionaries any right to use their special advantages for their own benefit? The business people in China say no. But the missionaries see no reason why they should not pick up a little profit for themselves in a business way, so long as it does not interfere with their religious work. Thus there is a distinct line between the missionaries in China and the Americans representing business. It is a sharp line, and it breeds suspicion and dislike.

Can you imagine a Methodist minister in Iowa, after finishing his Sunday sermon, and taking a bowl of jelly to a sick parishioner, doffing his clerical attire and donning a butcher's apron behind the counter of his neat little butcher shop? Would you dare accuse him of short weight, no matter how dwarfed the steak? The part-time missionary in China is just such a consecrated and protected trader. He can go to places the business man cannot go to; he can drive bargains in the native tongue. Because of his

preaching he gains the confidence of the Chinese; because of the Legation protection he has access to remote and cheap sources of supply; because he has the language he is able to drive sharp bargains. Therefore, he gets the cream of the business in Chinese silks, jewels, jades and curios. The business man knows this, and it irks him exceedingly. He pays an income tax at home, and he carries the regular overhead expenses of a legitimate business, —and yet he must compete with the missionary, whose expenses are nil. The missionary can pay a higher price for an article and yet make more profit on it than his business rival. Do you wonder at the latter's lack of cordiality and good fellowship?

III

The part-time missionary is a product, not of original sin, but of his environment. I am sure that nearly every young man who goes to China to do religious work is actuated, at least at the start, by the highest motives and filled with holy zeal. He is prepared to sacrifice all—comforts, health, life itself, if need be—on the foreign field of battle beneath the standard of the Cross. The trouble comes when he finds that all this ardor is wasted. He expects to live in a mud hut, and gets a home as comfortable as the one he has forsaken for the great cause, and several servants to boot. He expects privations and dangers, but meets with none, save maybe an occasional train holdup, and then he is the first to be rescued. He expects to find on the faces of brother missionaries the lean and hungry look of martyrdom; he finds instead men grown fat on easy living, men full of practicable ideas for spending church money, men with their heads filled with schemes. He is taken aback at first, but he is human. Soon he adjusts himself, gets on to the ropes. Eventually he belongs.

I had a friend go to China three years ago, a very fine friend, with ideals higher than mine, with a purpose that I respected but could not grasp. He went as a mis-

sionary, supported by missionary funds, with the avowed purpose of studying the Chinese, their language and character. After his three years were over he intended to return to a theological seminary in New York, there to prepare for the ministry. Next on his program was his triumphant return to China, rich both in theology and in knowledge of China's needs. A worthy program! Alas for it!

His first year he earnestly sought to stand by his convictions. Around him were fellow missionaries openly engaged in buying goods to send home for friends to sell. He disapproved of their actions. He told them so. They said that in that case it wouldn't be right for him to do it, and he went on with his studies. But at the beginning of his second year he was sending home things for his mother to sell to his friends. Nothing in a business way, you understand, just a little money-saving for his friends at home. He took no profit. At the end of the second year the volume of his trade had grown too large for his mother to handle, and through her he got some home town friends to handle it. These friends, of course, wanted a little slice for their trouble. He gave it to them, and then began to take a little slice for himself.

The story has a sad ending. The third year he was too busy to keep up with all his Chinese-English Bible classes, so he gave half of them to a fellow worker fresh from home, who needed the experience anyway. He arranged his mission classes so that they would all come in the morning, or, in other words, he rearranged his missionarying to suit his business. He left for home a few months ago, after making arrangements with a fellow Christian to ship to him on order. They are using Bentley's Code, I think. The last shipment was valued at \$800 gold. So endeth a prospective propagator of the faith. He now plans to go formally into the import-export business. He will be back in China next year, after he has established connections in the States, but not as a holy clerk.

Now, I do not say that all the American missionaries in all the big cities of China carry on this sort of business. There are always some real missionaries among them. However, I do know that in Canton, Shanghai, Hankow, Tientsin, Nanking and Peking there are enough engaged in exporting Chinese goods, either in large or small quantities, to give the Chinese the impression that doing it is the general rule. A conversation that I lately had with a Chinese scholar,—a product of the old régime, and a former officer under imperial rule,—revealed the fact that he and other men of his class looked upon the missionaries from the West as simply business agents in disguise. The conversation was in Chinese, and his descriptions were most picturesque and forceful. First, he said, the missionary arrives in China in the form of a chrysalis, wrapped in folds of dogma, webs of creed, dull black, dead to the bright world of colors—and dollars. Next comes the slow awakening—a few awkward bargains, a mandarin coat here, a mah jong set there. A weary wait of four months,—doubts, prickings of conscience. Then a letter comes. The mandarin coat and mah jong set were received in good condition, and sold for three times their cost. The bread cast upon the waters has returned, and with it a thick golden crust. The missionary stirs in his cocoon. Next the swift unfolding of financial wings, the shedding of the now encumbering, once nurturing chrysalis, and then the quick upward flight into the gay world of finance, where every American dollar equals two Chinese.

My Chinese friend named several of the prominent foreign business men of the city. Some were engaged in trade, others in real estate or insurance. All that he named were formerly either missionaries or Y. M. C. A. secretaries. One of them, who now owns a good deal of valuable land in the city, is still a sort of advisory missionary when pressure of business permits. The Chinese dislike all this. They want to deal with business people when they have business, and with religious people when they feel

the itch for soul-saving. They cannot understand the combination that is found in the modern American missionary. Many years ago they arrived at the famous conclusion found in the missionaries' Good Book: "Ye cannot serve two masters." This "God-loves-you-How-much-for-the-mah-chong-set?" dualism does not impress them as being a working combination. They are wondering what we want to do most—give them the Lord God Jehovah or get the mah jong set.

The Chinese knows how to deal with business men. If he is bested in a deal he takes it as part of the game and resolves to get the better of somebody else to make up for the loss. He is, in brief, quite like the Western business man. That is why the missionary in business puzzles and distresses him. If he puts over a clever deal and makes a little money at the expense of a missionary he is immediately assailed as being ungrateful to those who have left home and loved ones to come and save him from damnation. He is held up as having bitten the hand that feeds him. So he is growing very cynical.

IV

In Peking even the wives of the missionaries have gone in for the export business. They have a *gung chong*, or work shop, in which more than a hundred Chinese girls work daily. The wages and conditions, it must be said, are a little better than in the secular *gung chongs*. The products of the establishment—tea-sets, napkins, doilies, etc.—are shipped home in large lots to be sold to department stores. The missionary women defend themselves thus: "We provide work for girls who might not otherwise have work; we pay well, better than (with a sniff) business *gung chongs*; we have a religious atmosphere in the place."

Let us examine this defence. They *do* provide work; that is true. But it is only skilled work, and if the mere desire to give work were their motive, it would be much more sensible to give unskilled work to

men with dependent families. They pay well; that is true also—a little more, maybe, than other places,—and thereby they get the best workers. They can do this because the women running the shops are the wives of missionaries, and their husbands are paid from home. Therefore they, the wives, can work for much less and still make more money than secular entrepreneurs. Finally, “we have a religious atmosphere.” This consists, in one shop I visited, of a fifteen minute Bible reading every noon, while the sewing girls are eating their lunch.

Where does the money earned by this *gung chong* go? It all comes back, you are told, and into the fund for further helping the poor. But some skeptics are not so sure. A good deal of the stuff is sold on the ground to missionaries at cost prices, and the buyers ship it home as individuals. That profit, I fear, does not come back. However, where it actually goes is not the main point. No matter where it goes, you will never convince a Chinaman that it goes into further philanthropic work for the Chinese. And, after all, it is what the Chinese think that counts. Even assuming

that these missionary wives have the best intentions in the world—and I, for one, am willing to grant them—the fact remains that they are doing the cause of Christianity a great harm so long as the Chinese will not credit them with those intentions. Meanwhile, they are in the disfavor of all other interests in China because they use the advantages provided them by their religious position to further themselves in business dealings. As a result of these advantages they can do business on a cheaper basis, and so the secular export merchant thinks they offer him unfair competition. What they do, he argues, is unfair to him in China, to the legitimate importer at home, and more important still, to the little old lady who drops her dime in the foreign mission box as she leaves the church every Wednesday night. She does not put in that dime thinking to pay for Chinese lessons for a person who will later use his knowledge to bargain for jade necklaces and send them home at a fat profit. She drops it there thinking that she is saving some poor Chinaman from hell. Is it too much to ask that she be told plainly what her mite actually does?

EDITORIAL

PERHAPS the chief victims of Prohibition, in the long run, will turn out to be the Federal judges. I do not argue here, of course, that drinking bootleg liquors will kill them bodily; I merely suggest that enforcing the unjust and insane provisions of the Volstead Act will rob them of all their old dignity. A dozen years ago, or even half a dozen years ago, a Federal judge was perhaps the most dignified and respected official yet flourishing under our democracy. The plain people, many years before, had lost all respect for lawmakers, whether Federal, State or municipal, and, save for the President himself, they had very little respect left for the gentlemen of the executive arm, high or low. More, they had begun to view the State judiciary very biliously, and showed no sign of surprise when a member of it was taken in judicial adultery. But for the Federal judges they still continued to have a high veneration, and for plain reasons. *Imprimis*, the Federal judges sat for life, and thus did not have to climb down from their benches at intervals and clamor obscenely for votes. Secondly, the laws that they were told off to enforce, and especially the criminal laws, were few in number, simple in character, and thoroughly in accord with almost universal ideas of right and wrong. No citizen in his right mind had much sympathy for the felons who were shipped to Atlanta each morning by the marshals of the Federal courts—chiefly counterfeiters, fraudulent bankrupts, adulterators of food and drugs, get-rich-quick swindlers, thieving letter-carriers, crooked army officers, and so on. Public sentiment was almost unanimously behind the punishment of such rogues, and it rejoiced that that punishment was in the hands of men who carried on the busi-

ness in an austere manner, without fear or favor.

I describe a Golden Age, now lamentably closed. The Uplift in its various lovely forms has completely changed the character of the work done by a Federal judge. Once the dispenser of varieties of law that only scoundrels questioned, he is now the harassed and ludicrous dispenser of varieties of law that only idiots approve. It was the Espionage Act, I suppose, that first brought him to this new and dreadful office, but it is Prohibition—whether of wine-bibbing, of drug-taking, of interstate week-ending, or of what not—that has carried him beyond the bounds of what, to most normal men, is common decency. His typical job today, as a majority of the plain people see it, especially in the big cities, is simply to punish men who have refused or been unable to pay the bribes demanded by Prohibition enforcement officers. In other words, he is now chiefly apprehended by the public, not as a scourge of rascals, but as an agent of rascals and a scourge of peaceable men. He gets a great deal more publicity than he used to get in his palmy days, but it is publicity of a sort that rapidly undermines his dignity. Unfortunately for him, but perhaps very fortunately for what remains of civilized government among us, the plain people have never been able to grasp the difference between law and justice. To them the two things are one—or ought to be. So the fact that the judge is bound by law to enforce all the intolerable provisions of the Volstead Act, including even its implicit provision that men wearing its badges shall get a fair percentage upon every transaction in bootlegging—this fact does not relieve the judge himself of responsibility for the ensuing oppressions. The only thing that

the vulgar observe is that justice has departed from his court room.

If this were all, of course, it might be possible to dismiss the whole matter on the ground that the public is an ass. That men of the highest worth are not always respected, even when they wear official robes, is a commonplace. But in the present case there is more to it than merely that. Not a few of the Federal judges have begun to show signs that the noisome work that has been forced upon them has begun to achieve its inevitable subjective effects; in other words, not a few begin to attack their sneaking sense of its lack of dignity and good repute by bedizening it with moral indignation. The judicial servant of the Anti-Saloon League thus takes on some of the neo-Christian character of the League's own dervishes and sorcerers. He is not content to send some poor yokel to jail for an artificial crime that, in the view of at least 80 per cent of all Americans, is no crime at all; he must also denounce the culprit from the bench in terms fit for a man accused of arson or mayhem. Here the Freudians, perhaps, would have something to say; the great masses of the innocent and sinful, knowing nothing of Freud, observe only that the learned jurist is silly as well as unjust. There issues from that observation a generally bilious view of his office and his person. He slides slowly down a fatal chute. His day of arctic and envied eminence passes.

II

The truth is, indeed, that the decline in dignity from which the Federal judges now suffer is not wholly due to the external fact of Prohibition; it is due quite as much to their own growing pliancy and lack of professional self-respect. All that Prohibition does to them is to make brilliantly plain, even to the meanest understanding, their lamentable departure from that high integrity of purpose, that assiduous concern for justice, that jealous watchfulness over the rights of man which simple men, at all times and everywhere, like to find in the

judges set over them, and which the simple men of the United States, not so long ago, saw or thought they saw in the learned ornaments of the Federal bench. Before ever Volstead emerged from the Christian Endeavor belt with his preposterous Act, confidence had begun to shake. The country had seen Federal judges who were unmistakably mountebanks; it had seen some who were, to the naked eye, indistinguishable from rascals. It had seen one step down from the highest court in the land to engage in an undignified stumping-tour, soliciting the votes of the rabble. It had seen another diligently insinuate himself into the headlines of the yellow press, in competition with Jack Dempsey and Babe Ruth. It had seen others abuse their powers of equity in the frank interest of capital, and deny the commonest justice to poor men in their clutches. And during the war it had grown accustomed to seeing the Federal bench converted into a sort of rival to the rostrum of Liberty Loan orators, with judges hurling pious objurgations at citizens accused of nothing worse than speaking their minds freely, and all pretense to fair hearings and just punishments abandoned.

True enough, a majority of the Federal judges, high and low, stood quite clear of all such buffooneries. Even in the midst of the worst hysteria of the war there were plenty who refused to be run amok by Palmer, Burleson and company. I need cite only Hand, J., and Rose, J., as admirable examples of a large number of judges who preserved their dignity 'mid the rockets' red glare. But the headlines in the newspapers had nothing to say about such judges; their blackest ink was reserved for the other kind, as it was more recently reserved for Mayer, J. That other kind gradually established a view of the Federal bench that still persists, and that is growing more and more fixed as the farce of Prohibition enforcement unrolls. It is a view which, in brief, holds that the Federal bench is no longer the most exalted and faithful protector of the liberties of the cit-

izen, but the most relentless and inordinate foe of them—that its main purpose is not to dispense justice at all, but to get men into jail, guilty or not guilty, by fair means or foul—that to this end it is willing to lend itself to the execution of any law, however extravagant, and to support that execution with a variety of casuistry that is flatly against every ordinary conception of common sense and common decency. The Espionage Act cases, the labor injunction cases, the deportation cases, the Postal Act cases, the Mann Act cases, and now the Prohibition cases—all of these, impinging in rapid succession upon a people brought up to regard the Bill of Rights as a reality and liberty as a precious thing, have bred suspicion of the Federal courts, including especially the Supreme Court, and, on the heels of that suspicion, a positive and apparently ineradicable distrust. I doubt that the Radical fanatics who dodge about the land have ever converted any substantial body of Americans to their crazy doctrines; certainly there is not the slightest sign today of the Revolution that they were predicting for last year, and the year before. But when they have denounced the Federal courts and produced the overwhelming evidence, their shots have gone home.

III

Now and then a judge has argued, defending himself against some manifestation of popular discontent, that he is helpless—that he is the agent, not of justice, but of law. Even in the hey-day of the Espionage Act a few were moved to make that apology from the bench, including, if I remember rightly, the judge who sentenced Debs. The distinction thus set up is one that seems clear to lawyers, but, as I have said, it seldom gets a hospitable hearing from plain men. If the latter believe anything at all it is that law without justice is an evil thing; that such law, indeed, leads inevitably to a contradiction in terms; that the highest duty of the judiciary is not to enforce it pedantically, but to evade it, viti-

ate it, and, if possible, destroy it. The plain man sees plenty of other sorts of law destroyed by the courts; he can't help wondering why the process is so seldom applied to statutes that violate, not merely legal apothegms, but the baldest of common sense. Thus when he beholds a Federal judge fining a man, under a constitutional amendment prohibiting the sale of intoxicating beverages, for selling a beverage that is admittedly not intoxicating, or jailing another man who has got into the dock, as everyone knows, not because he ran a still but because he refused to pay the bribe demanded by the Prohibition enforcement officer, or issuing against a third an injunction whose sole and undisguised purpose is to deprive him, by a legal swindle, of his constitutional right to a trial by a jury of his peers—when he observes such monkey-shines going on in the name of the law, is it any wonder that he concludes dismally that the law is an ass, and its agent another? In ordinary life men cannot engage in such lunatic oppressions of their fellow men without paying a penalty for it; even a police captain must be measurably more plausible and discreet. If a judge is bound by his oath to engage in them, then so much the worse for the judge. He can no more hope to be respected than a hangman can hope to be respected.

But is a judge actually so bound? I am no lawyer, but I nevertheless presume to doubt it. There were judges in 1918 who did not think themselves bound to sacrifice the Bill of Rights to the Espionage Act, and who resolutely refused to do so, and yet, so far as I know, nothing happened to them; at least one of them, to my knowledge, has been since promoted to a circuit. Why should any judge today enforce the injunction clause of the Volstead Act, which is not only not authorized by anything in the Eighteenth Amendment, but is flatly and unquestionably subversive of the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Amendments? Its enforcement is surely not an automatic act; it involves deliberation and decision by the judge; he may refuse his injunction with-

out offering any explanation to anyone. What would follow if he arose one day in his high pulpit, and announced simply that his court was purged of all such oblique and dishonest enactments henceforth—that he had resolved to refuse to lend himself to the schemes of blackmailers with badges, or to harass and punish free citizens in violation of their fundamental constitutional rights and their plain dignity as human beings, or, in brief, to engage in any other enterprise as a judge that he would shrink from engaging in as a good citizen and a man of honor? Would the result be impeachment? I should like to meet a Congressman insane enough to move the impeachment of such a judge! Would it be a storm of public indignation? . . . Or would it be a vociferous yell of delight?

It seems to me, indeed, that the first judge who rises to such a rebellion will be the first judge ever to become a popular hero in the Republic—that he will be elevated to the Supreme Court by a sort of acclamation, even if it is necessary to get rid of one of the sitting justices by setting fire to his gown. But, it may be said, even imagining him so elevated, the remaining eight justices will still function, and all of us know what they think of the Bill of Rights. Wouldn't such a rebel judge succumb to the system of which it was a discreet particle? Couldn't the other eight judges nullify and make a mock of his late heroic defiance? Could they, indeed? Then how? If a judge, high or low, actually called in justice to rescue a citizen from the law, what precisely could the Supreme Court do about it? I know of no appeal for the District Attorney in Federal cases, once the prisoner has been put into jeopardy; I know only of impeachment for judges who forget the lines of the farce to which they are sworn. But try to imagine the impeachment of a judge charged with punching a hole in the Volstead Act, and letting in some common justice and common decency!

So far, no such rambunctious and unprec-

edented judge has been heard of, nor do I specifically predict his advent. He may come, but probably he won't. The law is a curse to all of us, but it is a curse of special virulence to lawyers. It becomes for them a sort of discreditable vice, a stealthy and degrading superstition. It robs them of all balance, of all capacity for clear thought, of all imagination. Judges tend to show this decay of the faculties in an exaggerated form; they become mere automata, bound by arbitrary rules, precedents, the accumulated imbecilities of generations; to their primary lack of sense as lawyers they add the awful manner of bureaucrats. It is thus too much to hope for a judge showing any originality or courage; one Holmes in an era of Hardings and Coolidges is probably more than a fair allotment. But while the judges of the District Courts go on driving wild teams of jackasses through the Bill of Rights, and the rev. seniors of the Supreme Court give their approval to the business in solemn form,—sometimes, but not always, with Holmes, J., and Brandeis, J., dissenting—while all this is going on, there are black clouds rolling up from the hinterland, where the Constitution is still taught in the schools and even Methodists are bred to reverence Patrick Henry. The files of Congress already show the way the wind is blowing—constitutional amendments to drag down and denaturize the Supreme Court, simple acts to the same end, other acts providing for the election of Federal judges, yet others even more revolutionary. I know of no such proposal that has any apparent merit. Even the best of them, hamstringing the courts, would only augment the power of a Congress that is ten times worse. But so long as judges pursue fatuously the evil business of converting every citizen into a subject, demagogues will come forward with their dubious remedies, and, soon or late, unless the bench pulls up, some of these demagogues will get themselves heard.

H. L. M.

CAUGHT

BY SHERWOOD ANDERSON

IT SEEMS but yesterday, although a year has passed since that afternoon when Edward and I sat talking in a restaurant. I was staying at a small hotel in a side street in the city of New York. It had been an uncertain day with us, such days as come in any relationship. One asks something of a friend and finds him empty-handed or something is asked and a vacant look comes into one's own eyes. Two men, or a man and woman, were but yesterday very close and now they are far apart.

Edward came to lunch with me and we went to a restaurant in the neighborhood. It was of the cheap, hurried, highly-sanitary sort, shiny and white. After eating we sat on and on, looking at each other, trying to say to each other something for which we could find no words. In a day or two I would be going away to the South. Each of us felt the need of something from the other, an expression of regard perhaps. We were both engaged in the practice of the same craft—story-tellers both of us. And what fumblers! Each man fumbling often and often in materials not well enough understood—that is to say, in the lives and the drama in the lives of the people about whom the tales were told.

We sat looking at each other and, as it was now nearly three o'clock in the afternoon, we were the only people in the restaurant. Then a third man came in and sat as far away from us as possible. For some time the women waiters in the place had been looking at Edward and myself somewhat belligerently. It may have been they were employed only for the noon rush and now wanted to go home. A somewhat

large woman, with her arms crossed, stood glaring at us.

As for the third man in the place, the fellow who had just come in, he had been in prison for some crime he had committed, and had but recently been let out. I do not mean to suggest that he came to Edward and myself and told his story. Indeed, he was afraid of us, and when he saw us loitering there, went to sit as far away as possible. He watched us furtively with frightened eyes. Then he ordered some food and, after eating hurriedly, went away, leaving the flavor of himself behind. He had been trying to get a job but on all sides had been defeated by his own timidity. Now, like ourselves, he wanted some place to rest, to sit with a friend, to talk, and by an odd chance I, and Edward as well, knew the fellow's thoughts while he was in the room. The devil!—he was tired and discouraged and had thought he would go into the restaurant, eat slowly, gather himself together. Perhaps Edward and myself—and the waitress with her arms crossed who wanted to get our tip and cut out to some movie show—perhaps all of us had chilled the heart of the man from prison. "Well, things are so and so. One's own heart has been chilled. You are going away to the South, eh? Well, good-by; I must be getting along."

II

I was walking in the streets of the city, that evening of November. There was snow on the roofs of buildings, but it had all been scraped off the roadways. There is a thing happens to American men. It is

pitiful. One walks along, going slowly along in the streets, and when one looks sharply at one's fellows something dreadful comes into the mind. There is a thing happens to the backs of the necks of American men. There is this sense of something drying, getting old without having ripened. The skin does something. One becomes conscious of the back of one's own neck and is worried. "Might not all our lives ripen like fruit—drop at the end, full-skinned and rich with color, from the tree of life, eh?" When one is in the country one looks at a tree. "Can a tree be a dead dried-up thing while it is still young? Can a tree be a neurotic?" one asks.

I had worked myself into a state of mind, as so often happens with me, and so I went out of the streets, out of the presence of all the American people hurrying along; the warmly dressed, unnecessarily weary, hurrying, hustling, half-frightened city people.

In my room I sat reading a book of the tales of Balzac. Then I had got up to prepare for dinner when there came a knock at the door and in answer to my call a man entered.

He was a fellow of perhaps forty-five, a short strongly-built broad-shouldered man with graying hair. There was in his face something of the rugged simplicity of a European peasant, perhaps. One felt he might live a long time, do hard work, and keep to the end the vigor of that body of his.

For some time I had been expecting the man to come to see me and was curious concerning him. He was an American writer, like Edward and myself, and two or three weeks before he had gone to Edward pleading. . . . Well, he had wanted to see and talk with me. Another fellow with a soul, eh?

And now, there the man stood, with his queer old boyish face. He stood in the doorway, smiling anxiously. "Were you going out? Will I be disturbing you?" I had been standing before a glass adjusting a necktie.

"Come on in," I said, perhaps a little

pompously. Before sensitive people I am likely to become a bit bovine. I do not wag my tail like a dog. What I do is to moo like a cow. "Come into the warm stall and eat hay with me," I seem to myself to be saying at such times. I would really like to be a jolly friendly sort of a cuss . . . you will understand . . . "It's always fair weather, when good fellows get together" . . . that is the sort of thing I mean.

That is what I want and I can't achieve it, nor can I achieve a kind of quiet dignity that I often envy in others.

I stood with my hands fingering my tie and looked at the man in the doorway. I had thrown the book I had been reading on a small table by the bed. "The devil!—he is one of our everlastingly distraught Americans. He is too much like myself." I was tired and wanted to talk of my craft to some man who was sure of himself. Queer disconnected ideas are always popping into one's mind. Perhaps they are not so disconnected. At that moment—as I stood looking at the man in the doorway—the figure of another man came sharply to my mind. The man was a carpenter who for a time lived next door to my father's house when I was a boy in an Ohio town. He was a workman of the old sort, one who would build a house out of timber—just as it is cut into boards by a sawmill. He could make the door frames and the window frames, knew how to cut cunningly all the various joints necessary to building a house tightly in a wet, cold country.

And on Summer evenings the carpenter used to come sometimes and stand by the door of our house and talk with mother, as she was doing an ironing. He had a flair for mother, I fancy, and was always coming when father was not at home—but he never came into the house. He stood at the door speaking of his work. He always talked of his work. If he had a flair for mother and she had one for him it was kept hidden away, but one fancied that, when we children were not about, mother spoke to him of us. Our own father was

not one with whom one spoke of children. Children existed but vaguely for him.

As for the carpenter, what I remembered of him on the evening in the hotel in the city of New York was just a kind of quiet assurance in his figure, remembered from boyhood. The old workman had spoken to mother of young workmen in his employ. "They aren't learning their trade properly," he said. "Everything is cut in the factories now and the young fellows get no chance. They can stand looking at a tree and they do not know what can be done with it . . . while I . . . well, I hope it don't sound like bragging too much . . . I know my trade."

III

You see what a confusion! Something was happening to me that is always happening. Try as much as I may, I cannot become a man of culture. At my door stood a man, waiting to be admitted, and there stood I—thinking of a carpenter in a town of my boyhood. I was making the man at the door feel embarrassed by my silent scrutiny of him, and that I did not want. He was in a nervous, distraught condition and I was making him every moment more distraught. His fingers played with his hat nervously.

And then he broke the silence by plunging into an apology. "I've been very anxious to see you. There are things I have been wanting to ask you about. There is something important to me—perhaps you can tell me. Well, you see, I thought—sometime, when you are not very busy, when you are unoccupied. . . . I dare say you are a very busy man. To tell the truth now, I did not hope to find you unoccupied when I came in thus, at this hour. You may be going out to dine. You are fixing your tie. It's a nice tie. . . . I like it. What I thought was that I could perhaps be so fortunate as to make an appointment with you. Oh, I know well enough you must be a busy man."

The deuce! I did not like all this fussi-

ness. I wanted to shout at the man standing at my door and say . . . "the deuce with you!" You see, I wanted to be more rude than I had already been—leaving him standing there in that way. He was nervous and distraught and already he had made me nervous and distraught.

"Do come in. Sit there on the edge of the bed. It's the most comfortable place. You see I have but one chair," I said, making a motion with my hand. As a matter of fact there were other chairs in the room but they were covered with clothing. I had taken off one suit and put on another.

We began at once to talk, or rather he talked, sitting on the edge of the bed and facing me. How nervous he was! His fingers twitched.

"Well now, I really did not expect I would find you unoccupied when I came in here at this hour. I am living, for the time being, in this very hotel—on the floor below. What I thought was that I would try to make an appointment with you. 'We'll have a talk'—that's what I thought."

I stood looking at him and then, like a flash, the figure of the man seen that afternoon in the restaurant came into my mind—the furtive fellow who had been a thief, had been sent to prison, and who, after he was freed, did not know what to do with himself.

What I mean is that my mind again did a thing it is always doing. It leaped away from the man sitting before me, confused him with the figures of other men. After I had left Edward I had walked about thinking my own thoughts. Shall I be able to explain what happened at that moment? In one instant I was thinking of the man now sitting before me and who had wanted to pay me this visit, of the ex-thief seen in the restaurant, of myself and my friend Edward, and of the old workman who used to come and stand at the kitchen door to talk with mother, when I was a boy.

Thoughts went through my mind like voices talking.

"Something within a man is betrayed.

There is but the shell of a man walking about. What a man wants is to be able to justify himself to himself. What I, as a man, want is to be able, some time in my life, to do something well—to do some piece of work finely just for the sake of doing it—to know the feel of a thing growing into a life of its own under my fingers, eh?"

IV

What I am trying to convey to you, the reader, is a sense of the man in the bedroom, and myself, looking at each other and thinking each his own thoughts, and that these thoughts were a compound of our own and other people's thoughts too. In the restaurant Edward and myself, while wanting to do so very much, had yet been unable to come close to each other. The man from prison, wanting us also, had been frightened by our presence, and now here was this new man, a writer like myself and Edward, trying to thrust himself into the circle of my consciousness.

We continued looking at each other. The man was a popular American short story writer. He wrote each year ten, twelve, fifteen magazine stories which sold for from five hundred to fifteen hundred dollars each.

Was he tired of writing his stories? What did he want of me? I began to grow more and more belligerent in my attitude toward him. It is, with me, a common effect of feeling my own limitations. When I feel inadequate I look about at once for someone with whom I may become irritated.

The book I had been reading a half hour before, the book of "The Tales of Balzac," lay on a table near where the man sat and his fingers now reached out and took hold of it. It was bound in soft brown leather. One who loves me and who knew of my love for the book had taken it from my room in a house in Chicago and had carried it off to an old workman who had put it in this new suit of soft brown leather.

The fingers of the man on the bed were

playing with the pages of the book. One got the notion that the fingers wanted to begin tearing pages from the book.

I had been trying to reassure him. "Do stay, I have nothing to do," I had said and he smiled at my words as a child might smile. "I am such an egotist," he explained. "You see, I want to talk of myself. I write stories, you see, but they aren't any good. Really they aren't any good at all, but they do bring me in money. I'm in a tight hole, I tell you. I own an automobile and I live on a certain scale that is fixed—that's what I mean—that's what's the trouble with me. I am no longer young, as you'll see if you look at my hair. It's getting gray. I'm married and now I have a daughter in college. She goes to Vassar. Her name is Elsie. Things are fixed with me. I live on a certain scale—that's what I mean—that's what's the trouble with me."

It was apparent the man had something of importance to himself he wanted to say and that he did not know how to begin.

I tried to help. My friend Edward had told me a little of his story. (For the sake of convenience and really to better conceal his identity we will call him Arthur Hobson—although that is not his name.) Although he was born in America he is of Italian descent, and there is in his nature, no doubt, something of the Italian spirit of violence, strangely mingled, as it so often is in the Latins, with gentleness and subtlety.

However, he was like myself in one thing. He was an American and was trying to understand himself—not as an Italian but as an American.

And so there was this Hobson—born in America of an Italian father—a father who had changed his name after coming to America and had prospered here. He, the father, had come to America to make money and had been successful. Then he had sent his son to an American college, wanting to make a real American of him.

The son had been ambitious to become a well-known football player and to have, during his college days, the joy of seeing

his name and picture in the newspapers. As it turned out however, he could not become one of the great players, and to the end of his college career remained what is called a substitute—getting into but one or two comparatively unimportant games to win his college letter.

He did not have it in him to be a great football player and so, in a world created in his fancy, he did what he could not do in life. He wrote a story concerning a man who, like himself, was of Italian descent and who also remained, through most of his college career, a substitute on a football team—but in the story the man did have, just at the end of his days in college, an opportunity of which he took brilliant advantage.

There was this Hobson in his room writing, on an afternoon of the late Fall. It was the birth of a story-teller. He moved restlessly about the room, sat a long time writing and then got up and moved about again.

In the story he wrote that day in his room long ago he did what he could not do in the flesh. The hero of his story was a rather small, square-shouldered man like himself and there was an important game on, the most important of the year. All the other players were Anglo-Saxons and they could not win the game. They held their opponents even but could make no progress toward scoring.

And now came the last ten minutes of play and the team began to weaken a little and that heartened the other side. "Hold 'em! . . . hold 'em! . . . hold 'em!" shouted the crowd. At last, at the very last, the young Italian boy was given his chance. "Let the Wop go in! We are going to lose anyway. Let the Wop go in!"

Who has not read such stories? There are infinite variations of the theme. There he was, the little dark-skinned Italian-American, and who ever thought he could do anything special! Such games as football are for the nations of the North. "Well, it will have to be done. One of the halfbacks has injured himself. Go in there, you Wop!"

So in he goes, and the story football game, the most important one of the year for his school, is won. It is almost lost, but he saves the day. Aha, the other side has the ball and fumbles, just as they are nearing the goal line. Forward springs the little alert dark figure. Now he has the ball and has darted away. He stumbles and almost falls but . . . see . . . he has made a little twisting movement with his body, just as that big fellow, the fullback of the opposing team, is about to pounce upon him. "See him run!" When he stumbles something happens to his leg. His ankle is sprained but still he runs like a streak. Now every step brings pain but he runs on and on. The game is won for the old school. "The little Wop did it! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

The devil and all! These Italian fellows have a cruel streak in them, even in their dreams. The young Italian-American writer, writing his first story, had left his hero with a slight limp that went with him all through life, and had justified it by the notion that the limp was in some way a badge of honor, a kind of proof of his thorough-going Americanism.

Anyway, he wrote the story and sent it to one of our American magazines and it was paid for and published. He did, after all, achieve a kind of distinction during his days in college. In an American college a football star is something but an author is something, too. "Look! There goes Hobson. He's an author! He had a story in the *National Whiz* and got three hundred and fifty dollars for it. A smart fellow, I tell you! He'll make his way in the world. All the fraternities are after the fellow."

And so there was Hobson and his father was proud of him and his college was proud of him and his future was assured. He wrote another football story and another and another. Things began to come his way and by the time he left college he was engaged to be married to one of the most popular girls of his class. She wasn't very enthusiastic about his people, but one did not need to live in the same city with

them. An author can live where he pleases. The young couple came from the Middle-West and went to live in New England, in a town facing the sea. It was a good place for him. In New England there are many colleges and Hobson could go to football games all Fall and get new ideas for stories—without traveling too far.

The Italian-American has become what he is, an American artist. He has a daughter in college now and owns an automobile. He is a success. He writes football stories.

V

He sat in my room in the hotel in New York, fingering the book he had picked up from the table. The deuce! Did he want to tear the leaves? The fellow who came into the restaurant where Edward and I sat was in my mind perhaps—that is to say, the man who had been in prison. I kept thinking of the story writer as a man trying to tear away the bars of a prison. "Before he leaves this room my treasured book will be destroyed," a corner of my brain was whispering to me.

He wanted to talk about writing. That was his purpose. As with Edward and myself, there was now something between Hobson and myself that wanted saying. We were both story-tellers, fumbling about in materials we too often did not understand.

"You see now," he urged upon me, leaning forward and now actually tearing a page of my book, "You see now, I write of youth . . . youth out in the sun and wind, eh? I am supposed to represent young America, healthy young America. You wouldn't believe how many times people have spoken to me saying that my stories are always clean and healthy, and the editors of magazines are always saying it too. 'Keep on the track,' they say. 'Don't fly off the handle! We want lots of just such clean healthy stuff.'"

He had grown too nervous to sit still and getting up began to walk back and forth in the narrow space before the bed,

still clinging to my book. He tried to give me a picture of his life.

He lived, he said, during most of the year, in a Connecticut village, by the sea, and for a large part of the year did not try to write at all. The writing of football stories was a special thing. One had always to get hold of the subject from a new angle and so, in the Fall, one went to many games and took notes. Little things happened on the field that could be built up and elaborated. Above all, one must get punch into the stories. There must be a little unexpected turn of events. "You understand. You are a writer yourself."

My visitor's mind slipped off into a new channel and he told me the story of his life in the New England town during the long months of the Spring, Summer and early Fall, when, as I understood the matter, he did no writing.

Well, he played golf, he went to swim in the sea, he ran his automobile. In the New England town he owned a large white frame house where he lived with his wife, with his daughter when she was at home from school, and with two or three servants. He told me of his life there, of his working through the Summer months in a garden, of his going sometimes in the afternoons for long walks about the town and out along the country roads. He grew quieter, and, putting my book back on the table, sat down again on the edge of the bed.

"It's odd," he said, "You see, I have lived in that one town now for a good many years. There are people there I would like to know better. I would like really to know them, I mean. Men and women go along the road past my place. There is a man of about my own age whose wife has left him. He lives alone in a little house and cooks his own food. Sometimes he also goes for a walk and comes past my place and we are supposed to be friends. Something of the kind is in the wind. He stops sometimes by my garden and stands looking over and we talk but do not say much to each other. The devil, that's the way it

goes, you see—there he is by the fence and there am I with a hoe in my hand. I walk to where he stands and also lean on the fence. We speak of the vegetables growing in my garden. Would you believe it, we never speak of anything but the vegetables or the flowers perhaps? It's a fact. There he stands. Did I tell you his wife has left him? He wants to speak of that—I'm sure of it. To tell the truth, when he set out from his own house, he was quite determined to come up to my place and tell me all about everything, how he feels, why his wife has left him and all about it. The man who went away with his wife was his best friend. It's quite a story, you see. Everyone in our town knows about it but they do not know how the man himself feels as he sits up there in his house all alone.

"That's what he has made up his mind to talk to me about but he can't do it, you see. All he does is to stand by my fence and speak of growing vegetables. 'Your lettuce is doing very well. The weeds do grow like the deuce, don't they though? That's a nice bed of flowers you have over there near the house.'"

The writer of the football stories threw up his hands in disgust. It was evident he also felt something I had often felt. One learns to write a little and then comes this temptation to do tricks with words. The people who should catch us at our tricks are of no avail. Bill Hart, the two-gun man of the movies, who goes creeping through forests, riding pell-mell down hillsides, shooting his guns bang-bang, would be arrested and put out of the way if he did that at Billings, Montana, but do you suppose the people of Billings laugh at his pranks? Not at all. Eagerly they go to see him. Cowboys from distant towns ride to where they may see his pictures. For the cowboy also the past has become a flaming thing. Forgotten are the long dull days of following foolish cows across an empty desert place. Aha, the cowboy also wants to believe. Do you not suppose Bill Hart also wants to believe?

The deuce of it all is that, wanting to

believe the lie, one shuts out the truth, too. The man by the fence, looking at the New England garden, could not become brother to the writer of football stories.

"They tell themselves so many little lies, my beloved."

VI

I was sidling across the room now, thinking of the man whose wife had run away with his friend. I was thinking of him and of something else at the same time. I wanted to save my Balzac if I could. Already the football-story man had torn a page of the book. Were he to get excited again he might tear out more pages. When he had first come into my room I had been discourteous, standing and staring at him and now I did not want to speak of the book, to warn him. I wanted to pick it up casually, when he wasn't looking. "I'll walk across the room with it and put it out of his reach," I thought, but just as I was about to put out my hand he put out his hand and took it again.

And now, as he fingered the book nervously, his mind jumped off in a new direction. He told me that during the Summer before he had got hold of a book of verses by an American poet, Carl Sandburg.

"There's a fellow," he cried, waving my Balzac about. "He feels common things as I would like to be able to feel them and sometimes as I work in my garden I think of him. As I walk about in my town or go swimming or fishing in the Summer afternoons I think of him." He quoted:

"Such a beautiful pail of fish, such a beautiful peck of apples, I cannot bring you now. It is too early and I am not footloose yet."

It was pretty evident the man's mind was jerking about, flying from place to place. Now he had forgotten the man who on Summer days came to lean over his fence and was speaking of other people of his New England town.

On Summer mornings he sometimes went to loiter about on the main street of the town of his adoption, and there were

things always going on that caught his fancy, as flies are caught in molasses.

Life bestirred itself in the bright sunlight in the streets. First there was a surface life and then another and more subtle life going on below the surface, and the football-story writer felt both very keenly—he was one made to feel all life keenly—but all the time he kept trying to think only of the outside of things. That would be better for him, he thought. A story writer, who had written football stories for ten or fifteen years, might very well get himself into a bad way by letting his fancy play too much over the life immediately about him. It was just possible—well, you see it might turn out that he would come in the end to hate a football game more than anything else in the world—he might come to hate a football game as that furtive fellow I had seen in the restaurant that afternoon no doubt hated a prison. There were his wife and child and his automobile to be thought about. He did not drive the automobile much himself—in fact, driving it made him nervous—but his wife and the daughter from Vassar loved driving it.

And so, there he was in the town—on the main street of the town. It was, let us say, a bright early Fall morning and the sun was shining and the air filled with the tang of the sea. Why did he find it so difficult to speak with anyone regarding the half-formed thoughts and feelings inside himself? He had always found it difficult to speak of such things, he explained, and that was the reason he had come to see me. I was a fellow writer and, no doubt, I also was often caught in the same trap. "I thought I would speak to you about it. I thought maybe you and I could talk it over," he said.

He went, on such a morning as I have described, into the town's main street and for a time stood about before the post-office. Then he went to stand before the door of a cigar store.

A favorite trick of his was to get his shoes shined.

"You see," he exclaimed, eagerly lean-

ing forward on the bed and fingering my Balzac, "you see there is a small fish stand right near the shoe-shining stand, and across the street there is a grocery where they set baskets of fruit out on the sidewalk. There are baskets of apples, baskets of peaches, baskets of pears, a bunch of yellow bananas hanging up. The fellow who runs the grocery is a Greek and the man who shines my shoes is an Italian. Lord, he's a Wop like myself.

"As for the man who sells fish, he's a Yank.

"How nice the fish look in the morning sun!"

The story-teller's hand caressed the back of my book and there was something sensual in the touch of his fingers as he tried to describe something to me, a sense he had got of an inner life growing up between the men of such oddly assorted nationalities, selling their merchandise on the streets of a New England town.

Before coming to that, however, he spoke at length of the fish, lying amid cracked ice in a little box-like stand the fish merchant had built. One might have fancied my visitor also dreamed of some day becoming a fish merchant. The fish, he explained, were brought in from the sea in the evening by fishermen and the fish merchant came at daybreak to arrange his stock, and all morning, whenever he sold a fish, he re-arranged the stock, bringing more fish from a deep box at the back of his little coop. Sometimes he stood back of his sales counter, but when there were no customers about he came out and walked up and down the sidewalk and looked with pride at the fish lying amid the pieces of cracked ice.

The Italian shoe-shiner and the Greek grocer stood on the sidewalk laughing at their neighbor. He was never satisfied with the display made by his wares but was always at work changing it, trying to improve it.

On the shoe-shining stand sat the writer of football stories and when another customer did not come to take his place at

once he lingered a moment. There was a soft smile on his lips.

Sometimes when the story writer was there, sitting quietly on the shoe-shining stand, something happened at the fish-stand of which he tried to tell me. The fat old Yankee fish merchant did something—he allowed himself to be humiliated in a way that made the Greek and the Italian furious—although they never said anything about the matter.

"It is like this," the story writer began, smiling shyly at me. "You see, now—well, you see the fish merchant has a daughter. She is his daughter but the American, the Yank, does not have a daughter in the same way as a Greek or an Italian. I am an American myself, but I have enough memory of life in my father's house to know that.

"In the house of an Italian or a Greek the father is king. He says—'do this or that,' and this or that is done. There may be grumbling behind the door. All right, let it pass! There is no grumbling in his presence. I'm talking now of the lower classes, the peasants. That's the kind of blood I have in my veins. Oh, I admit there is a kind of brutality in it all, but there is kindness and good sense in it, too. Well, the father goes out of his house to his work in the morning and for the woman in the house there is work too. She has her kids to look after. And the father,—he works hard all day—he makes the living for all—he buys the food and clothes.

"Does he want to come home and hear talk of the rights of women and children, all that sort of bosh? Does he want to find an American or an English feminist perhaps, enshrined in his house?

"Ha!" The story writer jumped off the bed and began again walking restlessly back and forth.

"The devil!" he cried. "I am neither the one thing or the other. And I also am bullied by my wife—not openly but in secret. It is all done in the name of keeping up appearances. Oh, it is all done very quietly and gently. I should have been an

artist but I have become, you see, a man of business. It is my business to write football stories—eh! Among my people, the Italians, there have been artists. If they have money—very well, and if they have no money—very well. Let us suppose one of them living poorly, eating his crust of bread. Aha! With his hands he does what he pleases. With his hands he works in stone—he works in colors, eh! Within himself he feels certain things and then, with his hands, he makes what he feels. He goes about laughing, puts his hat on the side of his head. Does he worry about running an automobile? 'Go to the devil,' he says. Does he lie awake nights thinking of how to maintain a large house and a daughter in college? The devil! Is there talk of keeping up appearances for the sake of the woman? For an artist, you see,—well, what he has to say to his fellows is in his work. If he is an Italian his woman is a woman or out she goes. My Italians know how to be men."

"Such a beautiful pail of fish, such a beautiful peck of apples, I cannot bring you now. It is too early and I am not footloose yet."

VII

The story writer again sat down on the edge of the bed. There was something feverish in his eyes. Again he smiled softly but his fingers continued to play nervously with the pages of my book and now he tore several of the pages. Again he spoke of the three men of his New England town.

The fish seller, it seemed, was not like the Yank of the comic papers. He was fat and in the comic papers a Yank is long and thin.

"He is short and fat," my visitor said, "and he smokes a corncob pipe. What hands he has! His hands are like fish. They are covered with fish scales and the backs are white like the bellies of fish.

"And the Italian shoe-shiner is a fat man too. He has a mustache. When he is shining my shoes—sometimes—well, sometimes, he looks up from his job and

laughs and then he calls the fat Yankee fish-seller—what do you think?—a mermaid.”

In the life of the Yankee there was something that exasperated my visitor, as it did the Greek grocer and the Italian who shined shoes and as he told the story my treasured book, still held in his hand, suffered more and more. I kept going toward him, intending to take the book from his hand (he was quite unconscious of the damage he was doing) but each time as I reached out I lost courage. The name Balzac was stamped in gold on the back and the name seemed to be grinning at me.

My visitor grinned at me, too, in an excited nervous way. The seller of fish, the old fat man with the fish scales on his hands, had a daughter who was ashamed of her father and of his occupation in life. The daughter, an only child, lived, during most of the year in Boston, where she was a student at the Boston Conservatory of Music. She was ambitious to become a pianist and had begun to take on the airs of a lady—had a little mincing step and a little mincing voice and wore mincing clothes too, my visitor said.

And in the Summer, like the writer's daughter, she came home to live in her father's house and, like the writer himself, sometimes went to walk about.

To the New England town, during the Summer months, there came a great many city people—from Boston and New York—and the pianist did not want them to know she was the daughter of the seller of fish. Sometimes she came to her father's booth, to get money from him or to speak with him concerning some affair of the family, and it was understood between them that—when there were city visitors about—the father would not recognize his daughter as being in any way connected with himself. When they stood talking together and when one of the city visitors came along the street the daughter became a customer intent upon buying fish. “Are your fish fresh?” she asked, assuming a casual lady-like air.

The Greek, standing at the door of his store across the street, and the Italian shoe-shiner were both furious and took the humiliation of their fellow merchant as in some way a reflection on themselves, an assault upon their own dignity, and the story writer having his shoes shined felt the same way. All three men scowled and avoided looking at each other. The shoe-shiner rubbed furiously at the writer's shoes and the Greek merchant began swearing at a boy employed in his store.

As for the fish merchant, he played his part to perfection. Picking up one of the fish he held it before his daughter's eyes. “It's perfectly fresh and a beauty, Madam,” he said. He avoided looking at his fellow merchants and did not speak to them for a long time after his daughter had gone.

But when she had gone, and the life that went on between the three men was resumed, the fish merchant courted his neighbors. “Don't blame me. It's got to be done,” he seemed to be saying. He came out of his little booth and walked up and down, arranging and rearranging his stock, and when he glanced at the others there was a pleading look in his eyes. “Well, you don't understand. You haven't been in America long enough to understand. You see, it's like this —” his eyes seemed to say, “—we Americans can't live for ourselves. We must live and work for our wives, our sons and our daughters. We can't all of us get up in the world, so we must give them their chance.” It was something of the sort he always seemed to be wanting to say.

It was a story. When one wrote football stories one thought out a plot, as a football coach thought out a new formation that would advance the ball.

But life in the streets of the New England village wasn't like that. No short stories with clever endings—as in O. Henry—happened in the street of the town at all. Life went on and on and little illuminating human things happened. There was drama in the street and in the lives of the people in the street, but it sprang directly

out of the stuff of life itself. Could one understand that?

The young Italian tried but something got in his way. The fact that he was a successful writer of magazine short stories got in his way. The large white house near the sea, the automobile and the daughter at Vassar—all these things had got in his way.

One had to keep to the point, and after a time it had happened that the man could not write his stories in the town. In the Fall he went to many football games, took notes, thought out plots, and then went off to the city, where he rented a room in a small hotel in a side street.

In the room he sat all day writing football stories. He wrote furiously hour after hour and then went to walk in the city streets. One had to keep giving things a new twist—to get new ideas constantly. The deuce, it was like having to write advertisements. One continually advertised a kind of life that did not exist.

In the city streets, as one walked restlessly about, the actuality of life became as a ghost that haunted the house of one's fancy. A child was crying in a stairway, a fat old woman with great breasts was leaning out at a window, a man came running along a street, dodged into an alleyway, crawled over a high board fence, crept through a passageway between two apartment buildings and then continued running and running in another street.

Such things happened and the man walking and trying to think only of football games stood listening. In the distance he could hear the sounds of the running feet. They sounded quite sharply for a long moment and then were lost in the din of the street cars and motor trucks. Where was the running man going and what had he done? The old Harry! Now the sound of the running feet would go on and on forever in the imaginative life of the writer and, at night, in the room in the hotel in the city, the room to which he had come to write football stories, he would awaken out of sleep to hear the sound of running

feet. There was terror and drama in the sound. The running man had a white face. There was a look of terror on his face and for a moment a kind of terror would creep over the body of the writer, lying in his bed.

That feeling would come and with it would come vague floating dreams, thoughts, impulses—that had nothing to do with the formation of plots for football stories. The fat Yankee fish-seller in the New England town had surrendered his manhood in the presence of other men for the sake of a daughter who wished to pass herself off as a lady and the New England town where he lived was full of people doing strange unaccountable things. The writer was himself always doing strange unaccountable things.

"What's the matter with me?" he asked sharply, walking up and down before me in the room in the New York hotel and tearing the pages of my book. "Well, you see," he explained, "when I wrote my first football story it was fun. I was a boy wanting to be a football hero and, as I could not become one in fact, I became one in fancy. It was a boy's fancy, but now I'm a man and want to grow up. Something inside me wants to grow up.

"They won't let me," he cried, holding his hands out before him. He had dropped my book on the floor. "Look," he said earnestly, "my hands are the hands of a middle-aged man, and the skin on the back of my neck is wrinkled like an old man's." Must my hands go on forever, painting the fancies of children?"

VIII

The writer of football stories had gone out of my room. He is an American artist. No doubt he is, at this moment, sitting somewhere in a hotel room, writing football stories. As I now sit writing of him my own mind is filled with fragmentary glimpses of life caught and held from our talk. The little fragments caught in the field of my fancy are like flies caught in molasses—they cannot escape. They will

not go out of the house of my fancy and I am wondering, as no doubt you, the reader, will be wondering, what became of the daughter of the seller of fish who wanted to be a lady. Did she become a famous pianist or did she in the end run away with a man from New York City who was spending his vacation in the New England town, only to find, after she got to the city with him, that he already had a wife? I am wondering about her—about the man whose wife ran away with his friend, and about the running man in the city streets. He stays in my fancy the most sharply of all. What happened to him? He had evidently committed a crime. Did he escape, or did he, after he had got out into the adjoining street, run into the arms of a waiting policeman?

Like that of the writer of football stories, my own fancy is haunted. Today is just such a day as the one on which he came to see me. It is evening now and he came in the evening. In fancy again I see him, going about on Spring, Summer and early Fall days, on the streets of his New England town. Being an author, he is somewhat timid and hesitates about speaking with people he meets. Well, he is lonely. By this time his daughter has no doubt graduated from Vassar. Perhaps she is married to a writer of stories. It may be that she has married a writer of cowboy stories who lives in the New England town and works in a garden. I am told that our American two-gun man, Bill Hart of the movies, is a native New Englander.

Perhaps, at this very moment, the man who has written so many stories of football games is writing another. In fancy I can hear the click of his typewriting machine. He is fighting, it seems, to maintain a certain position in life, a house by the sea, an automobile, and he blames that fact on his wife, and on his daughter who wanted to go to Vassar.

He is fighting to maintain his position in life, and at the same time, there is another fight going on. On that day in the hotel in the city of New York, he told me, with

tears in his eyes, that he wanted to grow up, to let his fanciful life keep pace with his physical life, but that the magazine editors would not let him. He blamed the editors of magazines—he blamed his wife and daughter—as I remember our conversation, he did not blame himself.

Perhaps he did not dare let his fanciful life mature to keep pace with his physical life. He lives in America, where as yet to mature in one's fanciful life is thought of as something like a crime.

In any event there he is, haunting my fancy. As the man running in the streets will always stay in his fancy, disturbing him when he wants to be thinking out new plots for football stories, so he will always stay in my fancy—unless, well, unless I can unload him into the fanciful lives of you readers.

As the matter stands, I see him now, as I saw him on that Winter evening long ago. He is standing at the door of my room with the strained look in his eyes and is bewailing the fact that after our talk he will have to go back to his own room and begin writing another football story.

He speaks of that as one might speak of going to prison, and then the door of my room closes and he is gone. I hear his footsteps in the hallway.

My own hands are trembling a little. "Perhaps his fate is also my own," I am telling myself. I hear his human footsteps in the hallway of the hotel and then through my mind go the words of the poet Sandburg he has quoted to me:

"Such a beautiful pail of fish, such a beautiful peck of apples, I cannot bring you now. It is too early and I am not footloose yet."

The words of the American poet rattle in my head and then I turn my eyes to the floor where my destroyed Balzac is lying. The soft brown leather back is uninjured and now again, in fancy, the name of the author is staring at me. The name is stamped on the back of the book in letters of gold.

From the floor of my room the name Balzac is grinning ironically up into my own American face.

AMERICANA

ARIZONA

EXTENSION of bibliomania to the great open spaces, where red-blooded he-men still roam the primeval lava, as reported by the Tucson *Star*:

Harold Bell Wright is personally autographing every copy of *The Mine with the Iron Door* that is sold by the Wyatt book store. Mr. Wright also has had an extra page inserted in these books containing a picture of himself and the entrance gate leading into the patio of his home.

CALIFORNIA

ETHICAL effects of excessive theological passion in the capital of the New Thought and the movies:

The business men's Bible class of Long Beach, which yesterday reported an attendance of 31,034 in the final session of its attendance contest with a similar organization of Kansas City, today was accused flatly of cheating by J. W. Lingenfelter, representative of the Kansas City organization.

He asserted he checked yesterday's attendance at Long Beach with the aid of a score of private detectives armed with counting machines and that the actual attendance in the Municipal Park where the gathering was held was 13,930, or 17,104 less than the total announced.

OFFICIAL view of the aims and usufructs of the late war in San Francisco, as stated in a sermon by the Rev. James L. Gordon, pastor of the First Congregational Church:

The great war was humanity's battle for humanity. That human liberty might be preserved! That universal freedom might be perpetuated! That democracy of the world might be safeguarded! That Christianity might survive! That the world's last and best civilization should not break down!

CONNECTICUT

APPEAL to the music-lovers of Yale University in an advertisement in the *Yale Daily News*:

BESSIE SMITH

Bessie Smith, the Babe Ruth of all blues singers, comes to bat now with "Nobody in Town Can

Bake a Sweet Jelly Roll Like Mine." She's blueed about her troubles, she's blueed about her men, she's blueed about her baby, and now she blues again. If she bakes a jelly roll as well as she sings about it—no wonder everybody wants to cut himself a piece of cake!

Roll that record over. What's this Bessie says? Oh, yes, "If You Don't, I Know Who Will." Well, Bessie, after hearing this we will.

Released at
WHITLOCK'S
Today.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

FROM a public bull by the Hon. James John Davis, director-general of the Loyal Order of Moose and Secretary of Labor in the Cabinet of Mr. Coolidge:

There should be a fourth R added to the modern school course. With reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic you should put religion, for if you are going to make a success of life in the American way you must have the fourth R.

DECAY of the Higher Morality in the House of Representatives, as reported by the *Congressional Record*:

Mr. CLARK of Florida. Mr. Speaker, I desire to ask unanimous consent that I may proceed for one minute on a matter of great interest to the House.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Florida asks unanimous consent to proceed for one minute. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

Mr. CLARK of Florida. Mr. Speaker, while this House seems to be in the way of liberalization, I want to suggest that for a long time—and I am not so old, either—there has been a rule, as I understand, which forbids Members of Congress having a couch or lounge or something on which they might rest for a few minutes in their offices if they desire to do so. That I regard as a reflection on the integrity and the honor of the membership of the House, and I wanted to raise this question now, Mr. Speaker, in order that the commission having charge of that building might take into consideration the question of allowing the Members who desired it the privilege of having some convenience there if they desire to rest for a few moments some time during the day. (*Applause.*)

GEORGIA

THE gay life in the capital of the Invisible Empire, as described by the Society Editor of the *Atlanta Journal*:

One of the most unique, as well as one of the most enjoyable events ever given in Atlanta was the dinner Friday evening at the Piedmont Driving Club at which Mr. Wilmer Moore, chairman of the board of deacons of the North Avenue Presbyterian Church, entertained in honor of the Rev. Richard Orme Flinn, pastor of the church.

Invited to meet the pastor were the elders and deacons of the church and in especial compliment to these guests the table was arranged with many little groups of Biblical figures.

Adam and Eve, made of gum drops, were seen seated under a tiny apple tree, the bright red apples being represented by cranberries, and the old serpent, made of raisins, was seen very near them.

Moses was shown, made of peanuts, in a grapefruit rind basket placed in the bulrushes, with Pharaoh's daughter, a lollipop.

At the places of the pastor and the elders were tiny Bibles, made of candy, with a quotation in the tiniest of letters, and the book-marks were sprays of rosebuds.

HAWAII

PROGRESS of the tone-art in Honolulu, as reported by the weekly paper of the Honolulu Ad Club, the chief organization of up-and-coming go-getters in the archipelago:

C. W. Stetson, secretary of the Army and Navy "Y" at Pearl Harbor, played "Träumerei" and "The Rosary" on drinking goblets filled with varying depths of water. He says it took three years to collect those goblets. To many in the audience it was a new trick and brought forth a storm of applause. But Stetson had another up his sleeve. He brought forth an old hand-saw and a fiddle-bow, and introduced 98 per cent of the audience to real backwoods music for the first time. More saw-mill harmony was produced with a flock of circular saws which Stetson had trained to tinkle out "Old Black Joe" and "Mother McChree." A good time was had by all.

ILLINOIS

FROM an editorial in the *Kiwanis Magazine* by the Hon. Roe Fulkerson:

Kiwanis is no longer a child. Kiwanis is full grown and a club of consequence and standing in every community. This standing and social prominence it gives to these wonderful wives and daughters of ours throw on us a responsibility to live up to them—LOOK like what we are.

If this means anything it means an end of affairs in Kiwanis which are marked "Informal."

It means that our club, our women folks, our standing, are all as good as any set of men ever had and if so, we must live up to them.

Appearances count. Evening clothes count. Our ladies, our social standing and our organization are entitled to evening clothes.

KANSAS

EFFECTS of the Volstead Act in moral Kansas, as reported by E. W. Howe:

Talk about liquor drinking in the city! You ought to see it in the country! In the old days when a town man was a drunkard they sent him out into the pure, open spaces to reform, but now it's the farmers' sons that are getting to be drunkards and they send them to town to straighten up. You go out to the country sales around Atchison and you see so much bootleg liquor drinking it's disgraceful. I know fellows in Atchison who have as much as two barrels of bootleg in their cellars.

MARYLAND

FROM a tract by Dr. Howard A. Kelly, emeritus professor in the Johns Hopkins Medical School:

I look with equanimity upon evolution, or any other theory, nor do I care (relatively speaking) whether it is true or false, but I do care a great deal to drive men back to God's Word, the fountain of living waters, and *that they shall hold it to be true from Genesis i to Revelation xxii.*

MICHIGAN

FOSTERING the Higher Learning at the University of Michigan:

The University of Michigan Club of Detroit is responsible for entering about twelve athletes in the University this Fall. This required hard work, as positions had to be secured for the Summer and also for the school year. Michigan was sold to these boys, even though they had received attractive offers from other schools.

FROM a hortatory article in the *Kiwanis Magazine* by the Hon. Verner W. Main, president of the Kiwanis Club of Battle Creek, 1919-1921, and of the Chamber of Commerce, 1922:

The only fair attitude of any member of a community toward his Chamber of Commerce is that of an honest search after, and a willingness to promote, such activities in the Chamber of Commerce as will best serve to make his Chamber of Commerce the kind of Chamber of Commerce he would like.

MISSOURI

Brave attempt of St. Louis to make the country forget the shutting down of the breweries, as reported by the estimable *Globe-Democrat*:

St. Louis district now produces more commercial horseradish roots than the combined acres of all other sections of the United States. With favorable weather and marketing conditions, 500 carloads of roots are shipped during a season.

HUMAN progress under the Nineteenth Amendment in St. Louis, as described by a dispatch in the estimable *New York Times*:

Her thirteenth divorce was granted to Mrs. Cora Yates in the City Court today. Witnesses testified that her husband, Alexander Yates, had been unfaithful. In the same court, on December 11 last, Mrs. Yates obtained a divorce from Albert Lilley, to whom she had been married three times. He was found guilty of extreme and repeated cruelty. Before her first marriage to Lilley the woman had been wedded to nine different men, and in the course of her marital career she has answered to the names of Walker, Truxler, Joyce, Barnes, Butcher, Crow, Whitney, Lilley, Porter, Swanson and Yates.

NEW YORK

LITERARY note from the learned *Bookman*:

President Harding's death deeply grieved us. He was, it seems to us, the most thoroughly trusted by the people at large of any President of our time. Every citizen has felt a great personal loss.

EXTRACT from a review of Carl Van Vechten's "The Blind Bow Boy" in the same issue:

If it does not offend you at the start, it may possibly amuse you, and if you are really a nice person, you will not understand a great deal of it, thank Heaven!

NORTH CAROLINA

A LATE flowering of Christian doctrine among the Fundamentalists, as reported by the *Charlotte Observer*:

Vividly bringing out the similarity between John the Baptist and Billy Sunday, the Rev. Joseph A. Gaines, pastor of St. John's Baptist Church, preached at the evening service Sunday at St. John's Church a powerful sermon on "There Came a Man."

Billy Sunday is the same type of man as John the Baptist and as time goes on the world is coming to place upon him an estimate similar to the one that John the Evangelist placed upon John the Baptist, declared Mr. Gaines.

OREGON

EFFECTS of the cheap dispersion of human knowledge in Oregon, as reported in a dispatch from Medford in that State:

John M. Eisenhower, 23 years old, died last night at Sacred Heart Hospital as the result of a 35-day fast. Suffering from ill health and reading in a physical culture magazine that fasting would cure him, he forsook food. When the case was reported to the local Red Cross Tuesday he was removed to the hospital, but the food and care administered there came too late.

PENNSYLVANIA

PATRIOTIC jocosities along the Delaware river, as reported by the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*:

Several members of the Chester Rotary Club left the meeting last night after a speaker had made several bitter attacks on the United States, and had praised the I. W. W. At the end of his speech he removed a set of false whiskers and revealed himself as C. E. Swayze, chairman of the educational committee of the American Legion. He then addressed the Rotarians on the perils of Socialism, and told what the American Legion was doing to protect the government from its enemies. He was brought to the hall by Chief of Police Vance, and was supposedly an arrested prisoner.

TEXAS

FROM an harangue to the Kiwanis Club of San Antonio by Major William G. Morgan, U. S. A.:

The ignorance of the American people as regards their own ignorance is a most remarkable thing.

PINCHOT

BY CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

WHEN Theodore Roosevelt, speaking of some vagaries of certain Progressives, said that every reform was bound to have a lunatic fringe, the context hinted that he had in mind Amos Pinchot and John A. H. Hopkins. So might Luther have spoken of the Anabaptists, or Peter and Paul of Simon Magnus. It was Amos and John, you will remember, who surprised by themselves, as Count Smorltork would say, the party of the Forty-Eighters in 1920. True, the party of the Forty-Eight ditched them, but that was not because the Forty-Eighters were more lunatic; nay, it was because the Forty-Eighters knew exactly what they wanted.

Now Gifford, the brother of Amos, is on no lunatic fringe. He stops the required step short of it, which is why Roosevelt never had occasion to rule him out of his inner council. Amos had much money, and it was a bitter thing to let him go; Theodore, indeed, did it so gently that probably Amos does not know to this day that he was let out. But Gifford, also with money, had consorted with politicians and built himself up on Theodore, and so he stayed. In fact, he had got so far as to acquire a mooncalf sort of perception of Theodore's methods, which must have amused that great politician immensely. Every act of Gifford's since Roosevelt died shows his half-way perception of the Rooseveltian tactics. He captured the gubernatorial nomination in Pennsylvania by one of the chief tricks of it—the charge-bayonets against a machine too strongly intrenched to be attacked otherwise, with the bayonets commanded by money made to appear more than it really was.

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Yet he is only a pinchbeck Roosevelt. Take, for instance, his attempt to steal from President Coolidge the Congress of Governors and the leadership of the drys. There can be no question that the manœuvre was a close imitation of Roosevelt's mere manner. If the man upon whom Pinchot founded his system of gestures, if Roosevelt himself had had this thing to do, he would have done it in just that way. Harding had summoned the Governors with the idea of assuming the leadership of the drys, and Coolidge intended to do the same thing. But whereas Harding would have made an elaborate thing of it, Coolidge meant merely to take the centre of the stage, lay down the law, and dismiss the Governors to their several homes. Now if Roosevelt, desiring to be a candidate for President, had been one of those Governors, would he have waited to let the President fire into the mess and dismiss it? You can see Pinchot debating that question with himself, with his finger implanted in the middle of his forehead. "Why, no," is Pinchot's answer to himself; "he wouldn't let Coolidge get away with it for a minute. He would fire off the first gun before Coolidge got a chance to open his mouth. Therefore, that is what I, Pinchot, should do, for I am Roosevelt the second. It is perfectly true that I have made myself a laughing-stock in my own State by my enforcement of Prohibition, but, as the late David B. Hill sagely said, 'I care not who writes the news of a story if I can write the headlines'; and beside, the drys never reason anyhow. With what an ill-concealed grin of satisfaction did William H. Anderson answer his indict-

ment by saying that he had the churches with him yet! Anyhow, it's the Rooseveltian method and I'll try it."

"A substitute shines brightly as a king, until the king be by," wrote Shakespeare, who certainly did write at least that much of "Titus Andronicus." Pinchot gave an imitation of Roosevelt, but it was a bad one. If Roosevelt had wanted to assume the dry leadership against Coolidge he would have kept his own record clear, or at least defensible, and he would not have begun his attack nine or ten months before the Convention, thereby giving the Coolidge scouts every opportunity to find the black spots, nay, the wellsprings, as Carlyle would have put it, in that record. Also Roosevelt, who was very particular about such things, and never left a bush in his rear, would have seen to it that his State organization would at least keep quiet after he had fired his volley. Instead, the Pennsylvania State organization, stirred to uneasy wrath by Pinchot's voluntary contribution to a campaign six months off, hastily announced that if he expected to get the Pennsylvania delegation he would have to take it away from Senator Reed, Senator Pepper, Boss Leslie, Boss Grundy, and, in short, every local boss in the State. True enough, Boss Vare, of Philadelphia, kept quiet, but everybody knows that Pinchot can't get the Philadelphia delegation. Now, these are little things—but Roosevelt wouldn't have left his rear open to bushwhackers while charging valiantly on an immovable front.

II

Immovable? Let's see. Maybe Coolidge can't enforce the Volstead Act. But he can say he is *trying* to, and that is all that Pinchot can do. It's all the tongueful Governor Neff of Texas can do; it's all the Governors of Kansas and Maine can do. Pennsylvania is the wettest State in the Union. In New York, held up as a wet State by the Prohibitionists from mere force of habit, you can travel down such aforetime abodes

of dampness as Eighth Avenue and see the closed saloon. But in Philadelphia there is the old-time brass rail and spittoon, with Mike and his bottles behind it. From the back room still rings the merry laughter of girls and sailors. The cop still collects his schooner at the ladies' entrance. Mike will sell you, stranger though you are, a good glass of whisky for twenty-five or thirty cents—good as Volstead whisky goes—and a sounding six percent beer for ten or fifteen. Philadelphia is not open to the reproach so freely made elsewhere that the Volstead Act deprives the poor man of his liquor while giving it to the rich. Rich and poor stand or stagger on an even footing. The enforcement officers let Mike know twenty-four hours before they pull off a raid, and Mike never has more than a bottle on the premises to treat the enemy with.

But Philadelphia is a big city, the third in the Union. How about the smaller towns? Of course, we must except Pittsburgh because that is a big town too, and as wet as the Atlantic Ocean. But take any of them: Allentown, Scranton, Wilkes-Barre, any place you like, with the exception of a few where the sentiment of the people has always been dry. From the point where the Delaware comes down from New York State to the point where it slips through Philadelphia down to tide water, Pennsylvania is the wettest State in the Union, much wetter than Coolidge's own State, in spite of the attempts to fix the championship on Massachusetts. Beside, Coolidge hasn't been Governor of Massachusetts since 1920, and Pinchot has been Governor of Pennsylvania since 1922. It is true that he asked the Legislature to pass an enforcement bill, and that it did. Pinchot says it's a splendid measure. But the law-makers didn't appropriate a cent to enforce it. Why, they innocently asked, should Governor Pinchot need money to enforce it when he had the State constabulary at hand? So the chiefs of the State constabulary told their young men to go into saloons, drink whisky, and then arrest the proprietors. The local courts, however,

quickly formed a habit of dismissing such complaints, telling the young soldiers that their superiors ought to be ashamed of themselves, and asking what their mothers would think if they formed the liquor habit. So Pennsylvania is in a devil of a mess, and the saloonkeepers continue to sell as before. In such circumstances, can you imagine Roosevelt attracting public attention to himself nine or ten months before the Convention?

Pinchot is not a real reformer, or only enough of a reformer to keep in with Brother Amos of the Forty-Eight and John A. H. Hopkins. He learned politics from T. R., who took care to explain to everybody from the housetops that you couldn't succeed as a reformer unless you played politics too. Roosevelt said that over and over again, and was privately much disgusted that the lunatic fringe wouldn't take him at his word. Pinchot, by dint of long listening and admiring attention, got the idea, though Brother Amos was one of those who wouldn't listen. There was, however, no more moderation in Gifford than in Amos. Amos wouldn't believe that there was any politics in reform; Gifford got to the point where he couldn't believe that there was anything in it *but* politics. Since Roosevelt died he has been getting worse and worse, until now he is a machine politician in disguise and nothing else. Roosevelt wouldn't have approved of that.

When Pinchot became Governor of Pennsylvania he issued a high-sounding statement to the effect that an office-holder who did his duty had nothing to fear from him. This eased the minds of the office-holders, all of whom held their tenures from one of the numerous local machines scattered through Pennsylvania or from the great central machine. Pennsylvania, as is often the case with machine-governed States, is very well administered; so the office-holders went on doing their duties until five o'clock and supporting their bosses after hours. Pinchot saw that they hadn't understood him, and so he is-

sued another pronunciamento. This one was to the effect that doing their duty meant deserting their own bosses, supporting him, and in general going out for Pinchot delegates to the next Republican National Convention, and that anybody who betrayed any slackness in this matter would be regarded as not performing his duty to the State. At first the office-holders could not believe that the good Mr. Pinchot meant it. They knew something of reformers; they knew that the good Mayor Moore and the good Mayor Blankenburg had never gone quite as far as that. So some of them went on obeying Boss Leslie and Boss Grundy and the other bosses. As fast as their names were brought to Pinchot he imitated Colley Cibber and said "Off with their heads!" All through eastern and western Pennsylvania office-holders have been summarily fired, not because they didn't do their work well but because they refused to join the Pinchot machine.

Pinchot is a pleasant fellow personally, somewhat as Bryan is. Bryan's geniality would not prevent him from sacrificing his best friend on the altar of his own political ambitions, if you can call it an altar; nor would Pinchot's. Republican newspapers, in denouncing Bryan for his theories, generally give him credit for being sincere. He is not. Neither is Pinchot. The exception should be made that they are both sincere, frantically sincere, in anything that affects their political fortunes. Both are continually on the lookout for a winning issue. Roosevelt was miles and miles above them, and not only risked but ruined his political career at least twice—oftener, I think—by disregarding the rule of taking care of Number One first. But he was no parlor reformer, and was willing to play with Quay and Hanna and even make a pretense of playing with Platt. He did this to gain his ends, which in general were the public's ends. Pinchot observed this without studying out the reason, and undertook to imitate it. He has succeeded in imitating the skin of Roosevelt, but not the hard muscles.

MORE LIGHT ON WHITMAN

BY EMORY HOLLOWAY

A TRUE biography of Walt Whitman must have relief; it must show his growth, his coming to himself. But such a biography cannot be written until we know his youth as he himself never gave it to us. With this in mind, I began, ten years ago, a search for materials for such a study. Partly as a result of that research, light has been thrown in recent years on a number of very obscure periods of the poet's life. But concerning the five years before he began to write for the Brooklyn *Eagle* almost nothing has been known hitherto except the names of the newspapers with which he was connected and a limited number of magazine articles, sketches and poems. The purpose of the present paper is to present what has recently been learned concerning his writings for the Brooklyn *Evening Star* in 1845-6, the only editorial work identified as his between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-seven.

The *Star* was the oldest and one of the less sensational daily papers in Brooklyn, then a city of forty thousand inhabitants. That it was a Whig organ, whereas Whitman was a Democrat, need surprise no one who is acquainted with his journalistic career. With another Whig paper, the Brooklyn *Advertiser*, he was to have an anonymous connection in 1850. And in 1848, although he disapproved of slavery, he was willing to write for the New Orleans *Daily Crescent*, which carried slave-auction announcements. He was a Union man throughout the Civil War, but we have no record of anything from his pen published to advance the cause during the first year of the conflict; instead there is only a series

of antiquarian sketches. In the present instance it is probable that Whitman was offered a position with the *Star* for personal rather than political reasons. As a twelve-year-old boy he had set type for the paper, then edited by Colonel Aldin Spooner, whom he always admired. When Whitman came up from the country in 1841 to seek his fortune in the city and to try his hand at party politics, the *Star*, now edited by Colonel Spooner's son, made light of his political prospects and advised him to return to his newspaper apprenticeship. This he did, though doubtless for other reasons than that the *Star* had patronizingly advised it. It was the *Star*, again, which found space for his long memorial to the City Council in 1854 on the subject of certain recent blue-law ordinances. His regular connection with the paper extended from August, 1845, or before, to March, 1846. Since it announced a policy of publishing unsigned editorials, with collective responsibility, there is a possibility that more of the *Star's* editorials were written by Whitman than can be identified. Correspondents, however, used their initials or pen names; and Whitman, who was both editor and correspondent, used both. His *nom de plume* was "O. P. Q."

II

Some idea of what Whitman thought of the *Star* may be had from an editorial he published shortly after taking charge of its Democratic rival, the *Eagle*. E. B. Spooner, in the former, had been twitting him upon his editorial deficiencies. He wrote:

Wouldst thou behold a newspaper which is the in-

carnation of nervelessness? the mere dry bones of a paper, with all the marrow long withered up?—Behold that paper in our venerable contemporary of the *Evening Star*. Conducted for years by one of the worthiest, best-hearted, most respected, and now of the most venerable citizens—we mean that veteran editor and excellent man, Colonel Spooner—the *Star* was an interesting weekly budget of news, well digested, and making a readable family companion. But heaven bless us! it is fallen now into the sere and yellow leaf, (for a new era in the press has long since passed) and it must soon die of inanition. It is of the olden time—respectable enough perhaps;—but, great powers! for a paper like that to talk of “weakness.” Why, one little drop more of “weakness” in its already too full cup of that article, and it would have to get somebody’s assistance before it could even lean against the wall and die!

Additional light is thrown upon Whitman’s position on the *Star*, and also on his rupture with the *Eagle* two years later, by an editorial tilt between his successor as editor of the latter journal, S. G. Arnold, and Henry A. Lees, editor of the *Advertiser*. Lees was seldom friendly toward Whitman, but he was quick to take political advantage of the split in the Democratic ranks. On July 19, 1849, he wrote, concerning that friction:

The true secret of Whitman’s rupture with the *Eagle* consisted in two facts. One was that he was determined that the paper, while he edited it, should not be the organ of old hunkerism;—and the other was, that on one occasion, when personally insulted by a certain prominent politician, Mr. Whitman kicked that individual down the editorial stairs.—These two solemn facts were the head and front of his “incompetency.”

The *Eagle* lost no time in replying to the *Advertiser* and in dealing Whitman a blow into the bargain:

Mr. W. came here from the *Star* office where he was getting four or five dollars a week; he was connected with the *Eagle* for about two years and we think we had a pretty fair opportunity to understand him. Slow, indolent, heavy, discourteous and without steady principles, he was a clog upon our success, and, reluctant as we were to make changes, we still found it absolutely necessary to do so . . . Mr. W. has no political principles, nor, for that matter, principles of any sort; and all that the *Advertiser* says in the above paragraph is totally and unequivocally untrue. Whoever knows him will laugh at the idea of his *kicking any body*, much less a prominent politician. He is too indolent to kick a musketo [*sic*].

This is obviously *ex parte*, perhaps written by the publisher himself, Isaac Van Anden, and so overshoots the mark. But it reveals something of the picture Whitman presented to those of his fellow

journalists who had reasons for viewing him unsympathetically. It accounts in part for his frequent changes from paper to paper. It suggests that the “rows with the boss and the party” of which Whitman speaks were violent enough at least to start a rumor that there was a spark of fight in his big and indolent-seeming body, that the worm turned at least once. The quotation also establishes the fact that Whitman had regular if not constant employment in the office of the *Star* for which his pay was by no means munificent. But in August, 1845, the poet’s father moved back to Brooklyn from Dix Hills, L. I., and took up his residence first in Gold Street and then at 71 Prince Street; so that Whitman was probably at less expense for board than he had been when living as a freelance writer in New York.

There was less than a page of reading matter in the *Evening Star* in 1845, and it does not appear that Whitman’s writings always appeared on the same page as the editorials. He was probably more nearly a modern reporter than an editor (though the distinction belongs by right to a later day), but he did not find the impersonal, anonymous reporting to his liking. He therefore commonly wrote in the first person—in the “Postscript Letters” sent from New York over the signature “O. P. Q.” it was usually the first person singular—and indulged as freely in comment, reminiscence, prediction and exhortation as one might in a modern “column.”

III

One of the things he reported was the theatre. He was a great student of Shakespeare and was familiar with the work of the best actors of his day; yet he seldom wrote so enthusiastically of the theatre as he did of the opera. Brooklyn had, and has, always been backward in the erection of theatres; yet Whitman, in recommending the construction of a place of public entertainment, takes pains to specify that it should not be a theatre—chiefly, it would

appear, because the theatre in 1845 was not good enough for a still idyllic Brooklyn. The acting of the next two years caused him to modify his attitude a little, but in October, 1845, he was disgusted enough. He then wrote:

Would we have a theatre? With all due respect to the dramatic art—with all honor and glory to those immortal geniuses who have enlightened humanity and shone before the world in plays—we answer, *no*. As at present conducted, no man or woman of purified taste can care much for theatres, or wish one in Brooklyn. Of course, our readers will give us the credit of knowing too much to think that a playhouse *must* be bad, *per se*. We have a real love of the drama. Good principles and good manners can be taught through its means—and agreeably taught, too, which is no small advantage. But, until some great reform takes place in plays, acting and actors, nothing can be done in this country with the theatre, to make it deserve well at the hands of good men. It has worn the tinselled threadbare robes of foreign fashion long enough. It must be regenerated, refashioned, and “born again.” It must be made fresher, more natural, more fitted to modern tastes—and, and above all, it must be Americanised, ere we say, put up more theatres. For what person of judgment, that has ever spent one hour in the Chatham or Bowery theatres in New York, but has been completely nauseated with the stuff presented there? And though the Park claims higher rank, yet even the Park is but a respectably stupid imitator or eld—a bringer-out of English plays imbued with anti-republican incident and feeling—an usher before us of second-rate foreign performers, and the castings-off of London and Liverpool.

Give us no theatre in Brooklyn until the drama is pulled down and built all over again.¹

If the best that the New York theatre had to offer thus impressed Whitman as “sad blotches,” what must have been the effect of amateur theatricals! Once he attended an amateur production of Shakespeare. Of course he expected nothing of it, declaring in advance,

The worst of the thing in such cases is, that the unhappy prince is not only murdered by his usurping uncle, but by himself—which makes it bad. I shall attend and give you a specific account of it to-morrow, for the amusement of your readers. Hamlet! Oh soul-cracked gentleman!—so often represented by head-cracked simplemen, if thy daddy’s ghost had wrongs enough to make *him* re-visit “the glimpses of the

moon,” how might’s [*sic*] *thou*, for “murder most foul,” done over again and still again—revenge thyself in like manner, and with more cause, upon *thy* numerous assassins.

This promise was kept, and on December 13 appeared his caustic review, captioned “Hark! the Murder’s Doing!” The following excerpts will reveal the character of the whole, as well as give evidence of a sense of humor which critics have sometimes denied Whitman:

“The rose and expectancy of the State” was a long-necked, shambling fellow, with a walk such as never before was seen in Christian, Jew or Pagan. Principally, his eyes were turned up, like a duck’s in a storm, and his mouth occasionally would relax into a fearfully hideous grin, which put one in mind of mad dogs. He introduced several new ways into the piece: for instance, when saying “The world is out of joint,” he illustrated the text by twisting himself round two or three times without stopping—a feat which did very well for M. Sylvain, in a double *pas* with Fanny Ellsler, but which we never before saw attempted by Denmark’s “glass of fashion.” Then such monstrous spasms as passed over his face, at times—the token whereof was certainly never seen except in a cholera hospital! . . .

Then the character of the King must certainly have been a wag—or else a profound republican, who wished to make monarchy ridiculous—or else tipsy—or else foolish—which latter perhaps is highest the truth. At the conclusion of the mock play, he skipped out of his seat, and with such a flippant dance step as people use to “cross over” in the first figure of a quadrille, took himself off the stage, leaving the spectators in agonies of laughter. His richest joke was reserved for the last. “Hold on!” said he, interrupting the combat between his nephew and Laertes—“Hold on! let’s take a drink!”

As to the ghost, if the dark hereafter changes ordinary mortal men into *such* men, death is indeed a dreadful contingency. The part, however, has one thing to be said in its favor—it was totally unlike any *living* thing we ever saw, and therefore may possibly be a very good representation of a ghost (!). And in passing, never before, we venture to affirm, were the members of the Court of Denmark so studious of their *caps*—which puzzled us a while, until we discovered that, concealed in the crowns thereof, were books of the play, from which they read their parts.

The most ridiculous character, (if we may use such a phrase where there was hardly anything but a monotony of the ridiculous) seemed, by general consent, to be awarded to Polonius. It was lucky for us that he died in the third act—for we felt ourselves rapidly giving way under his most superlatively comical violations of time, harmony, text, and common judgment.

Foregoing all reference to the women actors as either ungallant or untrue, Whitman addressed himself, in conclusion, to the men:

We beseech them, and all others like them, never to attempt any thing of this sort in a similar way again.

¹Compare the title of a Whitman essay published the following month in the *American Magazine*, “Tear Down and Build Over Again.” But the identification of Whitman’s hand in the excerpts from the *Star* on which this article is based does not depend upon evidence of that sort. Aside from the statement of the *Eagle* already quoted, we have the republication by Whitman in the *Eagle*, almost verbatim, of one of the musical reviews he printed in the *Star*, signed “O. P. Q.”

And the audacious presumption of seizing "Hamlet," of all plays in the world!—a piece whose divine, and almost unfathomable, beauty raises it far beyond even the art of accomplished genius to enact thoroughly;—and *they* to attempt it! They should be lashed well for it.

IV

But if Whitman was disappointed in the theatre, he felt his time to be better repaid at the concert and the opera. Only in his poems, such as "The Mystic Trumpeter" and "Proud Music of the Storm," was he able fully to express what music meant to him. But he often tried, in the days when he was slowly coming to himself. The oratorio of "St. Paul" left him exalted, but inarticulate:

It is utterly impossible to describe in words the effects produced by this fine composition—for music, more subtle than words, laughs to scorn the lame attempts of an every day medium . . . Who shall define the cabalistic signets of the undying soul? Who shall sound the depths of that hidden sea, and tell its extent from a few dim and dull reverberations aneath its surface? Who shall tell the how and the why of the singular passion caused by melodious vibrations?

Nor is all this transcendental. We know that many will idly read, and understand not. But there are many, too, who have had similar experiences to what we describe, and may not unlikely be able to parallel their own feelings with those which moved us while hearing that Oratorio.

Not always, however, was it the mystical and ineffable harmony of music in its grander forms that caught the ear of the growing young poet. He could enjoy concerts of the simplest sort as well. Indeed, if he might have naturalness of execution, he was willing to sacrifice something of range and technique. On November 5 he wrote:

For the first time we, on Monday night, heard something in the way of American music, which overpowered us with delightful amazement.—We allude to the performances of the Cheney family at Niblo's Saloon.

Not content with announcing this "discovery" in the press, he sat down and wrote a short essay, "Art-Music and Heart-Music," which Poe published in the *Broadway Journal* for November 29. The sentiments expressed in the article were personally endorsed by Poe in a footnote, and the little essay was the occasion of the only meeting of the two poets through

whom American poetry chiefly claims recognition abroad today. It was earlier in this year, by the way, that Poe had found himself famous through the publication and republication of "The Raven." The *Broadway Journal* piece Whitman republished later in the *Eagle*, and he frequently commended the Cheneys. When we remember how closely his own poetry is bound up with his sense of rhythm and when we recall how his whole intellectual bent was in line with the strident and self-conscious nativism of the time, it is easy to see how such music as this advanced him by a great stride toward the creation of "Leaves of Grass," to be begun in 1847.

V

It was natural that so sensitive a person should have been by temperament a pacifist. One might equally well say that he was a pacifist by inheritance, for pacifism has from the first been a deep-rooted American tradition, whether one consider its expression most characteristic in Washington's "Farewell Address" or in the first series of "The Biglow Papers." But Whitman had a peculiar sort of imaginative sympathy which caused him to share the pain he beheld and a feeling of sentimental democracy which made it impossible for him to close his eyes to the world's suffering. War with England was being played up, in 1845, by some of the New York papers over the Oregon boundary dispute. Bryant, editing the *Evening Post*, was for firmness as a matter of justice, but hoped that this would avert rather than precipitate war. Whitman was chiefly concerned with combating the influence of jingo journalists on both sides of the water, who, he feared, might rush the country into needless bloodshed. He wrote:

Here are two countries, with hardly a decent pretext between them for sharp words,—and some dozens of obscure journalists on both sides of the ocean are working hard for the future death and mangling of ten thousand fellow citizens. more or less!—National honor (?) Bah! For *such* to espouse it, were like perfumes showered in the baskets of the street-scavengers! I have hardly any patience with the people for allow-

ing demagogues of this sort to go unwhipped of public opinion.

But just as he was congratulating the country on the fact that the storm-cloud seemed to be blowing over, his favorite *Democratic Review* published an article whose untimeliness Whitman thought likely to breed war; and in indignation he sat down to compose "Some Calm Hints on an Important Contingency."

We believe in a high and glorious destiny for this republic!—We believe she is to outcap all the nations whose names and deeds are now recorded in historic annals. Not Tyre, or Hundred-Gated Thebes—not imperial Rome—not even England, greater as she is than all the rest—can bring us the mote of the mighty greatness assuredly to be achieved by our nest of eagle-empire! We drew the sword once—but it was for life and liberty. We drew it again, but it was to defend our plundered ships, and our citizens insolently taken from under our very flag. But what crying outrage have we now to avenge? In what respect are our liberties or our goods jeopardised? What one of our citizens has been seized and what cent's worth of property has been unlawfully wrested from its owner? If our proud destiny were to be achieved through blood and rapine—if our fame and honor could come in no other path except the path of the cannon balls, and if our advance is to be signalized by the smoke of cannon and the groans of dying men—we could turn our face aside and almost say, let us never be a great nation! If we teach mankind nothing better than the old lesson of wars, recriminations and hatred—if we cannot march forward to our mission with bloodless hands, and treading not upon the slain—the life and essential glory of our high example is dissolved utterly away. Our policy is peace; our system of government recommends itself to the world in the strength of its own gentle benefits, not by the enforcement of physical strength; and we have nothing to gain by any war, except one for repelling invasion, or supporting our own dearest inherent rights, when attacked. Let but such occasions arise as we speak of, and the nation will unite with enthusiasm in support of the strong arm—which would be bad enough even then.

We have no mawkish horror of physical suffering, when we remind our readers of the terrible fruits of war. But we can soberly realize that it is an awful contingency, from the loss of life alone. . . . Strange is the inconsistency of the rational soul! we can deliberately and even eagerly advise the prosecution of steps which will result in horrors compared to which those of the surgeon's table are as a key-hole draft of air to the hurricane in its hottest fury!

Despite Whitman's disavowal of any "mawkish horror of physical suffering," and notwithstanding his brave facing of such suffering in the hospitals of the Civil War, there was in his soft-fleshed, femininely sensitive body a woman's shrinking from causing physical pain, and in his soul a notion that to handle the body

roughly was to commit the supreme indignity. One evening he attended an address on education by Horace Mann. In reporting the speech, he elaborated, on his own account, certain passages in praise of moral suasion as a substitute for the whip in schools. A Brooklyn teacher thereupon sent to the *Star* a spirited but courteous rejoinder over the signature "Mastix." Within a few days Whitman brought up his big guns of sentiment and satire, of appeal and ridicule, and silenced his antagonist with more than a column of what may serve as the best specimen of his style at that period:

None of that puerile folly do we possess which is willing that the youthful mind, with all its whims, its undirected aims, its hot impatience, and the thousand distortions it early acquires from custom, should be left to run riot either in the school or at the parental home. Neither, if a child be indolent or averse to study, is ours the voice that would cry content. A disorderly way of conduct he must not have, and learning he must have. The orthodox teacher and parent would whip him out of the one and into the other. According to them, whether he says "damn" or breaks a glass—whether he insults his mother or tears his trowsers—whether, tempted by God's beautiful sunshine and air, he plays "hooky," or prompted by hunger, eats the forbidden pound-cake, kept for "company" only—whether he invents a falsehood or loses his pocket handkerchief—the *whip*, the quick and sharp infliction of physical pain, is the great cure-all and punish-all. The sting of the whip is supposed capable of making him know that the puzzling five or ten should be added, not subtracted. The whip will place him on good terms with his Maker, whose name he has taken in vain. The whip is to crush and tame the mettlesome, soothe the feverish and nervous, reduce the spirits where they are too high, and transform impertinence and obstinacy to mildness and soft obedience. But oh, wondrous universality! the same precious agent can also spur on the sluggard, put clearness and sharpness in the dull brain, encourage the timid, inspire the bashful, make the foolish discreet, and the vacant mind teem with life and substance. Macbeth's physician assured his master of nothing that could "minister to a mind diseased." But thou, O potent whip! art that great desideratum, and much more beside.—Thou curest faults of memory, and flaws of temper, thou mendest the morals, and repair'st the breaches of sin; thou coverest over bad deeds with a thicker cloak than charity's; thou art not only the "Schoolmaster's Assistant" and the "Parents' Guide," but the true "Young Man's Best Companion," and the choicest "Teacher's Gift." Thou art indeed a miserable instrument of a miserable ambition—thou emblem of authority more dreaded than that which monarchs' sceptres wield! How many brutal wretches have, with thee, succeeded in hardening for their children or pupils both cuticle and soul! How many dark streaks made by thee upon the flesh, have deepened into darker streaks within! What spite, and hypocrisy,

and fierce malignance, hast thou awakened, in breasts where error haply sometimes found entrance—but would have been routed so much quicker and more easily by love.

The birch had been for Irving a subject of jest; Whitman made it a matter of reform. Teachers today are tempted at times to think that Whitman succeeded rather too well. But it is interesting to note that the same feeling really lies back of his whole conception of government. "The results of severity and frequent physical pain as applied in schools are not unlike the result of tyranny in nations." Naturally he sided with Aldin Spooner and Greeley and Bryant in attacking capital punishment. The *Star* copied, in two long instalments, his skilful Socratic "Dialogue" on the subject from the *Democratic Review*, and published many reports of anti-capital punishment meetings. There is a touch of Swift's bitter and grim irony in some of Whitman's satire, as I have shown at length elsewhere.¹ Answering the argument that hanging is necessary as a deterrent from crime, and by the same token should be public, Whitman seized upon a news item for a *reductio ad absurdum*. He noted that five or six persons were under sentence of death in the State, and suggested that, for the greater moral effect, they all be publicly hanged together.

VI

I have quoted from the *Star* representative Whitman deliverances for the purpose, in part, of showing the manner in which he "absorbed" his country in the middle of the Nineteenth Century. His thinking was original, and his feeling was sincere, in that both thought and feeling were his own, for which he had paid and was willing to pay a price; but they were conventional in that they were shared by others of his day. One might say of many of his ideas, indeed, that they were in the air. The excerpts that follow, dealing with local and more trivial matters, emphasize still more the fact that the originality of

¹*Studies in Philology*, July, 1923.

"Leaves of Grass" rested upon a very broad base of conventionality. His series of homilies to Brooklyn apprentices—"Hints to the Young"—are so trite as to make it difficult for us to believe that they are from the same pen that ten years later was to compose what Emerson called "the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed." He who was to remove the stigma from philosophic idleness with a line,

I loaf and invite my soul,

once lectured after this fashion the young man starting in business:

Industry is the thing, if you would thrive.—Let "Loaf not!" be to you an eleventh commandment . . . Indeed, idleness is never commendable at any time . . . Not that we would have you a mere muck-worm—a plodder on in the monotonous track of wealth, without enjoying the beauty of the earth, and the pleasant capacities of young life . . . Life was made for activity. Long as it may be stretched out, it is far too short for the purposes of an ambitious spirit.

In dress he enjoined as great simplicity as he was himself soon to display:

A poor youth has no business to wear elegant clothes. Neatness, cleanliness, and careful taste should preside over his wardrobe; but let him forbear to imitate the prevailing custom of superfine apparel, which is lately much more in vogue with shop-boys, apprentices, black-legs, and waiters, than among those of real rank and wealth.

Books of etiquette being less ubiquitous then than now, Whitman undertook to supply their want by exhortations such as this:

Swear not! smoke not! and rough-and-tumble not! These laws in society . . . must not be forgotten by all who seek to be agreeable. And they are much needed too—for most youths think they do great things in learning to chew or smoke a weed which the very pigs refuse to touch—to fill their mouths with something still more offensive in the way of blasphemous language—or showing their self-possession by loud talking or coarse conduct in company. Believe us, young man, the quieter and more modest you are the better.

And in order to avoid the vices we have been mentioning, you must avoid them altogether, in society or out of it. Manners cannot be put on like a suit of clothes.

Had the present article been published before his death, I wonder whether the Sage of Camden would have been forced to smile, as we are, at the picture of himself, a young journalist of twenty-six, earning his daily bread by communicating to the

benighted province of Brooklyn fashion news from the distant metropolis across the East River:

No "calls" were made by the ladies yesterday [New Year's], the weather being so extremely bad. I am informed, however, that if the skies are clearer, it is quite as proper to make them to-day.—These little matters of etiquette are very important to some folks; and therefore it is that I have jotted them down for your readers' information.

Regardless of the weather, New Year's was wet in those days:

I don't remember to have seen more general hilarity. It was rather a damper, however, on the pleasure of the scene, that towards evening quite a large number of groups and individuals grew rather uproarious, and made night noisy, under the influence of something more potent than coffee or tea.

One judges that the calls were made, at least by the men. Though Whitman had published his temperance novel, "Franklin Evans," three years before and was to republish it in disguised form the following year, he seems not always to have insisted upon total abstinence. But he did enjoin temperance. Thus:

The holidays are here—which of course is no news. But we may, in passing, give a hint to those who, on such occasions, "go it with a rush." Take things moderately, gentlemen, young and old. Do not overload your stomachs with eatables and drinkables, which it may take weeks afterward to obviate! Enjoy the roast turkeys, and the rich cake, and even a glass or two of wine, (no more,) but in all things remember temperance. True enjoyment is averse to extremes—which generally lead to the opposite extreme. Among the various means of fun—and do not forget the boys and girls—allow us to suggest a visit—(you and a lot of your children, young brothers and sisters, or other young friends) to the equestrian performances at Tryon's Bowery Circus. We were there, having in charge some of our young fry, a night or two since . . .

In 1845 Mrs. Mowatt's "Fashion" had been produced in New York, a broad satire against the prevailing mode of aping European manners and morals. But to Whitman the introduction of Parisian manners came as a wholesome and natural release from that stiffness into which an age of conventional sentiment always falls. In November, he wrote:

The coming season promises to be one of considerable stir in the fashionable world . . . Parties, concerts, balls, and lectures are announced at a great rate.—The Polka increases in popularity. As for manners, we are assimilating to the Parisian, more and more—and I must confess I like it so. Stiffness and reserve are banished—dignified silence laughed at—all kinds of keeping one's state, sent to Coventry. A dash of familiarity even with the strangers, (either sex to either sex) you meet at parties, &c., is good breeding now; and the man or woman ("lady" and "gentleman" is counter-jumperish) who should play haughty as a general thing, would be quizzed most mortally. We are now speaking of the *true* fashion—the heart of hearts—of New York society.

Whitman attending the parties of New York society, even as a representative of the press, is a trifle difficult to imagine. But it is easier to follow him when he sends to his paper a very brief contribution, ending it with:

The pleasant air and soft sunshine dispose me to a saunter. I will "trail" up Broadway, and give you the result of my walk tomorrow.

As often happened, he failed to keep his promise to his readers; but perhaps he gave the result of his walk and of countless other trailings up Broadway in "Manhattan's Streets I Saunter'd, Pondering," "Faces," and "Give Me the Splendid Silent Sun." He admired the crowds—if only they would not push and hurry so. He has been to the Fair at Niblo's:

What a silly propensity it is in people to go there, to push and squeeze as if life depended on their getting along so very quickly!—And, by the by, how some women *can* push! There was a pretty little creature, in whose track we had the fortune to get, with an utter impossibility of advancing or receding; and the way her elbows and bustle "gave it" to us was quite a caution!

On February 26, 1846, the Brooklyn *Eagle* lost its popular editor, William B. Marsh, by death. On March 3 Whitman published over his initials an appeal for aid to Marsh's destitute family. Within a week he was editor of the *Eagle*, happy in the best and longest editorship of his life. And here the student is on familiar ground again.

OSTEOPATHY

BY MORRIS FISHBEIN

Despite our remarkable advance of knowledge, nonsense is ever becoming bolder and more rampant: it is pre-eminently a time of fads and crazes, and the question as to how people are to be brought to their senses grows urgent.—*W. Duncan McKim.*

For centuries deductions based upon hypotheses have served as the basis upon which the thought and conduct of the human individual have been interpreted.—*Stewart Paton.*

I

“ON JUNE 22d, 1874,” says Andrew Still, in his autobiography, “I flung to the breeze the banner of osteopathy.” Before flinging it Still had been a free-lance doctor among the Shawnee Indians in Kansas. “I soon learned to speak their tongue,” he says, “and gave them such drugs as white men used, cured most of the cases that I met, and was well received by the Shawnees.” After the Civil War, the founder and promulgator of this extraordinary doctrine of human disease became interested in some bones dug up in an Indian graveyard. From his subtle cogitations on these remnants, he became convinced that the bones are the most important elements in the functioning of the human body, and that the backbone is the bone of all bones in the control of disease. On this point, in fact, he felt himself the recipient of a divine revelation, as he emphasizes repeatedly in his story of his life. “Have faith in God as an architect and the final triumph of truth, and all will end well,” he says; and again: “Osteopathy is the greatest scientific gift of God to man.” This belief in private and confidential communion with the Deity seems to be an inevitable part of the credo of every healing cult that has interfered with the progress

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of scientific medicine. It is perhaps a necessary ingredient: it lights an inward flame which gives the founder and prophet the power to attract his great hordes of fanatical followers.

The original divine revelation to Still was that the primary cause of every disease is some interference with the blood supply or nerve function, always caused by a dislocation of one of the small bones which make up the spinal column. This dislocation, he argued, brings about a change in the size of the little openings between the bones, through which the nerves and blood vessels pass. The result, according to Still, is pressure on the nerves and blood vessels, and disease at whatever distant point in the body the nerve or blood vessel may lead to. But this primeval osteopathy, handed down from heaven almost fifty years ago, was a somewhat different osteopathy from that which exists today. The gradual departure from the original tenets by his followers was a disappointment to the inspired founder. In numerous lectures delivered during 1894 and 1895 he remonstrated with them for their growing heterodoxy, and in the *Ladies' Home Journal* in 1908 he was still “believing . . . that the mechanical displacement of the bony vertebrae constitutes most of the lesions causing disease.” But even in his own school in Kirksville, Missouri, students were soon being taught to take care of a disturbance affecting the liver by adjusting the spinal column first, then waiting a week, and then adjusting the liver itself. Still was against all this. The arterial supply to the organ was solely responsible for its health, he claimed, and adjustment of

the bones to release the arterial supply would cure whatever disease beset it.

The modern osteopath, while still clinging warily to these spinal adjustments, reaches out to embrace all that he can of modern medicine. He attempts electrical treatment, water treatment, massage, anesthesia, even surgery; and when the Harrison and Volstead acts were passed he made desperate efforts to secure the privilege of prescribing narcotics and liquor. The simon pure theory of Still denies flatly that drugs may have any favorable effect on the course of disease, but the modern osteopath is apparently convinced that chloroform and ether will induce unconsciousness, that morphine and cocaine will relieve or deaden pain, and that the fermented juice of the grape has certain agreeable effects when administered in proper dosage, at proper times and to good ends. All this must be taken as evidence that the osteopathy of today is essentially an attempt to enter the practice of medicine by the back door.

II

There was a time when the standard of medical education in the United States was a matter for despair. Half educated plowboys and section hands attended a few sessions of medical lectures and burst forth in the regalia of the physician. The medical schools were shambles. Scientific medicine makes no secret of this; it glories, however, in the fact that it did its own house-cleaning. More than twenty years ago the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, under the editorship of Dr. George H. Simmons, began to publish the appalling facts regarding American medical education. That publication was like the finger of the housewife who writes her name in the dust on the mantelpiece to show the maid where to wipe. The organized medical profession promptly appointed a special committee to investigate the medical schools, to establish standards, and to hold the schools up to those standards, once they were established. The weapon used to

achieve all this was publicity. School after school, searched out and exposed, either met the standard or passed into limbo. The number in the country dwindled from almost two hundred to less than ninety. The proprietary medical school, conducted for the pecuniary profit of the professors, gave way to the endowed institution which spends on the student far more than his fees. No longer was it possible for those who could hardly read and write to emerge in two years with a medical degree. The American M.D. of today has had a high school education, two to four years of college preparation, four years among the laboratories, lecture rooms and clinics of a well-equipped medical school, and one or two years enforced attendance as an interne in a standardized hospital. Before he can minister to the sick in private practice he must also pass a State examination. The route is a long and difficult one. It is costly. That is one of the chief reasons why there are now osteopaths and other such non-descript healers.

But there are, of course, other reasons. With the advance of medical research, the naïve belief in pills and philtres with which the medical profession of the past was afflicted met a crucial test. There came a nearer and nearer approach to an actual science of medicine. Again the physicians did their own house-cleaning. They created a Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry to examine the claims made for all drugs, new and old, and to determine their actual virtues. If what was offered could not pass the test, it was put into an Index Expurgatorius and the facts were published. The public, catching this spirit from the medical profession, began to waver in its allegiance to powders and pills. It thus became psychologically receptive to the claim of the drugless healer that his "system" was superior to drugging. Many such healers went even further. Still, for example, claimed that drugs were not only of no value in the treatment of disease, but even that they were *responsible* for most disease.

III

Let us pause here a moment to consider this matter of "systems." If there is anything the normal American loves it is a "system." Consider the immense number offered to him month in and month out in the advertising pages of his favorite magazines: systems of mind training, house decorating, salesmanship, motor repairing, mushroom growing, health building, muscle building, eyesight training—systems for everything. If you would see the preposterous lengths to which the business may be carried in the pursuit of health, study the pages of the popular physical culture magazines. Now, scientific medicine offers no such system. It aims, by the utilization of *all* available knowledge, to determine the cause of disease, and then, by the use of *all* intelligent methods, to benefit and heal the disease. It does not promulgate any theory or principle to the exclusion of established facts. It does not say, for example, that "all disease arises in the spine and all diseases can be healed by manipulating the spine." Neither does it say that all disease arises in the mind and can be removed by manipulating the mind. No doubt the acceptance of such systems by what are said to be intelligent persons is based on the fact that while they are wholly fallacious they are essentially simple. Even a moron knows that when you remove the brake on a motor car the wheels can go round. And when you tell him that there are brakes in the spinal column which keep the blood from flowing freely, or the nerves from functioning properly, he thinks of the brake on the car, and is sure that the idea is right. Imagine that same type of mind trying to understand how a tubercle bacillus, which he has never seen and of which he cannot conceive, makes a cavity within a human lung! As for such matters as the way in which insulin acts to metabolize sugar in diabetes, or the way in which salvarsan controls the insidious spirochaeta pallida—to explain these things to him would be as hopeless as explaining

the theory of the well-advertised Professor Einstein. Scientific medicine admits that there are diseases of the mind and diseases of the spine, and its practitioners treat the former by mind-healing methods and frequently the latter by braces and supports and other manipulative measures. But scientific medicine does not treat an abscess of the liver by adjusting the back, nor a broken leg by attacking the mind. The great fallacy of all the "systems" of disease and their healing lies in this "all or nothing" policy. When that policy runs counter to demonstrable facts the result is invariably disaster.

IV

It was the pride of Andrew Still that a number of States had legally empowered the graduates of his school to practice osteopathy. It is our thesis that osteopathy as it is practiced today is essentially an attempt to get into the practice of medicine by the back door. In 1917, for example, the Supreme Court of Washington convicted a licensed osteopath of practicing medicine without a license because he had treated diseased tonsils by administering an anesthetic, placing a snare around the tonsils and cutting them out with a knife, after which he administered stypticin to stop bleeding. The court said:

A perusal of the successive catalogues of the schools of osteopathy will show that their teachings are gradually being expanded and that the more modern of them now teach in some degree much that is taught in the older schools of medicine. The parent school has been more marked in this respect than perhaps any of them. It now teaches that in childbirth lacerations, in certain types of congenital deformities, in certain kinds of tumors, etc., surgery must step in, and that surgery must be resorted to for the removal of tissues so badly diseased or degenerated that regeneration is impossible by the process of adjustment. *But this advance is modern. In 1909, the time of the enactment of the medical act, it was not in vogue.*

In fact, the laws of the various States which have attempted to regulate osteopathy have had a hard time of it to keep pace with the shifts of the osteopath in his attempt to break into the practice of medicine. The Supreme Court of California, for

example, told an osteopath who wanted to practice optometry that he was not licensed to fit glasses. He argued that his license to practice osteopathy under the medical practice act made him a physician and that the optometry law excepted duly licensed physicians. The Court ruled that the law permitted him to practice osteopathy and nothing more.

We have forty-nine States in the Republic and we have forty-nine different medical practice acts. The Federal Government encountered great difficulty in regulating the administration of narcotics because of this lack of uniformity. In some States osteopathy is, by legal enactment, the practice of medicine; in many others it is not. The Treasury Department, facing this conflict, became confused, and finally attempted to solve the problem by issuing the following order: "Osteopaths should be permitted to register and pay special tax under the provisions of the act of December 17, 1914, provided they are registered as physicians or practitioners under the laws of the State and affidavit to that effect is made in the application for registration. . . ." But this decision made the confusion worse than before. The word "practitioners" might include clairvoyants, Christian Scientists, seventh sons of seventh sons, and all the motley crew that prey on the weak and ailing. It might—and often did—include osteopaths.

The evolution of osteopathic practice, as shown by these and many other court decisions and departmental regulations into something resembling the practice of actual medicine is probably the reason for the relatively slow development of the cult in the matter of numbers and for the outgrowth from it of the malignant tumor, chiropractic, which is apparently about to engulf the mother organism. Osteopathy, growing complex and "scientific," ceases to meet the demand for simplicity. Chiropractic falls into no such error. It appears to be essentially a reversion to the original hypothesis of Andrew Still, so simple that even farm-hands can grasp it; indeed, an

osteopath, viewing with alarm the inroads of the new cult, has said that "chiropractic is the first three weeks of osteopathy."

In 1908 the adherents of osteopathy claimed that the mother school had graduated 2,765 students, that schools merged with it had shed upon the community another 1,181, and that there was a total of 3,946 osteopaths. According to the United States Census, there were in the United States, in 1920, about 5,030 osteopaths. There were at the same time, according to the same figures, 144,977 graduate physicians and surgeons, and 14,774 nondescript healers. Now, for a population of about 105,000,000 persons, that is certainly not a tremendous number of osteopaths. Apparently the public is finding it possible to stagger along fairly well with the attentions of the medical profession, which has been steadily raising its standards of education. It is, indeed, a confession of failure on the part of the cult that it should have departed from its original hypothesis and gradually embraced the adjustment of parts other than the spine, not to mention the use of water, heat and electricity, and of anesthetics, antiseptics and narcotics. In fact, a considerable number of its practitioners have even adopted the extraordinary hocus-pocus of Albert Abrams as a part of their diagnostic and therapeutic armamentarium. Imagine what anathema would have been hurled upon the latter group by Andrew Still! How he would have ridiculed this apotheosis of buncombe! At least there is something real about a jolt applied with the thumb and finger to the back or directly to the seat of a throbbing, inflamed organ. But think of what Still would have said, in his peculiarly exalted language, about the diagnosis of disease by hitching up a drop of blood on a piece of blotting paper to a crude and confused mass of electric wiring, connecting this inanimate, impossible electric jumble to a strange subject, and then percussing areas of dulness on this subject, and from them diagnosing disease!

It was, indeed, a weakness of osteopathy that it had ambitions to be a science. When its schools increased their entrance requirements to demand a high-school education—usually on the insistence by legislators in the form of stringent practice laws—and when they extended their hours of study, the blacksmiths, barbers, motormen and beauty specialists who sought an easy road to healing turned by the thousand to the chiropractic schools, which demanded no preliminary education for matriculation and guaranteed a diploma to any aspirant who could pay their fees.

V

Scientific medicine possesses today adequate records of its schools and its practitioners. In the offices of the American Medical Association in Chicago are all the pertinent facts about the medical colleges of the United States—the subjects taught, the hours, the teachers, the pupils. There is a card for every physician in America, and on it is recorded all that is known concerning his qualifications. As one Southern practitioner said on seeing the card devoted to his own record: "Doctor, they've got things on that card that even my wife don't know, and I've been a married man goin' on forty years." Regularly all the medical schools are submitted to a rigid inspection. But nobody knows anything for certain about most of the osteopathic schools or osteopathic practitioners. Even granting that the facts presented by the schools themselves are reliable, hours of study do not necessarily mean hours of training. Truth and scientific fact are not guaranteed by the time spent in instruction but by the reliability of the subject matter taught. And what of the training of the teachers in the colleges of osteopathy: is it perhaps a case of the blind leading the blind? The truth of the osteopathic theory as to the causation of disease has never, of course, been established. If diphtheria bacilli are placed on the membranes of the throat of animal or man, the result is diphtheria. In their ab-

sence, no possible dislocation or distortion of bones, muscles, ligaments, blood vessels or nerves will bring about that result.

VI

Here are two quotations from a report written by the editor of an osteopathic magazine; they refer to the death of his own son:

Billie had diphtheria four days before we knew what he had . . . I had never seen a case of diphtheria before; never even thought of looking at his throat . . . Dr.— was called the fourth day and diagnosed the trouble at once. He is an M.D.; has had wide experience; has had the training so many of us have not had.

And then later:

I don't understand antitoxin; I can't understand how a poison can cure disease or neutralize poisons. Yet when the death rate is cut from 50 per cent. to 10 per cent., isn't it best to be a physician first, and an osteopath second?

Osteopathy, chiropractic, Couéism, Christian Science, every system of healing without regard to established facts, comes a cropper when confronted with the established proof of the diagnosis and treatment of infectious diseases. The case of Billie is an exposure of the fallacy that an individual may be safely permitted to practice a single branch of medicine without first undergoing complete instruction in all the fundamentals of medical science. But when the incompetent undergoes such a complete course of instruction, there is revealed to him, alas, the underlying lack of truth in the "system" or cult to which he has been addicted!

Physicians see almost daily in their practice the results of patients peddling their ailments among the variegated assortment of peculiar practitioners. Perhaps none of the cases which might be cited is more striking than the one described by a well-known eastern neurologist:

Recently I examined a boy, aged 17, lying in bed, very weak, extremely emaciated, totally blind, barely able to swallow. The ophthalmoscope [the instru-

ment which the physician uses to look into the back of the eye] revealed double optic atrophy [destruction of the optic nerves]. The history of the case is briefly: failing vision over nine months, terminating in blindness last August; for several months in the spring and summer of 1920, very severe headaches and frequent attacks of vomiting, often when there was no food in the stomach, and repeated convulsive seizures limited to the right leg without loss of consciousness. It was easy to make a diagnosis of brain tumor; but the condition of the patient was such that surgical interference was out of the question. The diagnosis, which seemed perfectly clear, might easily have been made many months ago. The condition of the patient for many months was certainly grave and alarming, and might have suggested to anyone that it needed thorough investigation. During all these months, while the vision was fading and blindness coming on, what did the boy receive? Treatment by an osteopath and then a chiropractor and then treatment by another peculiar practitioner and still another chiropractor, and so on, but never an ophthalmoscopic examination.

VII

Well, why do people go to osteopaths anyway? Don't they ever help anybody? People go to osteopaths because they have been directly approached through advertising, in which reputable physicians do not indulge. They go because some friend who has been aided by an osteopath, or thinks he has, has urged them to go. They go when physicians have failed them. Ah! yes. I grant you freely that physicians fail. There are diseases in which science can be of but little service, and if the doctor is honest he will tell you so. I know a woman who has been suffering three years or more with a gradually progressing case of paralysis agitans or shaking palsy. Three eminent neurologists told her that her condition was incurable; they prescribed a simple regime of life and told her to save her money for the invalidism of her remaining years. But during three and one half years she has spent every cent of her income on massage, on electric treatment, on nature cures, and on osteopathy, and she is undoubtedly worse. And I am willing to admit that among those who treated her was a physician who should have known better. The incompetent or unprincipled physician, licensed to practice medicine by a too complaisant State, is the greatest menace to scientific medicine—as

great a menace as all the cultists put together.

Osteopathic or any other kind of manipulation undoubtedly produces, at times, temporary benefit, or the feeling of benefit. The old-time physician used to put his hands on the patient; he used to work him up a bit, while at the same time he encouraged him mentally. There are many who feel that the modern physician might practice a little more of this laying on of hands. But it does not require an extraordinary mentality to see how serious it is to practice merely the laying on of hands and the conferring of a temporary feeling of benefit when a child is beginning to strangle with the accumulated debris of a diphtheritic membrane, or when the life of a woman is being slowly sapped by an internal, malignant tumor, or when some previously uncautious man is beginning to show the first signs of paralysis and the delusions of grandeur associated with an early encounter with the *spirochaeta pallida* of syphilis. These are surely no times for the laying on of hands; these are times for accurate diagnosis, and the speedy administration of the life-saving diphtheria antitoxin, the merciful surgical knife, and the destroyers of spirochetes: mercury and salvarsan.

In 1875, when Andrew Still went from Kansas to Kirksville, he found a letter addressed to his brother Edward from another brother, the Rev. James M. Still of Eudora, Kansas, "stating that I was crazy, had lost my mind and supply of truth-loving manhood." Still's comment on this letter, taken from his autobiography, offers a remarkable sidelight on the motives of the founder of osteopathy. "I read it," says Still, "and thought, 'As the eagle stirreth up her nest, so stir away, Jim, till your head lets down some of the milk of reason into some of the starved lobes of your brain.' I believed Jim's brain would ripen in time, so I let him pray, until at the end of eighteen years he said: 'Hallelujah, Drew, you are right; *there is money in it*, and I want to study Osteopathy!'"

The italics are mine.

AMERICAN PORTRAITS

I. The Labor Leader

BY JAMES M. CAIN

HE is recruited from people of the sort that nice ladies call common. Such people are mostly out of sight in the cities. The streets they inhabit are remote from the boulevards; their doings are too sordid and trivial for newspaper notice, save when the police are called in. In the small towns they are more openly on view, to the horror of the old families. Big city or small town, they are all alike. They are of the sort that mop up the plate with bread. That have 6 x 8 porches on their homes, and wash flapping on the clotheslines. That take a bath every Saturday night, and slosh blue, soapy water down the gutters. That own a \$25 phonograph and these four records: "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," "Barney Google," "Walking with Jesus" (Orpheus Quartet), and "Cohen on the Telephone." That join the Heptasophs, the Junior Order, and (if getting up in the world), the Odd Fellows. Whose women-folk grow fat and rock on the porches wearing blue check dresses. Whose men-folk are laid up with elusive ailments related to the stummick. Whose female children know gross names for the anatomical parts and harass other children by yelling:

I dare you like a dare dog,
I treat you like a hound;
I sell you to the rag man,
Two cents a pound!

And whose male children sing:

There she goes, sweet as a rose,
All dressed up in her best Sunday clo'es!

Who say Mom and Pap, I'll Thank You for the Beans, Ain't No Use to Hissself, Yes'm, See You Later, Lick That Kid, Make Him Shut Up. . . .

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Cockney or yokel, that is where he starts. He is of the same clay as this grotesque company, and sees nothing queer about it. The village blacksmith, who whispers to a lot of boys about the bank president's daughter, he considers a very sharp and well-informed man. He believes the plumber's wife who swears she saw a ghost in the graveyard, and hunches close to her while she jibbers. . . . The boy who folloed 'em and seen 'em; women muttering over backyard fences; the Grand Exalted Keeper of Records and Seals, dusting off the regalia; the party that went to the morgue to see the razor-slashed body of the woman in the big mystery murder; the wife who says the Mister ain't home when his growlings are plainly audible; the man who knowed the feller didn't kill hisself; the man who says there are some funny things a-going on, I'm a-telling you; the preacher who says Prepare to Meet Thy God, the End of the World is at Hand. . . . All these sisters and brothers he accepts without question. Doesn't he see ghosts himself, sometimes? Wasn't he thinking about that very suicide case? Didn't he go to the morgue himself and hold that kid's perspiring hand while she gasped? What is out of the way in all this? What else would you? Suspicion, credulity, secrecy, hog meat, cabbage, fat: all perfectly natural, all part of the zest of life.

II

Given sufficient numbers of them and a *casus belli*, it is very easy to organize such people into labor unions. Why they or-

ganize has been explained by labor economists from Karl Marx down, with many abstruse theories involving algebra, the Sermon on the Mount, and the law of diminishing returns; but it is commonly overlooked that it is part of their nature to pack into a hall and hearken to a speaker from state headquarters, to cheer a resolution "that a committee be appointed to notify McCabe that we want a straight 40 cents an hour or they needn't blow the whistle Monday morning," and then to forget to take a vote. For the lady recording secretary to bounce up from her notebooks and announce that all she wants to say is there's two spies in the hall and everybody knows who they are and they can go back and tell everything they seen and heard and make it twice as strong if they want to. For a gentleman to say there's another thing he wants to know, and that is why do they pay them truck drivers \$15 a day when they wouldn't give their own men the 55 cents an hour they asked for, which it was only fair and reasonable, and besides no more'n they was promised the first of the year. For a gentleman in the rear to shout "How about McCabe?"—and for the rest to hiss. For the temporary chairman to say, "Well, the way I git it is we ain't going to work Monday unless we git 40 cents an hour straight, and if ever'body is agreeable, we'll adjourn until Sunday afternoon—oh, there's one more thing, I got to name that there committee. . . . Now, remember, Sunday afternoon, and ever'body come."

Organization usually takes one afternoon, with constitution and by-laws to be mailed down from state headquarters, charter to follow. There is a temporary chairman who does not count. After preliminary details, the chief business of the local is the election of permanent officers. Automatically every member becomes a candidate for office—openly or secretly, mostly openly, as follows:

For President: Every man, woman, and child in the local.

For Vice-President: The incumbent temporary chairman.

For Recording Secretary: Every female, with active members of the Rebekah Lodge to the fore.

For Corresponding Secretary: Every female, with active members of the Rebekah Lodge to the fore.

For Treasurer: Every man, woman, and child in the local.

For members of the Executive Committee: The woman who bawled out the foreman that time he got fresh, together with nine crafty males who hope to impress the management with their cleverness, and thereby get company jobs.

If it is a new local, and particularly a local in a weakling union, like the textile workers', electioneering will be heated but not serious. Most of the candidates will go around saying it seems to them the main thing is to get a good president, a union ain't no good unless them that runs it has some git up and git; that they had ought to be careful about the man they pick for treasurer, and make him put up a bond; that this here committee is an important thing, now, and they had better git some fellers that know what they are doing and not none of this no-account element that is trying all the time to run things to suit theirselves and don't know what they want, nohow. . . . But if it is a well-established local with a fat treasury, and particularly if it is a local in a big national union, with good jobs farther up the line, then electioneering is fast, furious, and to the death. Down in West Virginia, for example, where there are 80,000 miners, an election by the United Mineworkers of America causes more excitement than the election of a governor, and is fraught, I believe, with greater public consequences. There are numerous fat jobs—president, vice-president, and secretary-treasurer of districts and subdistricts; all sorts of committeemen who draw \$10 *per diem* and traveling expenses, beside offices in local unions. The candidates scurry about in their flivvers, handing out cards bearing

their likenesses and their qualifications for office, and buttonholing everybody. The election is held under strict rules and every effort is made to get out a big vote. There are watchers, judges, challengers, now and then a recount, good lusty fights.

All this is pretty much like a county election, and it has similar results. That is, the fellow who gets elected proves that he is adept at vote-getting, but otherwise is as much like those who elected him as a member of the State Assembly is like those who elected *him*. But there are differences. The county vote-getter has mainly to possess craftiness and a talent for petty intrigue. The union vote-getter must possess these too, but even more he must possess youth, physical courage, and heavy-hitting fists. When a gentleman in the rear arises and demands to know of the president of the local what became of that money that was voted for strike relief over in Croxton yards and never a nickel of it was spent there, as he knows from a fellow that was over there the whole time the strike was on; and when the president of the local replies that anybody who puts out a report that there was anything wrong with the way that money was spent is a dirty liar and he can prove it,—when this situation arises, and it is, so to speak, a standard, conventional situation, why the one that wins the fight is going to be the next president of the local. If the president can hold his spurs, all right; if not, he steps down. The fight settles the minor issue of the money, and the winner is elected by acclamation. These people are all for the fellow who is on top, who can prove himself *Some Man*. Particularly the women, if it is a mixed local, are for the brawny lads, with loud voices and a good front.

III

So, as a result of many such situations, the American labor leader begins to emerge as a type. He is a youngish, big, powerful man, with thick red neck and a suit

wrinkled at elbow and knee by bulging muscles; a man with wary, catlike physical poise; a man with a head shaped a little like a prize fighter's. He presides at local meetings, pounds his gavel, and announces that it has been moved and seconded. He lays the charge of dirty liar and proves it. He goes through a strike or two, and finds out that a strike has its compensations. There are fine whisperings and plottings, unaccustomed and elevating intimacy with the women. He goes to state conventions, expenses paid, and maybe to a national convention. After two or three years, if he is an exceptionally good slugger and even ordinarily crafty, he becomes a state committeeman, a national committeeman, finally, International Representative. By now his cup is full. A good salary, traveling expenses (and plenty of travel), hardly any work, a lot of authority, all conferred by the constitution, page 17, article 5.

Now he maintains an office. A labor headquarters is a curious place. Usually it is tucked away up some dark stairway, and the doors, dimly visible, bear all sorts of long-winded legends: International Seamen's Union of America; International Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers; International Association of Longshoremen; United Mineworkers of America; International Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks, Freight Handlers, and Station Employees. Two thirds of the doors bear the additional legend, *Keep Out*. Inside, these offices carry unmistakably the flavor of the old front stoop. The furniture is expensive enough, but the wrong color. There is no rug, only bare boards. The mural decoration usually consists of the American Federation of Labor chart calendar, setting a goal of 4,000,000 members by January 1 next. Spittoons, typewriters, one or two filing cases. But the invariable and inevitable piece of furniture is a great black safe. . . . The lady employes suggest somehow the laundry and shirt factory, although two-thirds of them are pretty, for your labor leader has a sporty

taste in women. They are hostile and mysterious. They can't give out any information on that; you'll have to see the International Representative. No, he isn't in today. They don't know when he'll be in. You may think I exaggerate. Once out of curiosity I made a round of one of the floors of the American Federation of Labor Building in Washington. Half the doors were locked, although it was not a holiday. In the rest of the offices every legislative representative was out, and not a single stenographer could tell where one of them was or when he would be in. . . . Eventually, after you go out and call the International Representative over the telephone, you find out that he was in all the time. He informs you, when you finally get to him, that if he had known it was you it would have been all right, but they've been watching him so close here lately he has to be careful as the devil.

They've been watching us! This is the ever-recurrent *motif* in the whole American labor turmoil. Probably no strike has ever been called that this note was not sounded in it. In the mines, building trades, print shops, clothing factories, railroads, everywhere; let a strike be called, and "they're watching us." But they don't catch us asleep, not by a long shot! We're watching them, too. We got information out there in that safe that's going to wake this old town up one of these days, all this stuff they've been pulling. We ain't quite ready with it yet, but when our people send in some more confidential reports it'll be something tremendous. You wouldn't hardly believe it, sitting right there in that chair, if I was to tell you, but it's a fact, and we can prove it, that he didn't kill himself, and she did have a nigger baby last summer. . . . The Blow from Behind, or, The Mystery of the Stolen Papers, by Old Sleuth.

IV

After you finally get into his office, you perceive that certain changes have come

over the International Representative. He is still boorish: he doesn't rise when you enter; he has his feet on the desk; he keeps his hat on. But he has developed a bit since the time he slugged his way into the presidency of the local. For one thing, he slings the English language in a more free and easy fashion. As the American business man has come to the point where everything, from the advent of his first born to the death of his best beloved, is a Proposition, so the International Representative has come to the point where everything is a Matter. "This Matter you speak of, now, I don't want to be quoted in it, see? but if there's anything going in I want it to go in like it is, the truth about it, I mean, and not no pack of dam lies like the papers generally prints. What I say, now, don't put it in like it come from me, because I don't know nothing about it, except what I read in the papers, not being notified in no official way, see? Besides, it's a matter which you might say is going to have a question of jurisdiction to it, and I don't want to have nobody make no charges against me for interference in no matter which it ain't strickly a point where I got authority. But I can give you a idea about it and you can fix it up so's them that reads the paper can figger out their own conclusion on how we stand in the matter."

He is also getting up in a wordly way. He has a car now and a tin garage back of his home. The porch has a canvas swing in it. The old \$25 phonograph is gone, and in its place is a nice \$350 machine, with Japanese birds on the door, and these records: "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," "Calvary" (Homer Rodeheaver), "Barney Google," "Yes, We Have No Bananas," "Rock of Ages" (Shannon Quartet), "Walking with Jesus" (Orpheus Quartet), "Cohen on the Telephone," and "Mose Brown's Suicide" (Comedy Monologue). The old chromos that once adorned the walls are gone also, and in their place are prints like "Love's Coronation," in nifty gilt frames. His wife wears bungalow

aprons and the favorite toy of his child—his kid—is a cap pistol. He doesn't take his wife and kid to conventions, however. Nix; convention ain't no place for a woman! "Say, you look like you know how to keep something to yourself; tell you something funny happened up to our last convention. Believe me, that was some gang there, too. Them guys had money every color there was, and all on the table, too. I seen \$3,000 in one pot in one game there. . . . Well, anyhow, was a feller there from Indianapolis had his wife with him. Said it was his wife. I don't know, I reckon it was. Anyhow she was some cute baby. I seen her in the lobby one night and she give me a smile, so I says to myself, 'Me for you, kid.' So I gets the guy and takes him to a near-beer s'loon and we gets soused, see? Anyhow, he gets soused and I takes ginger ale. Then they give him the bum's rush and I has to take him back up to his room at the hotel. She is there waiting for him, like I figgered, and her and me puts him to bed and he passes out. Then her and me goes down and has some real likker. . . . Some baby, believe me!"

So this is he who, according to the newspapers, takes matters under advisement, studies questions, delivers ultimatums, directs strike activities, makes counter proposals, signs tentative agreements. He who, according to the Liberal weeklies, is a burning idealist, with lofty brow and glistening eye, panting to deliver the Oppressed, abolish the Sweatshop, and realize the Brotherhood of Man; something be-

tween a ritualist revolutionary, a jail poet, and a mountain preacher. The newspaper picture puzzles him a little, for he doesn't understand all the words, and he is suspicious of newspapers, anyhow: he associates them with police courts and injunctions. The Liberal picture doesn't bother him a whit, for he never sees it. Most of the Liberal weeklies he has never heard of; those he has heard of he usually confuses with something else (as witness the recent excoriation of the *Nation* by Sam Gompers). . . . The picture he has of himself is of a powerful, crafty fellow, a fellow of infinite brawn and terrifying jaw, a fellow of big shoulders and unfoolable shrewdness; in short, a sort of combination of Jack Dempsey and William John Burns.

V

Well, all good men come to an end some time. So with the International Representative. Sooner or later somebody with a louder voice and harder fist will push him out.

"What will you do then?" I once asked a miners' official.

"Who, me?" he replied. "Why, man, I can go back to the mines any time. I haven't forgot my trade."

I looked at the big blue Stutz, the sporty clothes, the pretty wife, and smiled. He laughed.

"Well, hell," he said, "I can always sell out to the operators. They got a good job waiting for me whenever this blows up."

CLINICAL NOTES

BY H. L. MENCKEN AND GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The End of an Imperfect Day.—The beautiful day, the day of blue and gold and sunshine, is God's gift to the plain people; the bad day, the day of gloom and gray and rain, He has reserved for the exclusive pleasure of the aristocracy. The artist, the connoisseur of emotions, the philosopher—these have no use for the fair day: it distracts them, summons them from their introspection and solitude, calls them into the open. On such a day, work and those pleasures dear to men with a taste for the sequestered are impossible: the outdoors beckons too persuasively and too disconcertingly. But when the world is full of wet and fog and the monotony of rain, then the artist, the connoisseur of quiet, the philosopher and all their brothers are happy. It is on such days, while the yokel is eating dill pickles and cheese sandwiches on the roadsides, or riding in Fords through the Jersey swamps, or chasing small white balls across the grass with a repertoire of clubs, that men of soul and sadness revel in the happiness that only God's elect can comprehend.

Portrait of an Ideal World.—That ethyl alcohol in dilute aqueous solution, when taken into the human organism, acts as a depressant, not as a stimulant, is now so much a commonplace of knowledge that even the more advanced varieties of physiologists are beginning to be aware of it. The intelligent layman no longer resorts to the jug when he has important business before him, whether intellectual or manual; he resorts to it after his business is done, and he desires to release his taut nerves and reduce the boiler-pressure in his spleen. Alcohol, so to speak, unwinds us. It raises

the threshold of sensation and makes us less sensitive to external stimuli, and particularly to those that are unpleasant. It reduces and simplifies the emotions. Putting a brake upon all the qualities which enable us to get on in the world and shine before our fellows—for example, combativeness, shrewdness, diligence, ambition—it releases the qualities which mellow us and make our fellows love us—for example, amiability, generosity, toleration, humor, sympathy. A man who has taken aboard two or three cocktails is less competent than he was before to steer a battleship down the Ambrose Channel, or to cut off a leg, or to draw up a deed of trust, or to conduct Bach's B minor mass, but he is immensely more competent to entertain a dinner party, or to admire a pretty girl, or to subscribe to the Near East Relief, or to hear Bach's B minor mass. The harsh, useful things of the world, from pulling teeth to digging potatoes, are best done by men who are as starkly sober as so many convicts in the death-house, but the lovely and useless things, the charming and exhilarating things, are best done by men with, as the phrase is, a few sheets in the wind. *Pithecanthropus erectus* was a teetotaler, but the angels, you may be sure, know what is proper at 5 P. M.

All this is so obvious that I marvel that no utopian has ever proposed to get rid of all the sorrows of the world by the simple device of getting and keeping the whole human race gently stewed. I do not say drunk, remember; I say simply gently stewed—and apologize, as in duty bound, for not knowing how to describe the state in a more seemly phrase. The man who is in it is a man who has put all of his best

qualities into his showcase. He is not only immensely more amiable than the cold sober man; he is also immeasurably more decent. He reacts to all situations in an expansive, generous and humane manner. He has become more liberal, more tolerant, more kind. He is a better citizen, husband, father, friend. The enterprises that make human life on this earth uncomfortable and unsafe are never launched by such men. They are not makers of wars; they do not rob and oppress anyone; they invent no such swineries as high tariffs, 100 per cent Americanism, Methodism and Prohibition. All the great villainies of history, from the murder of Abel to the Treaty of Versailles, have been perpetrated by sober men, and chiefly by teetotalers. But all the charming and beautiful things, from the Song of Songs to terrapin *à la* Maryland, and from the nine Beethoven symphonies to the Martini cocktail, have been given to humanity by men who, when the hour came, turned from well water to something with color to it, and more in it than mere oxygen and hydrogen.

I am well aware, of course, that getting the whole human race stewed and keeping it stewed, year in and year out, would present formidable technical difficulties. It would be hard to make the daily dose of each individual conform exactly to his private needs, and hard to get it to him at precisely the right time. On the one hand there would be the constant danger that large minorities might occasionally become cold sober, and so start wars, theological disputes, moral reforms, and other such unpleasantness. On the other hand, there would be danger that other minorities might proceed to actual intoxication, and so annoy us all with their fatuous bawling or maudlin tears. But such technical obstacles, of course, are by no means insurmountable. Perhaps they might be got around by abandoning the administration of alcohol *per ora* and distributing it instead by impregnating the air with it. I throw out the suggestion, and pass on. Such questions are for men skilled in thera-

peutics, government and business efficiency. They exist today and their enterprises often show a high ingenuity, but, being chiefly sober, they devote too much of their time to harassing the rest of us. Half-stewed, they would be ten times as humane, and perhaps at least half as efficient. Thousands of them, relieved of their present anti-social duties, would be idle, and eager for occupation. I trust to them in this small matter. If they didn't succeed completely, they would at least succeed partially.

The objection remains that even small doses of alcohol, if each followed upon the heels of its predecessor before the effects of the latter had worn off, would have a deleterious effect upon the physical health of the race—that the death-rate would increase, and whole categories of human beings would be exterminated. The answer here is that what I propose is not lengthening the span of life, but augmenting its joys. Suppose we assume that its duration is reduced 20 per cent. My reply is that its delights will be increased at least 100 per cent. Misled by statisticians, we fall only too often into the error of worshipping mere figures. To say that A will live to be 80 and B will die at 40 is certainly not to argue plausibly that A is more to be envied than B. A, in point of fact, may have to spend all of his 80 years in Kansas or Arkansas, with nothing to eat save corn and hog-meat and nothing to drink save polluted river water, whereas B may put in his 29 years of discretion upon the Côte d'Azur, *wie Gott im Frankreich*. It is my contention that the world I picture, even assuming the average duration of human life to be cut down 50 per cent, would be an infinitely happier and more charming world than that we live in today—that no intelligent human being, having once tasted its peace and joy, would go back voluntarily to the harsh brutalities and stupidities which we now suffer, and so idiotically strive to prolong. If intelligent Americans, in these depressing days, still cling to life and try to stretch it out longer and longer, it is surely not logically, but

only atavistically. It is the primeval brute in them that hangs on, not the man. The man knows only too well that ten years in a genuinely civilized and happy country would be infinitely better than a geological epoch under the curses he must face and endure every hour today.

Moreover, there is no need to admit that the moderate alcoholization of the whole race would materially reduce the duration of life. A great many of us are moderately alcoholized already, and yet manage to survive quite as long as the blue-noses. As for the blue-noses themselves, who would repine if breathing alcohol-laden air brought them down with delirium tremens and so sterilized and exterminated them? The advantage to the race in general would be obvious and incalculable. All the worst strains—which now not only persist, but even prosper—would be stamped out in a few generations, and so the average human being would move appreciably away from, say, the norm of a Baptist clergyman in Georgia and toward the norm of Shakespeare, Mozart and Goethe. It would take aeons, of course, to go all the way, but there would be progress with every generation, slow but sure. Today, it must be manifest, we make no progress at all; instead we slip steadily backward. That the average American of today is greatly inferior to the average American of two or three generations ago is too plain to need arguing. He has less enterprise and courage; he is less resourceful and intelligent; he is more like a rabbit and less like a lion. Harsh oppressions have made him what he is. He is the victim of tyrants. . . . Well, no man with two or three cocktails in him is a tyrant. He may be foolish, but he is not cruel. He may be noisy, but he is genial, tolerant, generous and kind. My proposal would restore Christianity to the world. It would rescue mankind from moralists, pedants and brutes.

More Reflections at Forty.—1. The letter of a woman is always more honest and more sincere than the letter of a man. A woman

writes what she thinks and feels at the moment; a man, what he thinks he may think and feel tomorrow in terms of what he thought and felt yesterday.

2. Politics is the refuge of scoundrels—from other scoundrels.

3. A man's wife is his compromise with the illusion of his first sweetheart.

4. One notices that those Englishmen who are most contemptuous of the American's regard for money are all over here lecturing their heads off.

5. A fool is one who is intelligent at the wrong time.

6. Perfect democracy is possible only in a royal household.

7. One of the greatest of all bores is the precisionist in the use of words, the kind of person who in conversation is meticulously concerned with the exact use of the English language. Scrupulous English is the murderer of interesting colloquy. Conversation under such circumstances becomes less verbal intercourse between two human beings than a contest between two etymologists and grammarians.

8. I have yet to attend a great social affair in England or America at which all the most eligible bachelors present were not trying to break away to keep a date with some Cinderella.

9. The worth-while man generally has a streak of laziness in him. It is the essentially snide fellow who is ever on the alert, ever up-and-doing, ever the consistent go-getter.

Homo Sapiens.—That the great majority of men are quite incapable of rational thought is a fact to which the *illuminati* have been made privy of late by the babbling of eminent psychologists. Granted. But let us not rashly assume that, above the level where genuine thinking begins, it goes on, level by level, to greater and greater heights of clarity and acumen. Nothing of the sort. The curve goes upward for a while, but then it flattens, and finally it dips sharply. Thinking, indeed, is so recent an accomplishment phyloge-

netically that man is capable of it only in a narrow area. To one side lie the almost instinctive cerebral tropisms and peristaltic motions of the simple; to the other side lie the complex but wholly irrational speculations of metaphysicians. Between a speech by a Grand Goblin of the Rotary Club and a philosophical treatise by an American Neo-Realist there is no more to choose than between the puling of an infant and the puling of a veteran of the Mexican War. Both show the cerebrum overloaded; both, strictly speaking, are idiotic.

Critics on Themselves.—The esteemed *Nation* has been publishing a series of articles written by various critics wherein the latter seek to analyze themselves that their followers may know what manner of men they are and the nature of the fonts of viewpoint and prejudice from which their judgments spring. An excellent editorial idea, but of little actual soundness or value, and this despite the various critics' unquestionable honesty in setting down the personal facts and deductions requested of them. It is next to impossible for any critic thoroughly to analyze himself fairly and squarely, that is, for any critic of the first grade. The first-rate critic may know himself in a vague way, and may be able to record that vagueness in terms of a deceptive literality and plausibility, but most of the qualities that go to make him the first-rate critic that he is inevitably elude his plumbing, for all its sincerity. One observes that in every one of the self-exposés that the *Nation* has thus far printed, the critic under his own microscope attempts to view himself through the eye not of a critic but through the eye of his lay reader, which is a very different thing. He presents the picture of himself not in terms of himself so much as in terms of that part of himself that is the normal, average man. He apologizes for those qualities in him that differentiate him from the normal, average man. Which constitutes a document approximately as valuable as a treatise by a normal, average man

outlining those qualities and prejudices and points of view of his own that differ from those of the first-rate critic.

Usually when a critic essays self-analysis, he misses the real point of himself for the simple reason that neither he, nor anyone else, knows what it is. It is as impossible accurately to define the quality that makes the first-rate critic as it is to define the quality that makes the first-rate musician, or painter, or sculptor. It is easy to speak of intelligence, culture, background, experience, sympathy, sensitiveness, originality and so on, but these are merely rubber-stamps, merely words. There have been critics possessed of all these qualities who have been second-rate critics. There have been critics who have possessed few of these qualities who have been first-rate critics. Great criticism is the product of a species of sleight-of-mind that tricks the most seeing eye and is to no little degree inexplicable. The critic of the Hoboken *Unkblatt* may be able to lay bare the secrets of his personal craft and of his immortal soul, but Coleridge would be unable to if he tried a thousand years. The great critic no more knows why he is great than a seven-year-old chess prodigy knows why he is the expert that he happens to be. It is only the critics of the lower level who know why they are on that level. It is easier for men to know why they fail than for men to know why they succeed. Genius is ever a complete stranger to itself. It is reserved for mere talent alone to comprehend fully its loves and its hates.

Three British Playwrights.—While Mr. A. A. Milne is spending one-third of his time writing weakly humorous dialogue and the remaining two-thirds composing feuilletons indignantly denouncing nine-tenths of the British and American dramatic critics for not laughing themselves to death over it, one of his young English colleagues is concerning himself solely, and perhaps a trifle more relevantly, with fashioning as witty dialogue as the Anglo-American theatre has heard in the round

of several seasons. If this second young Englishman were as apt in his fabrication of plays as he is in the manufacture of droll colloquy, one would be disposed to view him as a likely saviour of that London stage from which the spirit of finished light comedy seems lately to have evaporated. But the plays of Frederick Lonsdale show so much less invention and imagination than his verbal embroideries of those plays that one remembers them as one ever remembers a pleasant dinner party, recalling only the amiable conversation and not exactly remembering whether one had anything to eat or not. This, doubtless, is not at all bad: it may be Lonsdale's deliberate dodge agreeably to talk one out of thinking of his plays. It may be his stratagem to take a time-worn theme and by handling it with a circumspect obviousness throw his dialogue, through sheer contrast, into doubly high relief. (I surely need not name a certain great dramatic genius who indulged in the same practice.) But whether it is or is not his stratagem, Lonsdale's dialogic talent remains unmistakable. It is sophisticated without sophistication's usual brashness; it is polished without the air of that type of polish which suggests only the painted canvas drawing-room of the London actor-manager stage; it is at times as witty as Wilde and as acutely observant in a plain, everyday way as our own Kin Hubbard. At times. At other times—of such we have a sample in "Spring Cleaning" when the woman of the streets prattles wistfully of babies—he descends to the lowest depths of boobismus. To these depths, Lonsdale's more experienced and somewhat older compatriot and fellow wit, Maugham, never descends. The latter, further, is a more skilful playwright than the former. Yet, peculiarly enough, he is a playwright who has never quite realized himself. He has all the qualities that should make him the first polite comedy writer of the present day English theatre; he has salt and erudition, taste and dexterity, invention and viewpoint; yet an apparently inborn British conventionality

contrives too often to reduce his high talents to the level of that conventionality. His themes are now and again brave, as in the instance of "Our Betters"; the writer himself is brave; but the British conventionality is there at bottom all the same despite the deceptive frosting of swagger and impudence. Maugham is as cosmopolitan a writer as England knows today, yet his cosmopolitanism ever flies the Union Jack at its masthead.

The Moral Kaleidoscope.—The bluer the nose, the greener the mind, the grayer the sense of beauty, the yellower the honor, the redder the indignation, and the more lavender the sex.

The Autobiography.—There is no such thing as an absolutely truthful autobiography. Every such work, though it may truthfully set down the discreditable facts, concerns itself ultimately with converting such discreditable facts into a compositely creditable picture of its author. There was never a writer of an autobiography who did not see to it that he emerged from that autobiography a picturesque and, for all his deficiencies, an appealing fellow.

A Mensa et Thoro.—From discussions by various eminent authorities, usually indignant, of the high divorce rate prevailing in the United States I dredge up the following theories as to the cause of the rapid decay of Christian monogamy among us:

1. That the movies, with their lascivious suggestions, are to blame.
2. That the cause lies in the decline of belief in the literal authority of the Holy Scriptures.
3. That the multiplication of delicatessen shops has destroyed home cooking, and so made for unbearable unhappiness at the domestic hearth.
4. That no woman ever truly loves her husband until she has had eight children.
5. That shyster lawyers are to blame.
6. That the steady fall in the price of Fords has enormously facilitated adultery.
7. That jazz is responsible.
8. That the judges in our courts are not Christians, or, if Christians, not honest and passionate ones.
9. That there would be no divorces if there were no yellow journals.
10. That it is too easy for women to get good jobs.
11. That the cheap sex magazines have done it.

12. That God is punishing the Republic for not joining the League of Nations.

13. That the education of women has caused them to take marriage lightly.

14. That the Republic is in decay, like Rome, and that the high divorce rate is but one symptom of it, others being bootlegging, the Ku Klux Klan, cheek-to-cheek dancing, mah jong, birth control and cocaine sniffing.

I could extend the list, of course, to a hundred articles, some of them highly ingenious, and a few not printable in a family paper. Unluckily, it is my impression, after long and hard study, that all of them are nonsensical. The high divorce rate in the United States, it seems to me, is chiefly if not wholly due to one single and simple cause—one so simple, indeed, that I marvel that all the legal and ecclesiastical bigwigs who labor the subject have so diligently overlooked it. That cause is the American custom of marrying for love. In countries where marriages are made by prudent third parties the divorce rate is negligible. In countries where, though romance is countenanced, it is never permitted to outweigh common sense, the divorce rate is still within bounds. But in countries where it is regarded as somehow discreditable to marry for anything but love—in such romantic and idealistic countries divorce is a pestilence. Of the countries of the third category the largest and most conspicuous is the American Republic, and it is precisely in the American Republic, as everyone knows, that divorce is resorted to most scandalously often.

The immovable objection to marriage for love alone is that it founds what is theoretically the most solid and permanent of relationships upon, not a conviction, but an emotion—and even professors of psychology must be aware by this time that the chief characteristic of an emotion is that it cannot last. True enough, it is apt to be followed, at least in those of emotional habit, by a series of other emotions, but there is not the slightest assurance that any of the series will resemble it in its effects

upon practical conduct. It may happen, and it often does happen, that a woman, on ceasing to love her husband, begins to regard him with the genial fondness with which she regards her lap-dog, her pastor or her gossip, but it happens just as often that her love is followed by the quite foreign emotion of disgust, or even by that of hate. Then the marriage dies, and either the corpse remains in the house or there is a disorderly funeral in the divorce court.

In those countries where marriage is founded, not upon an emotion, but upon a conviction, or, at all events, upon a mixture of emotion and conviction, there is vastly less risk of disaster. For the considerations upon which the conviction is based may be demonstrated logically, and when they exist today it is pretty certain that they will also exist tomorrow. They are mainly, in practice, considerations of money, of family, of education, of position, of worldly prospects. These things, to be sure, may change in time, but it must be obvious that they are very much more apt to remain *unchanged*. Family is a fact that is virtually immovable; so is social position; so is education. Even money is more secure than any emotion ever heard of; it is enormously more secure than the fragile emotion of love, which is founded, at best, upon illusion far more than upon reality. A man in love is simply one who believes that his inamorata is more charming than she is in fact. To deceive him equally about her family, her education, her social traditions, her worldly means—in brief, about any of the durable qualities that lie outside her mere physical charm—would be as difficult as to deceive him about her color. If he kept his mind on these things, he would seldom make a mistake. But looking only at the gal, he is often led into a disaster which wrecks his happiness, dissipates his estate, and makes him a public laughing-stock.

THE KU-KLUXER

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

I THINK that my friend Chill Burton is an Exalted Cyclops, although he may be only a Fury, or a lesser Titan, for my knowledge of the nomenclature of the Ku Klux Klan is far from exact. At any rate, he is an important personage among klansmen in our town, but rather insignificant in the State organization. He may therefore be classified as a klansman ranking slightly above the average, but not far enough above it to be in any way identified with the Atlanta potentates, who are a breed different altogether from the ordinary members. So if one might determine what made Chill Burton a member of this curious organization, I believe that the secret of its rapid growth would be made plain; for an argument that would convince him would unquestionably convince millions of other obscure and worthy Americanos.

In the first place, the lurid imaginings of many writers on the Klan, particularly in the North, may be dismissed at once. It was not the prospect of participating in the celebration of some revolting Witches' Sabbath that fetched Chill, for he isn't that sort of man. He is fifty years old, a pillar of the church, an exemplary husband and the father of six head of healthy children. He believes in the verbal inspiration and literal interpretation of the Scriptures, and accepts the Athanasian Creed and the Democratic Platform with unquestioning faith. You might entrust your purse or your daughter to Chill with quite as much confidence as you might entrust either to the right reverend ordinary of the diocese, or to the pastor of the First Baptist Church. He will *not* take a drink, and he

will pay his debts. In brief, if Pope was right, Chill is one of the noblest works of God.

But he is incurably romantic. Doubtless that is an inheritance. His name indicates as much, for he was christened Achilles, which, considering the abbreviation as a guide to the pronunciation prevailing in the House of Burton, certainly indicates a disposition on the part of his immediate forebears to reach out for the undiscovered. His occupation proves it, too, for he has been on the road for thirty years representing a tobacco company, and a man who can sell snuff and plug tobacco for thirty years without even attempting suicide is obviously endowed with the romanticist's ability to create around himself a world of dreams to mask or replace reality. Again, his conversation demonstrates it, for he is perpetually discovering mare's nests of the most awful nature—conspiracies among municipal officials to loot the city treasury, conspiracies among Negro school-teachers to incite the pickaninnies to pillage, rapine and massacre, and daily new proofs that someone—formerly German spies, later I. W. W.'s, and later still Russian Bolshevists, with Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan playing in the interludes—spread the cotton boll-weevil through the South by casting the insect from moving trains.

Chill goes through life surrounded by the machinations of occult and Machiavelian intelligences. He walks briskly, planting his square-toed shoes with decision. He is sturdy, the least bit stooped, decently garbed in clothing of inconspicuous cut and neutral tint, and his iron-gray hair

is growing thin on the top of his head. Occasionally his eyes light up with a pale blue flame, and his mouth tightens into a grim slit; but otherwise he gives no outward indication of the fact that his soul is tormented by tremendous and ghastly visions and his mind appalled by the perils that threaten the very existence of true religion and unpolluted Anglo-Saxon blood.

II

These visions and perils, and nothing base, were the considerations that made of Chill what is colloquially known in North Carolina as a "klucker." He certainly does not thirst for the heart's blood of Mary Amanda Emmeline Seymour Pleasure Belle Caroline Kearns, who presides in his kitchen. He is on perfectly friendly, if not intimate, terms with J. Leroy Goldstein, the pawnbroker, and Chris Skalchunes, who keeps the fruit stand, and he treats the Rev. Father Paul O'Keefe with faultless, frosty courtesy. Chill would sincerely deplore the lynching of any of these individuals; most emphatically would he refuse to have anything to do with their molestation, even in as mild a form as a cow-hiding, or a coat of tar and feathers. Yet from the bottom of his soul he believes that the dominance of the Anglo-Saxon is hourly imperilled by the Negro; that if the Nordic strain is polluted by infusion of any other blood, American civilization will collapse and disappear; that if the Protocols of Zion were fraudulent, then something worse exists still unrevealed; and that secret agents of the Pope, infiltrating the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, strove treacherously to convert America to Catholicism by introducing crosses, snakes and pictures of His Holiness among the decorations on the dollar bill of 1917. Therefore, when less scrupulous brother knights of the Invisible Empire commit outrages under cover of darkness, Chill's attitude is that while lawlessness is always to be regretted, it is better that a few individuals should suffer

injustice than that our civilization, our religion and our very race should be exposed to the secret assaults of foes without scruples and of superhuman cunning.

Nor is his belief a proof of insanity any more than it is a proof of insanity for his small son to believe that Caesar overcame the Nervii. The boy has no legal evidence that either Caesar or the Nervii ever existed in fact; the schoolmaster has simply taught him that the battle occurred, and that settles it for him. Equally oracular authorities, the pastor and the politician, had filled Chill with fear and distrust of Negroes, foreigners, Jews and Catholics long before William Joseph Simmons, of Atlanta, began to dream of a throne. The explanation is absurdly simple. Devil-drubbing is always easier and safer if the particular devil selected for chastisement is feeble, or far away. In the South, where the Ku Klux Klan originated, foreigners, Jews and Catholics are relatively few and far between, and Negroes are politically and socially impotent. Therefore every Southern demagogue, sacred or profane, has for generations covered his significant silence on industrial slavery, on race hatred, on baronial estates supported by legalized peonage, and on election frauds by thundering denunciations of the carpet-bagger, St. Peter, Judas Iscariot and Lenine, none of whom was then and there present or likely to demand embarrassing explanation.

The Cause was furthered in the South by other circumstances. It happens that the South actually was under Negro domination once, and after half a century the memory of that experience still keeps its racial sensibilities abnormally acute. A Northern observer recently pointed out that the Negro is all that it has to worry about, so it has made up for the lack of other major troubles by worrying itself into a pathological condition about the race problem. Thus, in view of the diligent tillage that had been going on for many decades, it is no marvel that the Invisible Empire reaped a rich and instantaneous harvest in the Southern field.

Yet it is commonly reported now that the banner Ku Klux State is not Georgia, but Indiana. It is evident, therefore, that the strongest appeal of the Klan is not to prejudice against the Negro—an assumption borne out by the significant fact that only in rare instances in the South have men wearing the regalia of the Klan attacked a Negro. Nor have Catholics, Jews and foreigners furnished the majority of the victims, except at such times as they have offered themselves as candidates and been politically massacred at the polls. The whippings, the tar and feathers, and similar attentions have usually been administered to known or suspected criminals or social outcasts. To this sort of work the klucker of a grade slightly lower than that of my friend Chill goes forth joyously, sublimely confident that he thereby serves the larger cause of white, Gentile, Protestant supremacy, just as the county chairman stuffs the precinct boxes with the county ticket only, thoroughly convinced that he is thereby helping God and the national committee to save the country.

The necromancy by which the guardian of the sacred fires of civilization, race and religion is transformed into a whipper of prostitutes and a lyncher of bootleggers is no mystery. It is no more than the familiar psychological phenomenon of "taking it out on somebody." Chill is profoundly convinced that the Nordic Protestant is in imminent danger; what could be more natural, then, than for him to regard with tolerance, if not with approval, the extra-legal chastisement of anyone who violates Nordic Protestant standards in whatever particular? No doubt some Gray Eminence is the man higher up; but he is not within reach, or even identified as yet. In the meantime, this strumpet also violates our Protestant Nordic standards. Go to, let us deal with her now, and catch His Eminence when we can!

But who impressed Chill with the notion that his duty to obey the law is less than his duty to defend racial, social

and religious purity? Who but those who set up the great American fetish of equality, not merely before the law, but in every respect? Chill has been assured from childhood that in the United States of America every man is a king in his own right and so naturally he assumes royal prerogatives. The energy of a monarch in cutting legal red-tape in the cause of justice may very well be a virtue; but it is a virtue that cannot be democratized without disaster. To have a rigid and exacting standard of manners and morals set by an aristocracy may be of great benefit to a nation; but when the proletariat undertakes to confer that benefit—well, we have the result before us in America.

The Ku Klux Klan has swept beyond the racial boundaries of the Negro and flourishes now in the Middle West because it is a perfect expression of the American idea that the voice of the people is the voice of God. The belief that the average klansman is consciously affected by an appeal to his baser self is altogether erroneous. In the voice of the organizer he hears a clarion call to knightly and selfless service. It strikes him as in no wise strange that he should be so summoned; is he not, as an American citizen, of the nobility? Politics has been democratized. Social usage has been democratized. Religion has been most astoundingly democratized. Why, then, not democratize chivalry?

The klansman has already been made, in his own estimation, politically a monarch, socially a peer of the realm, spiritually a high priest. Now the Ku Klux Klan calls him to step up and for the trifling consideration of ten dollars he is made a Roland, a Lancelot, a knight-errant vowed to the succor of the oppressed, the destruction of ogres and magicians, the defense of the faith. Bursting with noble ideals and lofty aspirations, he accepts the nomination. The trouble is that this incantation doesn't work, as none of the others has worked, except in his imagination. King, aristocrat, high priest as he believes him-

self to be, he is neither royal, noble, nor holy. So, under his white robe and pointed hood he becomes not a Chevalier Bayard but a thug.

III

The shocked surprise of many prominent publicists and educators in the presence of the phenomenon of the Klan is the crowning absurdity of the farce. These men have spent years and gained great renown making just this thing possible. They have stuffed millions of youths, and filled miles of bookshelves with twaddle about the glory of the masses. By dint of herculean labor they have at length deprived the adjective "common" of its legitimate connotation when it is used to modify the noun "people." To do them justice, they seem to have produced an *uncommon* people, a people incapable of perceiving any essential difference between St. George and a butcher, a people unwilling to admit that spearing a dragon is a feat requiring mental and spiritual qualities not necessarily possessed by a pig-sticker.

Chill is no more to blame for his delusions than the Knight of the Rueful Countenance was for his. The romances are to blame. Chill, indeed, has an excuse that Quixote could not plead, for Chill's romances were offered and accepted as sober narrations of fact, as histories, as lectures, as sermons. They were offered by and accepted from authorities whom Chill respected too much to question; and whom it is not profitable in any case, and not safe in many cases, for anyone else to question.

Thus they are not merely woven into the fabric of his thinking—they are the very warp and woof thereof. The *chansons de geste* of the Republic are as real to him as were the details of the combat in Roncesvaux to a French peasant of the Fourteenth Century. He is no more firmly convinced that the sun rises in the east than he is that Washington, not Rochambeau, won the Revolutionary War, or that the War of 1812 was bravely waged and gloriously

won by the patriots of America, or that the struggle of the sixties was notable among all wars for the brilliant strategy of the officers and the magnificent discipline of the troops on both sides, or that the battle of San Juan Hill was a terrible fight, or that Sir John Pershing's helpful hints were what enabled Foch to turn the trick. He has been taught such things from his youth up, so of course he believes that to doubt them would be to reduce his percentage of Americanism away below par. He has been taught romance in the name of history to the end that, glorying in the proud record of American arms, he might present an unfaltering front to any foe when his every instinct commanded him to go away from there. But instead of making a patriot of him, it has served merely to convince him that as an American he is "a mighty tur'ble man," one born to command, and disobedience to whom partakes of the nature of mutiny in the ranks.

The cult of the Nordic he accepts with the same sublime faith. It is not merely that he is totally unfamiliar with the arguments that may be advanced in favor of, say, Slavic, or Latin, or Semitic culture. He does not believe that any such arguments are possible. It simply never has occurred to him that there can be anything to say on the other side. This romance under the label of ethnology has been foisted upon him partly by fantastic imbeciles who believe it themselves, but largely by the economic overlords of the country, who are desperately afraid of what might happen if the nimble-witted economic soothsayers that the Slavs and Latins and Semites are producing in hordes ever began to inject their theories into the stolid Nordic brain. The idea was to make of the American proletarian an economic, as well as a political patriot. The result has been to make him a racial bully.

As for the impressions that Chill has received from his spiritual instructors, they are so nearly incredible that it is hard

to believe that they were implanted with any sane object in view. I hesitate to attempt to outline his beliefs, but some conception of them may be conveyed by certain matters of fact. I have seen garbled extracts from the curse of Ernulphus, as quoted in "Tristram Shandy," circulated in pamphlet form with the information that they were part of an oath sworn by every Catholic priest at the time of his ordination. The "Protocols of the Elders of Zion" are still read with avidity by klansmen, and the exposure of their fraudulency is quite honestly believed to be Jewish propaganda. As for Protestant solidarity, I have known of a special prayer-meeting called for the purpose of offering supplications for the conversion to the Baptist faith of a merchant who was, in the literal sense of the word, a damned Methodist. This appalling travesty of Christianity must, it seems at first, have been inspired by no less malignant a genius than Satan himself; it is unquestionably the strongest evidence ever offered to prove the existence of a personal devil. But it is only the inevitable result of the labors of pious romancers who, with the sanctified object of inducing Chill to "put on the whole armour of God," have not hesitated to embellish the truth by assuring him that there is only one style of equipment that is regulation stuff, only one issue creed, only one genuine, o. d. church. The intention was to make a well-drilled soldier of Armageddon; the result seems to have been to produce a spiritual bushwhacker, with no stomach for fighting the common enemy, but delighting in every opportunity to raid the dugouts of the allies.

To inculcate patriotism, to immunize against foreign radical ideas and to strengthen the bulwarks of true religion are certainly prominent among the aims of the current program of Americanization, which is absorbing enormous quantities of money and time and the energy of innu-

merable massive brains. I submit that the magical rise of the Invisible Empire, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, is one outstanding proof of the tremendous effect of that program. No romance that apparently tended to strengthen respect for the flag and the faith has been rejected by the Americanizers on the ground that it was blatantly false. But outraged truth has an uncomfortable habit of avenging itself. Spurious history, spurious ethnology, spurious religion have produced a spurious patriot, none the less existent because unexpected and undesired. The fact that nobody foresaw that Chill would blossom into a klansman does not alter the fact that the klansman is one of the flowers of our democracy.

But there is nothing spurious about the tragedy of my friend Chill Burton. That is as authentic as fear. The fact that he is the target of oburgations of the most violent sort is a trifle. What is important is that the man walks through a cloud of unseen presences, terrible and repulsive. The Negro Dominant is a *poltergeist* not unfamiliar to most Southern whites, but he is only one of Chill's invisible attendants. Salathiel creeps ever at his heels; the non-Nordic skips nimbly about, varying his hues chameleon-like, from swarthy white through yellow and brown to black; the Bolshevik, draped with bombs and attended by hordes of nationalized women, hovers near; and above them all looms Antichrist, just now equipped with mitre and crozier but capable, I suspect, of assuming at need the form of any sect other than Chill's own. It is a serious thing to be warrior, priest and king all rolled into one. It entails responsibilities. Democracy has armed, anointed and crowned Chill, but it has also sent him abroad attended by this ghastly train.

On the whole, I think that it would have been kinder to him and safer for the country if America had told him no lies to begin with.

PANORAMA

BY JOHN McCLURE

A cool raw wind in his face for an instant. Like an apparition in dreams the flicker of light in a strange new town. A cloak over him suddenly. "The night air—he will sicken." A small boy on his father's shoulder, swaddled in darkness.

II

A thunderhead sprawling heaven-high over the world: the churning black bulk of cloud assuming contour and form, body and outline—suddenly with a trunk like an elephant's. A small boy watching all this from a window.

III

Grim swarthy gypsy-men with a schooner wagon, horses and women a-weary, a colt and a calf hobbling along behind, pots and pans in the wagon. Grim swarthy gypsy-men caravanning out of mystery. . . . And a small boy on a broomstick, prancing soberly beside them.

IV

A tree with candles, apples of silver, pomegranates and golden stars: a ruddy and whiskered deity in boots and ermine, proffering apples of silver, trumpets and butternuts. Suddenly a flash of fire and sizzle of ermine. As suddenly, the janitor in his undershirt. . . . A small boy dazed and resentful at the collapse of gods.

V

A crisp night in autumn with a million stars: a white moon hanging in the midst of them like a globe of marble; crickets and katydids. . . . And a small boy filling a coal-skuttle in the back yard, suddenly aware of immensity.

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VI

Sunset on the prairie with trailing plumes of color and fire. . . . And a small boy watching it, suddenly aware of a little beauty.

VII

A thunder and whistle of steam. Flares of smoke and flame. A chugging of engines. Lanterns swinging in circles before and behind, a thousand miles from home. . . . And a boy there suddenly aware of a little adventure.

VIII

A girl out of glamorie, wistful on a rainswept night when the trees were shaking. . . . And a boy there, suddenly aware of immensity and of beauty and of mystery and of adventure and of romance.

IX

A woman completely desired in her new-world beauty, making a spectre of the moon because she was not to be had. A woman desired, unattainable. . . . And a young man suddenly aware of a little humor.

X

A woman completely desired in her old-world beauty, completely attainable and completely attained. . . . And a young man suddenly aware of a little irony.

XI

Sunsets with plumes of color and fire, crisp nights with a million stars, girls out of glamorie, women desired and lost, women desired and found—a vision of poor devils in graves who will never know these anymore. . . . And a young man who has lost patience with death and the dreamers of death.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Biology

ALCOHOL AND THE DURATION OF LIFE

BY RAYMOND PEARL

WHILE Swift was perhaps right in depicting the abject horror with which the Struldbrugs contemplated their guaranteed earthly immortality, it is still a fact that the average human being is vastly interested in prolonging his life and in keeping young. To be sure, he has to be well past forty before he will make any considerable sacrifice of the immediate pleasures of the senses to achieve the business, but this paradoxical behavior, which has often been ironically commented upon by writers upon longevity, doubtless rests in some part upon the substantial body of human experience that a biological bird in the hand is worth at least two in the bush. The trouble is that in the present stage of development of biological wisdom there is a good deal of uncertainty on two points: first, whether these somewhat mythical birds in the bush can be caught later on when wanted, and, second, whether they will in fact be as plump and toothsome when captured as they are reputed in advance to be.

In consequence, to come forthwith to the point, the average man in these sad times takes a drink whenever he can get it. This does not necessarily mean that he is lacking in either sense or prudence. It merely indicates that his contact with alcoholic beverages has been, on the whole, pleasant, and that his general experience with the world and his fellow men has not substantiated the horrendous tales about the devastating consequences, in disease and early death, of any indulgence in alcohol which have been dinned into his

ears from earliest childhood. He has seen people drink themselves to death, to be sure; but he has observed that a vastly larger number of persons have used alcohol with freedom, but not in excess, all their lives, and ultimately died of no different diseases and at no different ages than other people, so far as he can judge. Furthermore he notes that while in some countries and times a great deal more alcohol is consumed than in others, there are no striking, or even evident, corresponding changes in either general well-being or rates of mortality.

In spite of this general experience, most men do not feel quite easy about the matter, because of the teaching as to the direful effects of alcohol to which they were subjected in their youth. In a number of States it is a legal requirement that all elementary-school physiology and hygiene shall include the teaching that alcohol is harmful. Naturally, no real evidence can be presented, and probably it is fair to say that real evidence is the last thing that those responsible for the placing of this legislation on the statute books would have desired. School boys and girls, however, are apt to believe what teacher and text book tell them. So what would otherwise be the unquestioned conclusion from adult experience is in some degree clouded and shaken by the relics of childhood teaching.

Another thing which gives the common citizen pause in accepting whole-heartedly the idea that the moderate and judicious drinking of alcohol is not seriously harmful, is that he has been told that the experience of life insurance companies has proved that the use of even the smallest amount definitely shortens life. The deductions of

the actuary have a great reputation for deadly precision and finality among persons who know nothing about their basis. This reputation is probably somewhat higher, in general, than the real merits of the case would warrant. Certainly in the matter of present interest, what the insurance companies actually know about the effects of alcohol upon mortality can by no possibility be held to justify the conclusions which the public, sternly guided by the Anti-Saloon League and the W. C. T. U., have drawn. The insurance "evidence" on alcohol suffers from two fundamental defects. They are:

I. There is no definite knowledge of the alcoholic habits of the individual over any significant portion of his life. The only knowledge an insurance company has of an individual comes from (*a*) the statements of the individual himself when he applies for a policy; (*b*) the continuance of his life, as evidenced by the payment of premiums, and (*c*) his death, as evidenced by a claim under the policy contract. Now, granting that every applicant told the truth when he applied, the picture of his alcoholic habits then set down is, and can be, only of that time and the immediate past. But nothing is more certain than that the drinking habits of many individuals change from what they are at the comparatively early age at which insurance is applied for. These habits may and do change in both directions. Some persons become heavier drinkers, other less heavy, than when they applied for insurance. So then, in fact, it may be taken to be the case that in the non-abstainer section of insurance experience there is a mixture, in wholly unknown proportions, of (*a*) persons who, for the major portions of their lives, have been total abstainers; (*b*) moderate drinkers; (*c*) excessive drinkers. There will also be the same three classes, again in quite unknown proportions, represented in the abstainers' class in the experience of all companies except a very few which require an annual statement from the policy-holder as to his continued abstention.

II. Since most insurance companies are known to discriminate against persons using alcohol as a beverage in more than a certain (to the applicant unknown) amount or degree, an incentive is at once created for the applicant to understate the amount of his alcoholic indulgence. The discrimination may take the form of a refusal to accept the risk, or of a demand for an increased premium rate, or of a reduced participation in so-called bonuses or dividends. But in any case there is a powerful incentive for the applicant to make out as favorable a case as possible for himself.

I can best put the insurance case in this way: Suppose an experimenter wished to determine the effect of the typhoid bacillus upon longevity, and to that end fed a varying and unknown amount of a broth culture containing varying and unknown numbers of bacilli to a number of animals of varying and unknown hereditary constitutions and innate degrees of resistance to typhoid; then shut them up in a room with free and unlimited access to cultures of typhoid germs; *and made no further observation upon them whatever, except of the time of their death.* What possible deductions could be made from such an experiment? Yet it would furnish data which in every essential would be precisely of the same character and value as the experience of life insurance companies regarding alcohol and the duration of life.

Can we do no better than this? The question is an important one. What is needed is critical *ad hoc* data, in which the alcoholic habits of the individual throughout life are accurately known and recorded. Such evidence does not exist either in official or in insurance statistics. The data must be collected at first hand, with due regard to all the biological and statistical pitfalls along the way. A respectable body of such material I have recently been able to get through the activity of a group of trained eugenic field workers. It has been analyzed in detail in a recent book "The Action of Alcohol on Man," with results which can be only briefly summarized here.

The data included 1259 men and 788 women. They fell into three groups as to drinking habits: total abstainers, moderate and occasional drinkers, and heavy and steady drinkers. Appropriate mathematical analysis of the data showed that the average total duration of life of those entering the experience at the age of 20 was as follows:

<i>Males</i>	
Total abstainers	60.05 years
Moderate and occasional	61.04 "
Heavy and steady	55.37 "
<i>Females</i>	
Total abstainers	58.49 years
Moderate and occasional	61.70 "
Heavy and steady	47.50 "

For white urban dwellers the official United States life tables show an average total duration of life of males entering the experience at the age of 20 of 60.51 years, and of females of 63.51 years. These figures demonstrate that our material for the study of the alcohol problem is normal from an actuarial standpoint.

The conclusion which is reached from an elaborate and critical mathematical, biological, and sociological analysis of this

material is that while heavy drinking distinctly shortens life, moderate drinking, on the other hand, is associated with no different duration of life than is total abstinence. Actually, the moderate drinkers show a superior average of duration of life as compared with the abstainers, amounting to .99 of a year in the case of males and 3.21 years in the case of females, both groups entering the experience at the age of 20. No stress, however, is to be laid on these small differences.

In spite of the critical care with which these data have been collected, and the objectivity of their analysis, the plain conclusion to which they lead will be violently opposed by those who devote themselves to Prohibition propaganda. About this nothing, so far as I can see, can possibly be done. Propaganda of all sorts, in the very essence of its nature, can have no necessary relation to truth. Equally it is bound to be actively opposed to any truth which does not fit into and accord with the particular ends toward which it may at any given moment be working.

Book-Collecting

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS

BY GEORGE H. SARGENT

I HEAR much talk among my book-collecting friends about the craze for modern first editions. Some of these collectors, mostly elderly men, seem to be made unhappy because they can go into a second-hand bookstore in New York and for \$2.50 take their choice between a first edition of Howells's "Their Wedding Journey," 1872, and Sherwood Anderson's "Many Marriages," 1923—because for \$7.50 they may have either the first issue of the first edition of Holmes's "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," 1858, with the rubricated title page, or Theodore Dreiser's "Jennie Gerhardt," 1911—because for \$15 they may purchase either James Russell Lowell's "Fable for Critics" in the first issue of the first edition, 1848, or James

Branch Cabell's "Gallantry," 1907. And so on.

Why, they ask, should the work of a modern author, untried by time, be sold in the market-place on even terms with a book that has helped to bring fame to one of the men recognized as in the front rank of American literature? What has created the demand for the work of contemporaneous writers, to the apparent neglect by collectors of the leading American authors of the Victorian period? Is the change which has come in collecting due to a lack of appreciation of the old or to an over-appreciation of the new?

Pertinent questions, these, but not easily answered, for many factors enter into the problem. But let us see first if there really is any "craze for modern first editions." The recent sale at the Anderson Galleries in New York of the library of

first editions formed by John Quinn was illuminating on the point. The manuscripts of Joseph Conrad's writings, which went at such high prices, were in a class by themselves. Conrad is so firmly established as a writer that even an incomplete manuscript written by him is sure to bring a big sum. Moreover, every manuscript, of course, is unique. But did the "craze" extend to the generality of first editions offered at the Quinn sale? In this first part, A to C, only a few modern American authors were represented. The Bliss Carman collection was a large one, and the items showed an appreciation in prices, but Bliss Carman has been bibliographed and the rare first editions of his works have been the subject of magazine articles. Otherwise the one-page broadsheet, "Olaf Hjörward," 1891, might not have brought \$23, when the first edition of his "Winter Holiday," 1899, containing one of his most exquisite poems, went for only \$5. Sherwood Anderson's "Winesburg, Ohio" and Stephen V. Benét's "Five Men and Pompey" brought \$4.50 each, which certainly does not indicate that dealers and collectors were scrambling over the seats to get their bids to the auctioneer. Willa Cather's "Youth and the Bright Medusa" fetched \$5—an advance over the published price of three years ago, to be sure, but hardly indicating a "craze." The Princess Bibesco's "I Have Only Myself to Blame" and James B. Connolly's "Out of Gloucester" and many others brought only a dollar apiece, less than the published price. In fact, so far as this first sale of the first editions of modern American authors is concerned, there was nothing outside of the Conrad session which bordered on the sensational, and even many of the Conrad first editions went at lower prices than those at which they have been generally held in dealers' catalogues.

Ultimately, the law of demand and supply operates to govern the prices of books. The Quinn sale demonstrated what other sales of first editions have shown in the

past—that the rare item, irrespective of its place in literature, will always bring a good price. It is a truism of the auction-room that a really unique item needs no watching—it will always take care of itself. Stevenson's doggerel verses "To the Thompson Class Club" brings more than the price of a first edition of "An Inland Voyage" or "Treasure Island." The pirated Toronto edition of Carman's "Low Tide on Grand Pré," most of which was destroyed by fire, fetched \$57.50 in the Quinn sale, while one of the fifty large paper copies of the authorized edition, signed by the author, went for but \$7.50, and the first English edition went for fifty cents. Precisely as is the case with the books of the older authors, the modern author's work is judged in the auction-room only by its rarity.

The collecting of first editions of contemporary authors is a comparatively new thing. Hawthorne was not bothered by collectors who came to him with copies of his works, fresh from the press, to be inscribed by the author. Thoreau remembered his own first edition of the "Week." The collectors of books in those days were not concerned about getting the first editions of their contemporaries. They were collecting Americana, old plays, large paper editions, early editions of the classics, incunabula, Dibdin's dreary bibliographical rhapsodies and library editions of the standard authors. A few discerning ones, perhaps, were buying and preserving certain first issues of authors who were rising into fame, not, however, because these were the first editions, but because they represented what the collectors believed to be enduring literature. The collector who saved the separate parts, with wrappers and advertisements, of Dickens's "Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club" as they were issued, did so, not because he expected the work to reach its present prices in the auction-room—he could not have imagined these prices, even in his wildest dreams—but because he believed that in Pickwick Dickens had

created an immortal character. Rossetti, finding Fitzgerald's Omar in Quaritch's twopenny box, showed it to Swinburne as real poetry, and they looted the *cache*. Now and then a collector may have sought a first edition of one of his contemporaries merely because it was rare—for instance, Hawthorne's "Fanshawe" or Poe's "Tamerlane"—but it was probably without a thought that the latter would be one day holding the record as the highest-priced American first edition, with the Halsey copy bringing \$11,600. Collecting was then limited to a few. Toward the end of the Victorian era, when the number of collectors increased, interest was directed toward the "elegant" and "sumptuously illustrated" edition, rather than toward the first, of contemporary writers.

In the middle eighties Leon & Brother, of New York, issued the first catalogue of first editions of American writers. Most of the works of Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, Longfellow, Whittier and Whitman were still in print, and many of these writers, with such newer lights as Clemens, Harte, Howells, Burroughs, Fiske and Stedman, were still producing. The publication of this list gave an impetus to first edition collecting, but the first editions of most of the works upon which the fame of Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Lowell and Hawthorne was established can still be picked up in second-hand stores at prices not much above those at which they were published. There are two reasons for this: they were published in large editions, and they are already in the principal public libraries and in all the great private collections of American authors. Let a new collector enter this field and for a time he will go on splendidly. Even when he gets to the common rarities, as they have come to be called, his difficulties will not be insurmountable. Take the case of Lowell, for instance. Most of the first editions of his works may be picked up for small sums, and it does not require a long purse to buy even the rarer items, such as "The Pioneer." The Birmingham address "On De-

mocracy" I find listed in a recent dealer's catalogue at \$15. But when the collector comes to the "Commemoration Ode" and finds that the last copy sold brought \$1,400—nearly twice the previous record price—and looks about for another copy of the "Memorial. R. G. S." like that which brought \$320 at the Norton sale last May, and then learns that the only known copy of Lowell's "A Christmas Carol," 1866, is in the Aldis collection of the Yale University Library, he is apt to become discouraged and turn his attention to other fields, where finality seems possible.

The young collector may reason that he will surely get everything his favorite author has written if he buys that author's books as they come from the press. But even here he will meet difficulties. Few authors have leaped into fame with their first published work. The collector of Dreiser, for instance, will not easily find a copy of his "Studies in Contemporary Celebrities" published the year before "Sister Carrie," and long since suppressed. A few discerning ones several years ago believed that the ecstatic writings of Arthur Machen were deserving of preservation, and by buying first editions they laid the foundations of collections now recognized as valuable, as did those rare early collectors who sensed the future fame of Tennyson from his prize poem, "Timbuctoo."

Do not think that the collector of modern first editions poses necessarily as an appraiser of literary values—that he always believes that Dreiser is a greater novelist than Hawthorne, Robinson a greater poet than Whitman, or Cabell the superior of Edgar Allan Poe. Most of the men who are buying modern first editions—in fact a large proportion of book collectors anyway—do not attempt to estimate the literary quality of their purchases. They may buy the first editions of Huneker simply because they knew and liked Huneker himself. They may collect Amy Lowell because she writes free verse, of which they have no adequate conception

save that it seems to be in fashion. Then there are those who buy modern first editions as they learn to play mah jong, because their friends collect modern first editions and play mah jong. It seems to them as necessary to be a book collector as it did to other folks a quarter of a century ago to be seen at the Horse Show. Fortunately, such collectors generally do not get much farther than Madame Du Barry, with her thousand volumes of elegantly bound "remainders" to match the example of the clever Pompadour. But while they remain in the field they are fair game for the dealer and help raise prices in the auction-room.

A few men, of unlimited wealth are gathering up the first editions, as they appear, of a large number of American and English writers of the present day, with the idea of ultimately weeding out those which do not stand the test of time. A collector may be sure, in this way, of getting the most desirable editions of that minority of authors who will maintain or increase their prestige. But this method of collecting is not one that commends itself to those of limited means. Moreover, it is

almost sure to result in mere speculation—book buying on the chance of financial gain. We all know collections which have been made for the sole purpose of putting them into the auction-room when conditions seemed favorable. That is not book collecting. The dealer who pays a large sum for a first edition in the hope of selling it again at a profit is working within his province. That is his business, and in it we wish him success; the literary merit of a work is of little consideration to him, and properly so. But the private collector should have a more substantial motive for collecting than the hope of profit. Too many men are buying the first editions of modern authors on the theory that when Jones is dead and produces no more first editions the works of the popular Mr. Jones will be scarce, and it will then be a good time to put his collection into the auction-room. The theory is sound—if Jones's popularity holds out. But Joneses come and go, and the fame of this one may prove as unsubstantial as that of Martin Farquhar Tupper, once the drawing-room favorite, whose works are now found under "Miscellaneous, 200 vols."

Painting

THE AMERICAN PAINTER

BY GUY EGLINGTON

"**A**ERICAN ART," says Mr. Royal Cortissoz, in the preface to his new book, "flows not from tradition but, in a specially marked sense, from the individuality of the artist". And he proceeds in a few words to propound the accepted theory that while most American artists receive their training in Europe, they apply it in a manner so fresh and personal that their art achieves nationality. Unfortunately, he leaves the matter there, as have all his predecessors, with the result that we have no opportunity of judging just how much water the theory will hold. The observer is faced with something like a paradox. On the one hand, there is the indubitable

national strain running through our finest (and they are finer than we yet know) productions. On the other, there is the no less undoubted domination of foreign schools.

On the face of it, it seems obvious that American painting has been subjected to successive waves of foreign influence, though the existence at every point of figures who remained outside any school makes the word domination inexact. The English gave place to the Dutch, the Dutch to the Barbizon, the Barbizon to the Impressionist. And now come the Post Impressionists, fighting with the Russians for mastery. The first questions, therefore, which the future historian of American art will have to answer are: At what point does Stuart cease to be an English portrait

painter? What precisely distinguishes Inness from the Barbizons? Is Childe Hassam something more than a French Impressionist? Before he answers these questions he will do well to examine the manner in which American painting has responded to these invasions.

America is, I think, at the same time the most conservative and the most radical country in the world. Its conservatism is shown by its almost instantaneous and unanimous rejection of any new idea that is brought it; its radicalism by the almost equally unanimous acceptance and wholesale application of that same idea, the moment its novelty has worn off. It is not the idea itself which repels at the start; it is simply the *insanity* (how familiar the word has become!) of proposing a new and subversive criterion. In other words, it is the image which they have made of the new thing that they fight. One remembers the howl that arose over the first Gauguins exhibited here. "Duffer" was good enough for Cézanne, but Gauguin . . . ! Well, not so long after, I had the pleasure of showing a particularly fine example,—the "Maternité," which Mr. Lewisohn now owns,—to a friend who abominated these "moderns." "Ah," said he, "but he doesn't belong with that crowd." Nor does he. Gauguin was fortunate enough to die before the "crowd" was invented.

But the matter does not stay here. Slowly, imperceptibly, the tide changes, until one morning we wake up to find that the same epithets are being hurled at other names, other tendencies. The insane of yesterday are set in judgment on the outlaws of today. One by one the great Post Impressionists, and with them all the mediocrities who make up the "movement," are being hoisted to pedestals. In a few years the Academy will be full of their followers. Nothing more fatal to our own development could be devised. Every impulse in art has its periods of growth, fruition and decay, and of these only the first can be life-giving. For that is the period of research, when men instinctively

turn back to what they are sure is firm ground, discarding the overgrowth of previous generations. In its earlier stages a movement is nothing more than an impulse to fresh thinking along a certain series of lines roughly parallel. Only later, when genius has set its stamp upon it, does it tend, so to speak, to look like itself. Then follows the period of decay, when fundamentals are buried under a mass of sophistication.

It is our misfortune that, by virtue of our position and our peculiar nature, we never become aware of a new impulse until it has long passed its zenith and started on its downward path. For us, therefore, it appears as nothing but a formula which we try to apply with more or less success. As an example one may take Impressionism, which, in France, culminated in figures as widely divergent as Monet, Pissarro and Seurat, to say nothing of Manet and Degas. In America, if we except Twachtman, who is too big to be claimed by any school, Impressionism has but one face; it is hardly more than a receipt for sunlight.

Now, if there is ever to be any helpful coöperation between Europe and America in matters of art, it must first be laid down as an axiom that a movement that is genuinely alive cannot be built on the remnants of a foreign movement that has lost its motive power. There might have been hope for an Impressionist movement among us, could we have breathed the air with Pissarro at Pontoise. There might still be hope for our Post Impressionists, could they have worked with Gauguin in Brittany, with Van Gogh and Cézanne at Auvers. These things might have been. But they were not.

No; I incline more and more to the belief, which for the moment I must propound only as a belief, a possible hypothesis, that the vital impulse in American art has been and will be primitive in its manifestations. I believe that the American man, artists included, is not only by nature and if left to himself, simple, but of a very childlike, primitive simplicity. The

trouble is that he never is left to himself. He lives in perpetual terror lest the child in him be found out. Watch the same man who yelled himself hoarse at yesterday's ball-game, in a Fifth Avenue Gallery, best at one of those amazing parties where the "art lover" imbibes punch and an "artistic atmosphere." All the frank boyishness of his nature is crushed out of him. The pictures seem to be exercising a morbid fascination over him. He hates them, yet he dares not run away. His eyes stare at them as though trying to bore holes in the canvas. He is enchanted by the magic letters A-R-T.

And if the man in the street is enchanted, so too is the collector. In nine cases out of ten he buys, not for any pleasure he will get out of living with his pictures, but for a thousand other reasons, above all, that he may leave abiding proof that he *was* of the élite, loving art and knowing it. Nor does the hoodoo stop short at the collector. I hear its chuckle at the Academy; it stands beside me at the New Society. Do you believe that Mr. Glackens or Mr. Kenneth Hays Miller really *saw* everything that they painted into those magnificent pictures of theirs? I doubt it. But Renoir told them they were there, and *they didn't dare to leave them out*. You can take a train right across America and meet hardly a man who will dare to paint what he sees, just that and nothing more. Here it is Renoir, there Gauguin, elsewhere Cézanne, Sisley, Monet, back as far as Daubigny; everywhere you will find the hoodoo standing at the painter's easel, telling him what he shall paint.

But there are signs that the reign of the hoodoo is passing—faint signs, but reassuring. I believe that the growing passion for primitives, a particularly American passion, is one of them. Few, not so long back, would have dared to show enthusiasm for a hooked rug, a piece of Pennsylvania Dutch sgraffito ware, a Scandinavian peasant's table, decorated with his own naïve phantasy. On the surface there is still, of course, ineffable

twaddle about æsthetic values, but back of it all, I am sure, is a sincere pleasure. Child responds to child.

Among painters, too, there are signs of a return to fundamentals. Not among the big names, to be sure, but here and there, in dark corners, in the vast waste paper basket that is called the Independents, one finds men who respect the limitations of their vision, striving to effect a mastery over the things they actually see. Understand me, I am not saying that America has nothing to learn from Europe. The point is that she *cannot* learn much. A young man cannot and must not learn from an old philosopher who has been through it all and has attained to that wisdom which knows the futility of everything. He must go on, making mistake after mistake, until he learns for himself. For the most elementary truth does not become actual to a man, does not become a vital part of his knowledge, until he has discovered it for himself.

Europe, as I see it, is in a period of temporary decline. The summit of the Post Impressionist impulse, the most vital in modern times, was reached over twenty years ago. There are thousands of Post Impressionists today, but their work is no longer constructive. What began as a great structural idea has become no more than a decorative pattern. The ball which the Post Impressionists threw up with so magnificent a gesture is dropping to earth. It is nothing short of pitiful to see the energy of good artists wasted in a futile attempt to catch it and fling it up a second time. Let them have faith in themselves and build on their own foundations. Let the rest of us encourage the painter to do his own seeing. Let it be forbidden to praise a picture in such terms as: "It is as fine as Monet," or, "Corot never painted better." Let us rather say: This is *seen*, this is *actual*. Above all, let us not demand of the artist a complete vision of the world. The American's vision of life is bound to be partial. But it has been, and I think will be, very intense.

HEREDITY AND THE UPLIFT

BY H. M. PARSHLEY

IN THE most primitive human society and in the associations of animals and plants in a state of nature Darwin's struggle for existence is real and unmitigated; food and safety are won for the individual by a superiority that is demonstrated by the shouldering out and destruction of the weak, the incompetent, the unfit. This austere and beneficent process, acting through millions of years, has brought about a gradual advance toward perfect adaptation to mundane conditions in those species which possessed at the start the requisite potentialities, and at the same time it has destroyed ruthlessly all such as lacked any essential quality. Let it be clearly understood here that the successful types were *not* produced from inferior stocks through improvements imposed from *without*. There were no vice-crusaders among the apparently unpromising archaic mammals of the Mesozoic Age and compulsory education was unknown to the little five-toed horse of the Eocene, yet these benighted creatures were able to found the lines leading down through geologic time to the noblest animals of today. Thus evolution took its course, with the survival of the fit and the elimination of the feeble and botched, until man, developing with the other creatures, attained to his present stage of civilized social life—which, if it offers the spectacle of Bryan, the Fundamentalists, and the University of Tennessee as evidence for the prosecution, nevertheless presents in rebuttal Galton, the geneticists, and the Carnegie Institution at Washington.

But civilized humanity, grown soft with ease, now finds it impossible to view with

equanimity the painful struggles and hopeless sufferings of the unfit in free competition with their betters; the immemorial struggle for existence affords too disagreeable and disquieting a spectacle to be tolerated in the public gaze. Hence charity, philanthropy, the Uplift. Begun and long carried on in the laudable spirit of Holy Writ, charity has now become a necessary part of our complex social organization; its purpose is to heal or hide the sore spots and so make it possible for the fortunate minority to enjoy life unharmed by the sight of the sanguinary struggles and pitiful tragedies characteristic of feral existence. From it, however, has developed a monstrous growth, the Uplift, perhaps the most threatening enemy that civilization has to face today. Of the many counts against the Uplift that might be readily submitted to the intelligent reader, let us consider but one: namely, the utterly false hopes for the race which it bases upon measures that are, at best, nothing but temporary means of relief for the individual. It is here that the biologist and the social reformer come into irreconcilable conflict.

Since Darwin's day the greatest advances in biological knowledge have been made in connection with the experimental study of heredity—that is, of the transmission of inborn traits as opposed to the handing down of customs, property, and environmental materials in general. As a result of this study, it is now clear that the basic characteristics of every individual depend primarily, not upon any training that he has received or is capable of receiving in this life, but upon the protoplasmic units

received in egg and spermatozoon from his parents, arranged in accordance with the simple, mathematical laws of Mendel. He may or may not succeed in fully developing these inherent capacities, but he certainly cannot go beyond them. Aside from rare and unpredictable mutations—sudden changes in racial characteristics, so far not accounted for—the essential quality of individuals and hence of social classes is thus fixed by inheritance, and by inheritance alone, and no program of reform which ignores this plain fact can be other than superficial and foredoomed to failure. Nevertheless, the circumstances in which an individual is placed undoubtedly *do* have a considerable influence upon his concrete acts and his fate—not upon his primary character and abilities, perhaps, but surely upon the way in which they are developed and manifested. To what extent, under civilization, is the first influence practically felt? To what extent the second? How much does what a man is, actually and potentially, depend upon his inborn qualities, and how much upon the habits born of his education and environment?

The philanthropist, the social worker, too often the sociologist, and always the uplifter have held, to state their views most extremely, that the individual is wholly the product of his circumstances. The child is "plastic." Placed in Fagin's clutches he becomes a criminal; but for the curfew she becomes a streetwalker. Surrounded, on the other hand, with swaddling care and subjected to edifying precept and example, with occasional touches of the bastinado, the same lumps of indifferent wax take on in time the form of stock-brokers and captains of industry, Chautauqua orators and senators, bishops and college presidents. This is the old environmentalist philosophy, which, though largely discredited and discarded by science, still feeds the flames of hope and envy in the breasts of the have-nots and remains the underlying principle of the Uplift. The modern biologist maintains the contrary view, which, in its most extreme form,

holds the child to be a rigid complex of inherited proclivities. He reminds us that we do not gather figs from thistles nor fashion silken purses from sows' ears, and he may even bid us to cherish the blood of the Nordic race as the *fons et origo* of all that is good, true and beautiful in modern civilization. Few serious students on either side, it may be, would now feel wholly at ease in either of these extreme positions, stated baldly as an article of faith, but if we enquire regarding some definite proposition—ask the social worker about universal education, working conditions, Prohibition; interview the anthropologist on inherent racial qualities; examine the biological psychologist on the results of the army tests and the relation of mental levels to democracy and socialism—if we put such concrete questions we are sure to catch a glimpse of the cloven hoof. The answer will, likely enough, reveal a virtual adherence to one or the other of the uncompromising views just set forth.

II

The basis for the environmentalist's attitude is, in the last analysis, something in the nature of a sentimental wish-fulfillment, fortified by common knowledge of the effects, often very noticeable, produced on individual development by beneficial or injurious surroundings. In what sort of evidence, then, does the scientific observer place his trust? To illustrate at once the related workings of hereditary and environmental influences, as well as the methods of modern genetics, let us consider briefly the extraordinary career of *Drosophila melanogaster*, the tiny fly which swarms about fermenting fruit.

In the year 1900, when the importance of Mendel's early experiments was suddenly appreciated, biologists, in the search for suitable organisms to use in experimental breeding, soon found that the fruit-fly would breed very rapidly in captivity, and was otherwise ideally fitted for the laboratory. Before long an individual was

noticed which had white eyes, instead of the usual red, and from this peculiar specimen a white-eyed race was easily developed—the first of more than two hundred such true-breeding races to come to light. Some of these strains are marked by very striking characters, reminding us of the highly diversified breeds of domesticated animals, to which, in fact, they correspond essentially. In one the wings are reduced to useless vestiges, in others the body color may be black, brown, or yellow instead of gray, the eyes diminished or absent, the eye color vermilion, purple, or cream, the hairs of the body modified in various ways, and so on. These new and genetically stable types are called mutations; their mode of origin is unknown, but it is clear that their appearance is not correlated with any corresponding feature of the environment. Once in existence they breed true, and it is likely that they afford the basis for evolutionary progress, since in primitive stocks the odds would certainly not be prohibitive against any given modification being advantageous to the species. Let it be noted again that each of these strains, or any combination of them, constitutes an undeviating race, which, like the races of man, reproduces by inbreeding only its own kind, but is capable, nevertheless, of crossing with any of the others and bringing forth fertile hybrids as offspring. A fly of the normal pale type mated to a black one is just as sure to have young of dubious hue as is a white woman joined in wedlock to a Negro.

By prolonged and ingenious study of the hereditary behavior of these races of *Drosophila*, in connection with the results of similar experimentation on many other species of plants and animals, the riddle of heredity has been largely solved, the mechanism of the process exposed, and not only prediction of results but also purposeful manipulation of characteristics—the production of synthetic races to order—has been made possible. Now, in contrast with such fixed hereditary units as eye color or wing size, which change only

by mutation, certain traits are found to be modified or even caused to appear and disappear by environmental influences. If the culture bottle, for example, contains poor food the flies will be small. But it remains true that if their offspring are provided with good nourishment growth to the hereditary limits will again take place. Thus the secondary nature of such phenomena stands clearly revealed, and the position of modern science becomes this: Heredity determines with overwhelming influence the presence or absence and the general nature of most of the characteristics of the individual; environment may sometimes, but not always, modify the degree of their development.

Even a Socialist may readily grant all this as demonstrated truth in so far as fruit-flies and waltzing mice are concerned, but he will demand with some heat to know what bearing, if any, it may have on the human problem. Can it be shown, for instance, that a given moron has derived his feeble intellect from his ancestors, or is his deficiency due merely to the fact that at an early age he failed to appreciate the value of his grammar-school studies and obstinately insisted upon going to work for the corner grocer? The consideration of a single phenomenon—that of sex-linked inheritance—is enough to show beyond question that the workings of the hereditary processes are precisely alike in *Drosophila* and in man, and hence that the findings of genetic research have a direct bearing upon human affairs.

If a male fly having red eyes is mated to a female having white eyes, the males among their offspring will have white eyes (like the mother) and the females will have red eyes (like the father). If a man with normal vision marries a color-blind woman their sons will be color-blind (like the mother) and their daughters will have normal eyes (like the father). This type of inheritance, which has equally peculiar and quite consistent results when the sexes are reversed, has long been recognized in man. That it occurs in the fruit-fly in precisely

similar form is not due to coincidence; the correspondence is fundamental, as investigation of its chromosomal basis clearly indicates.

In *Drosophila* the sex of an individual is determined at fertilization by the arrangement of two special chromosomes, called sex-chromosomes and denominated X and Y. If the normal fertilized egg contains two X's the embryo will grow up to be a female; if one X and one Y, a male. Since the behavior of the character "white eye" in hybridization, as just described, follows exactly the distribution of the X-chromosome, the conclusion is obvious that the genetic factor or "gene" causing "white eye" must reside in this particular chromosome; hence the term "sex-linked inheritance." The occurrence in man of several hereditary traits behaving in the same peculiar manner, led to the prediction that the human chromosome group would prove to be like that of the fruit-fly in regard to the X and Y elements. This theory has been brilliantly confirmed during the past year by microscopic study of the human germ cells. The X and Y chromosomes are there, as was foretold, and man's oneness with the fly, at least so far as his hereditary mechanism is concerned, is fully established.

There is no longer room for doubt, then, that a man's physical traits are determined largely by genetic factors passed on to him by his ancestors; and research in eugenics is continually reducing the sphere of environmental influence in such matters as susceptibility to disease and to the effects of alcohol, as well as in the case of simpler manifestations like bodily form and strength. But can as much be said of psychological qualities? Is intelligence also an inherited attribute? There is no doubt that under civilization mental ability is the most important characteristic of the individual, and it is clear that this question must be answered as a preliminary step to the solution of many of the problems of modern life. Intelligence, talent, genius are not simple Mendelian unit characters; far from it. They imply the harmonious work-

ing of many diverse qualities and demand a good deal in the way of favorable surroundings for their full development. But mental power is after all dependent on the physical structure of the brain and *a priori* we should expect heredity to manifest itself here as elsewhere. Beyond this logical inference, however, there is abundant direct evidence, which we may briefly examine.

Psychic traits in animals are markedly hereditary, as is well known to every practical breeder. Certain strains of cattle are gentle, others savage. If the ordinary wild rat, which is of ferocious temper, is mated with the gentle white variety the offspring display all the savagery of the father, even when suckled and reared by the tame mother. Having in mind the fact, mentioned above, that the processes of inheritance are identical in man and the lower animals, we are quite prepared for the result invariably obtained in investigations of the inheritance of human mentality. Feeble-minded parents have never been known to produce offspring capable of a grammar-school education—and such offspring often are reared in an extremely favorable environment, especially planned for their care! Identical twins, having the same heredity, never diverge much, though their lives are lived far apart, while ordinary twins, differing somewhat in their inherited traits, always exhibit considerable divergencies in character and achievement, even though the circumstances of their upbringing are identical. The relatives of men of eminence are a thousand times as likely to be eminent as are individuals picked at random from the masses of the plain people. Studies of European royalty have shown that outstanding ability runs in a few families only, where there is obviously equal opportunity and the best of training for all. Finally, mental testing of school children and soldiers leads to the same conclusion. Mulattoes in the army made a better showing than Negroes, though they had enjoyed the same environment, and unschooled officers proved supe-

rior to common soldiers who had been educated.

III

Thus we reach the conclusion that the extreme view which we have attributed to the biologist comes much nearer to the truth than that of the humanitarian. In a word, the Uplift is powerless to raise any individual or class above the level of the hereditary constitution with which he or it is endowed by nature, and any program of social reform which fails to take this truth into account is bound to do more harm than good in the end. The practical implications of this conclusion are many and far reaching, and since they bear directly upon the most pressing problems of the day, we must attempt to formulate some of the most striking of them.

The vast and gaudy scheme of universal popular education is based on the sound biological principle that an optimum environment, a favorable opportunity, should be provided for individual development. But something is clearly wrong here. At this moment in the larger cities thousands of children have to be denied the equal opportunity supposedly inherent in the free citizenship of their parents; and in every town and hamlet of the country the expense of the public schools is becoming an intolerable burden, where adequate accommodations are still maintained. The difficulty is in reality very simple. The truth is that not one child in ten has the inherent qualities which will enable him to profit by an extended book education: no purpose of God or man is furthered by beating algebra and Latin into the head of a youth who can never comprehend any art beyond that of the curry-comb or the trowel. And not only are pupils scarcely if at all above the grade of moron dragged bodily through the high school, but they are permitted to infest the state universities, undeterred by entrance examinations, where they learn enough to become fifth rate dentists, shyster lawyers, free verse poets, labor leaders, and other pests of the

body politic. The remedy is clear. Let the chief work of the first three primary grades be the careful testing of all pupils and the rigorous elimination of the mentally deficient, as soon as they have learned the little that their limited capacities permit of. Thus the problem of numbers will be solved; the condition of teachers ameliorated; taxes lowered enormously; the ranks of unskilled labor and the trades recruited; and the upper reaches of society made safe for the intelligent.

The problem of immigration is likewise at bottom a biological matter. The army tests proved conclusively that recent immigrants from southern and eastern Europe have been of extremely low mentality, for the most part scarcely above the Negro. It is beside the point to maintain that these fugitive newcomers are not representative of their native stocks. They constitute at any rate the national delegates to America and their assimilation can result only in lowering our already pitiful average of intelligence. Here again the solution is plain. Let admission to our shores depend primarily on success in passing appropriate mental tests, to which should probably be added a modest property qualification. Such measures, if severely applied, will materially reduce the numbers of a dangerous type to which the attention of the reader is invited in conclusion.

Modern civilized society in its infinite complexity affords varied and priceless satisfactions to the intellectual and artistic desires of first-rate men; but it is largely incomprehensible and hence a source of distrust, dissatisfaction, and hate to those of primitive, atavistic endowments. Now, the proletariat consists almost entirely of such elementary beings; hence the prime fallacy underlying socialism, communism, and radical schemes in general stands boldly forth. If the advantages of modern life are to be preserved for those capable of enjoying them it is clearly the first duty of the state to take measures, first, for the contentment and repression of the underman, and second, for the wise control of

his misguided leaders. To the biologist it is obvious that all these considerations are closely related to the eugenic movement, but this is another story. Immediate action must precede and accompany the conscious direction of slow, natural processes.

The Uplift, considered from the viewpoint of the superior man, is clearly worthless as an agency of social betterment, since it is based upon hollow and fallacious premises; and whatever satisfaction sentimentalists may derive from coddling the meek and lowly, the weak and pitiable, there is no manner of doubt that the means at the command of society might be better employed in providing optimum conditions for the development of worth-while talents. There are indications that at last even those in charge of the public schools begin to see the obvious importance of giving the major share of the teacher's attention to the most promising pupils, not to the dull-

est—an ideal which, in fact, has always been steadfastly maintained in the musician's studio—and similarly in society at large the resources and privileges of civilization must be made more readily available for those fitted by nature to do the most with them. The teaching of modern biology is thus diametrically opposed to the abolition of free competition, as implied, for instance, in giving undue assistance to the weak at the expense of the strong or in maintaining uniform wages for variable workmen; and it not only reaffirms the soundness of Darwin's principles but urges even that society should further by every means available the sifting process implicit in the struggle for existence. *To him that hath shall be given!* This is indeed the very antithesis of all that the uplifter holds dear, but it expresses in a perfect phrase the scientific concept fundamental to any real progress in civilized living.

CARRYING CIVILIZATION TO MEXICO

BY CARLETON BEALS

"**I**N FIFTY years you people'll be wearing feathers!" An American farm-machinery agent was badgering a Mexican official who handles foreigners displeased with Mexico's agrarian laws. The Mexican is a quiet, cultured man, educated in Paris and Berlin.

The American thumbed his arm-pits; from his vest protruded three cigars. "You people blare around about your revolution and progress—just one bunch of thieves after another, looting the treasury and keeping honest producers from working. In fifty years you'll be wearing feathers!"

"At least," smiled the Mexican official, "feathers are not ugly."

II

Nowhere else in the world is one so ashamed of one's countrymen as in Mexico. In Europe, despite the comic papers, one sometimes encounters a relatively cultured type; in Mexico, one sees only the adventurer and the business man, with a few technicians in a dismal minority. One cannot help applying to them the cutting words of Lord Chesterfield in his letter to his son in Italy:

You are not sent abroad to converse with your countrymen; among them, in general, you will find little knowledge, and, I am sure, no manners. I desire that you will form no connections, nor (what they impudently call) friendships with these people; which are in truth, only conspiracies against good morals and manners.

It is, indeed, a great pity that the American eagle is so often carried to foreign countries by the get-rich-quick business-gambler and the noodle-shaped female mis-

sionary who can't find a husband at home. Spain sent her priests to Mexico and they added the beautiful Spanish ritual to Aztec splendors; she sent, too, her painters, sculptors and builders, and in spite of the gold-grabbing of the greedy creole, they sowed the seeds of a fine culture. But the Americans in the Mexican oil-fields, once the oil is exhausted, will leave behind them no culture and no monuments, but only a desert. Nor do the missionaries and school teachers, herded together in their narrow sectarian and national institutions, bring any new impulse to native art and handicrafts, as did the Spanish *padres* before them; their spirit is too cramped. They are only concerned with their petty jobs; they hate the "dirty greasers," and this inner war against their outward pretence of love makes their temperaments only the more rasping. Always their contempt crops to the surface. In a Presbyterian missionary school that I know a distinction is sharply drawn between the American and the Mexican teachers. The students who pay little, but come as converts, are obliged to scrub floors and do other menial work. One of the claims of this institution is that the children are required to speak English at all times; but the poorer children and the Mexican teachers are most Christianly relegated to a cheap dining-room where they eat coarse food and speak no English.

The majority of the Americans in Mexico are Southerners. Class-pride, race-hatred, and provincial backwardness mark their narrow minds. They despise the Mexican and his ways of living. They dwell stubbornly apart in their handsome homes in the Colonia Roma and San Angel.

From their motor-car pedestal, they repeat glib phrases about race superiority, the moral debasement of the Mexicans, their unfitness to govern themselves, their dirtiness, their dishonesty, their propensity to lie. With unwavering dreariness, the conversation of the best American society in the capital, over tea-cups and bridge-tables and in club-rooms, revolves around clothes, servants, and the baseness of the Mexicans. "Yellow bellies" is the decenterest epithet applied to them.

III

At Mrs. Simpson's weekly bridge-party. Mrs. Noddle has just won a tea-set worth two hundred pesos. She is in an expansive mood.

MRS. N. You know, dear Mrs. Simpson, I tried your Mex. dressmaker, Señorita González, but she is so stupid. I paid her four pesos a day and her meals; I mean, of course, she ate with the other servants. But I shall never employ her again. Such bizarre taste—

MRS. S. Why pay her four pesos? Her price is three seventy five. And you know, my dear, I have her make only simple house things—aprons, underclothing, that sort of thing. I never suggested she was capable of making a frock.

MRS. N. I know. But she insisted she was an expert dressmaker. She just ruined that nice georgette. These Mex. are hopeless!

MRS. S. Yes, they will never learn. I've finally gotten a new servant for the upstairs rooms. I'm paying her fifteen pesos a month, which is good, very good, especially as she has no washing to do. But oh, she's worse than the others. Yesterday, when Mr. S. was shaving, she told someone over the 'phone that he was out. He came running out with soap on his face and gave her a good lacing. The stupid thing cried, said she'd never answered 'phones before. Of course, I had told her previously that Mr. S. was not to be disturbed, but a 'phone-call—! Of course, I'll have to let her

go. These Mex. will never amount to anything. They've no get-up, none at all!

IV

Many of the good women indulge in charity work; this gives them an endless opportunity to point to their own generosity and the ungratefulness of the natives. One woman told me, at great length, how she had fed starving Mexicans during the last revolution.

"And did they appreciate it? No! They left their old rags all over the front steps. I had to have a servant clean up after each meal. You'd think they'd have enough gratitude to keep things clean. Common decency—"

Another woman, during the same period, fed some twenty-five Mexicans with beans and *tortillas*, but she was so incensed when they had the impudence to request her to make some changes in their diet that she refused to feed them at all, evidently thinking that starvation—for that was what it meant in those days—was a suitable punishment for their temerity. I thought of the futility of trying to point out to her how these same Mexicans must have felt at beholding a wealthy foreigner living on the fat of the land, while they, its sons, had to beg at her door.

The American who breezes down to Mexico with his loud nasal voice, his brag, his money-grabbing instincts, is the worst sort to thrust upon a race with historical sensibilities and a matured, long-cherished courtesy—doubly bad because the Mexican will forgive almost anything except discourtesy.

The vulgarity begins on every south-bound train: "Hell of a country! . . . These damn' greasers!"

In the Pullman sleeper. A bellowing American voice: "Why the Lord made Mexicans and mosquitos is more than I can see!"

Riding up from Vera Cruz. An American doctor from Cordoba, so profoundly convinced of his own superiority that he has

been insulted by being ordered to take out a proper license to practice. He has pulled down his ornate shingle in order to punish the ungrateful Cordobans by depriving them of his services. His regretful comment: "Inside a couple of years, if they'd 've let me alone, I'd 've cleaned up half a million pesos in that rotten burg."

In general, the American business-man in Mexico considers himself born of a god-like superior race, above every law, and is willing to stoop to any chicanery, fraud, or evasion in his dealings with the natives, relying, if caught, upon bluster and his nationality to exonerate him.

A prominent officer of the American Club bursts into the American Drug Store and shouts: "You got any chewing gum? Shake a leg, will you! I gotta catch the next San Angel train." A Mexican just ahead of him, whom he shoulders out of the way, has just said to the clerk: "Good-afternoon, sir. Would you be so kind as to show me some hair-brushes?"

The luxurious Hotel Regis lobby. The "best" Americans. American newspaper correspondents lolling about half-stewed, hatching up readable lies. A commercial delegate from California:

"God, what a dead place!" He stretches himself in his plush chair and pulls his hat low over his eyes. "These people give me a belly-ache. Aren't worth a hang. Nothing here to do, nothing to see. Wouldn't invest a penny in this land on a bet."

"Have you been to the National Museum?"

"What the cuss, Bill, just a bunch of old rocks!"

"Have you been out to Amecameca? A fine view of Ixtaxihuatl and Popocatepetl from there."

"Fine view of what!"

"The volcanoes."

"Boy, we've got mountains right in my home state, I'm telling you; and a live bronco-busting volcano. What do I want to go out to some dirty Mex. town for?"

"You ought at least go out to San Juan

de Teotihuacán to see the pyramid of Quetzlacoatl."

"Who 'n 'ell is Quetz—what you call him?"

"Quetzalcoatl was a snake-sheathed god who—"

"I guess I can see enough snakes right here." He jerks his thumb in the direction of the bar-room. "The only live place in the whole stinking land. Have a drink?"

V

Shortly before Carranza was overthrown, I visited an *hacienda* in the state of Campeche in company with the American owner, who hadn't been on the place for seven years. This man long held the reputation of being the worst *peón*-lasher in all Díaz Mexico; and more than one story is told of a *peón* shot or beaten to death at his hands. Now he lives in the capital, circulates in the "best circles," buys rose-water at the American Drug Store and gives his daughters the finest education money can buy. He confidently told me on the train: "Mexico won't be worth a damn until it gets back to the good old Díaz days. You've got to run these beasts—stick a bit in their mouths. Give 'em iron. They're mud . . . mud!"

The first day on the *hacienda*, he stalked out through the canefields with a Colt and a black-snake whip. "I'll show you," he promised me, "how these people have to be handled."

His son, who had been running the *hacienda* during the troublous times, tried to dissuade him.

But father snorted and stalked on. A *peón*, mending an irrigation-lock, looked up and nodded pleasantly. The neck-muscles of my companion bunched.

"Stand up, you —!" and breaking into a string of oaths, he ripped out his black-snake. "Don't you know enough to stand up and take off your hat to a white-man, you dirty skunk of a nigger?"

The *peón* stood up, crossed his arms, and said quietly: "*Jefe*, don't be a fool. The

times have changed. Go ahead, but before sundown you'll be dead or in prison."

The discourtesy, vulgarity, and shoddiness that begin on the railroad trains, the streets, the *fincas*, are carried up into so-called cultured circles. While attending a lecture by Doctor Antonio Caso, one of the most dignified and learned gentlemen I have met in any country, I was shamed by three teachers, fellow-countrymen, who, though they could understand no word of Spanish, sat in the front row of seats, giggling and making deprecatory remarks through an entire hour because the speaker's gestures struck them as funny. Why should they be polite to a Mexican?

When the American residents wished to honor visiting American students at a summer-session with a *thé-dansant*, they put on their posters, "only Anglo-Saxon students invited," and even had the effrontery to ask the university rector to post these on the bulletin boards!

VI

The lady descended upon me after my lecture like a locomotive spurting steam. I edged back from the spray of her words.

"So, *you* are the man who wrote that nasty article about Americans in Mexico! I don't see why Americans who come down here have to throw mud at their fellow-countrymen. Don't you know that Americans are doing things for the Mexicans? Take the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—a most needed work."

"Assuredly," I replied, "if you exclude burros from your efforts. A burro is a hardy animal that thrives on beatings. Even so, I saw one of the poor beasts turn up his hoofs with a holy expression of despair, just like a medieval saint, when one of your kind-hearted ladies attempted to protect him. The approach of a ruddy northern goddess—"

The lady went on. "And the Americans here have a playground association. We have established playgrounds in a number of villages. But the ungrateful children

prefer to go out and play in the hills with their dirty old goats."

"But my dear lady, surely, you, who advocate kindness to animals, would not wish to deprive the goats of their jolly associates."

"And the Rotary Club—the work of the Rotary Club—"

"I confess my ignorance. I only recall the resolution of the Mexican Confederation of Labor when the Rotary Clubs were invited to hold a convention in Mexico City: 'We protest against the president of Mexico inviting these silk-hatted, frock-coated North American Fascisti to Mexico. It is like inviting a swarm of locusts to a freshly-planted cornfield.'"

But my good informant was persistent. "And we are introducing phonographs. We expect to make the phonograph an integral part of the life of all the mountaineers—"

I collapsed from the sultriness of the atmosphere. I had a dream. And in that dream I recalled the numerous trips I had made through the mountains of Mexico, the gracious hospitality I had received from the Mexicans, of how, up in a mountain town of Durango called Tepehuanes, I had sat in the plaza and been asked by the kindly *vecinos* where I was going, whence I had come, how long I was sticking around; and how all these inquiries were accompanied by the proffer of a flower, a cigarette, an orange, an invitation to dinner—because I was a stranger in their midst. And once more I heard the lovely strains of "Borrachita" and "La Paloma Blanca" from the guitars in that same moon-lit plaza, with the great black Sierras shouldering behind. I recalled the songs and the folk-lore and the fiestas at a hundred ranches on a hundred trails from one end to the other of Mexico. I remembered long chill nights when I had sat out under the low *ramadas* beside blazing fires with the white stars close overhead, shining as they only do in the southland. . . . Then I jerked to my senses, hearing the raucous jazz of "Yes, We Have No Bananas."

My charming steam-engine was still hissing. "And these people are stupid. For two years I've been trying to drive English into the heads of my pupils but they simply won't learn. [She hardly speaks Spanish herself.] Before I came to Mexico I was a radical, yes sir, a radical. But these degenerate, vile people need an iron hand. I no longer believe in liberty. I'm going back to the United States."

VII

Most of the Americans in Mexico speak the language poorly, in glaring contrast to all other foreigners, who soon speak fluently and correctly. A teacher of a missionary school which I recently visited, a woman of seventeen years' residence, asked a Mexican friend and me to sit down, in the past subjunctive mood—a most exhilaratingly painful achievement. A relative of the directress "died next week." Americans with ten, fifteen, even twenty years of residence often scarcely know what is said to them and can use only the barest conventional phrases. They are ignorant, too, of Spanish history and literature, of Latin-American history, of Mexican history. They know little of the real social, and political antecedents of the Mexican or of his age-long struggle for survival and freedom. Engaged in exploitation only, they have not the culture, the time, or the inclination to become acquainted with the fundamental forces that move the people among whom they reside. Their life is a projection of Main Street, and as circumscribed as in Gopher Prairie.

The antecedents, the habits, the ignorance of the resident Americans, combine to make them hopeless reactionaries. They are out of touch with world-currents; they are even out of touch with their own country. They conceive of the United States as it was in Podunk, Texas, or Hinky Dink, Arkansas, when they left. They forget that even Podunk and Hinky Dink may have changed since twenty years ago. Their ideas are derived from the

Weekly Dauntless or the *Baptist Ladies' Friend*. They are still in the mental jungles of Fourth of July patriotism.

Naturally, their vision is blurred with regard to Mexican politics. Most of them talk longingly of the good old Díaz days. "How clean the city was under Díaz! . . . How safe to travel! . . . The *peóns* knew their place in the days of good old Don Porfirio; they wouldn't *dare* sit in the parks or walk along fashionable Francisco I. Madero Street!" If you finally force the reluctant admission that Mexico could not have continued to live under feudalism in a capitalistic age, they will turn to the super-strong men of the revolution, General Reyes, Feliz Díaz, and above all to Huerta the bloody. "If only Wilson had recognized Huerta! Huerta knew how to govern these greasers with iron. They'll never learn to govern themselves."

VIII

We are such a numerous and puissant people that it is hard to convince us that a race lacking the symbols of power and conquest may have qualities superior to our own. But the Mexicans have traits which we of the great nations lack, which we talk about as the ideals of life, to which we give lip service but no real service. I do not speak of the small Mexican middle-class, which is building up a more sentimental set of shabby respectabilities than even that of the American middle-class; I do not speak of the military upstarts who are shameless plunderers; I do not speak of the Mexican labor-leaders; I do not speak of the clergy whose power is waning; I speak of the upper social class and the great mass of *peóns*, the Indian-Mexicans, the real Mexicans.

The cultured and artistic circles of Mexico are not endowed with the psychology of the parvenu, the beef-maker, the shoe-manufacturer; they are endowed with the graces of the best European society, which means refinement, understanding of the world, and civilized sensibilities. The edu-

cated Mexican is acquainted with two great European cultures, the Spanish and the French. He knows his Baudelaire, his Gourmont, his Molière, just as he knows his Cervantes, his Calderon, his Benavente. And he can talk intelligently, too, about the politics and literature of the United States and England. He is among the most brilliant conversationalists in the world—informed, imaginative, keen, ruthlessly sarcastic.

But the real roots of Mexican culture are deep in the lower classes—which can be said for few other countries. The Nahuas were a race of princely men, and centuries of oppression have but intensified their good manners, love of beauty, and refinement. Even the Indians crowded into the cities, starving, dispossessed, retain a love for beauty; a glow of color and poetry plays over their sordid lives. This native nobility of spirit is especially demonstrated in the treatment of strangers. Go to any small town in Mexico. You are not despised. You are privileged and welcomed. You are promptly spied on the outskirts of the town by some kindly native; you are escorted wherever you care to go. You are greeted in the plaza; you are proffered hospitality, food, tokens of friendship. Like as not, the *alcáide* will come out to greet you; he may wear sandals and pajamas, but he is clever, graceful, courteous, proud. This has happened to me in a dozen towns: Topia, Tepehaunes, Tpotzlán, Arroyo Verde . . . how the names linger; even in such large places as Durango, Culiacán, Celaya.

The Mexican will give you his all if he discovers you *simpatico*; he will give you his bed and sleep on the floor; he will divide his scanty ration of *tortillas* and *frijoles*. When you leave his hat sweeps his knees and his "*Vaya Ud. con Dios!*" rings after you, a leave-taking of genuine affection. I have traveled a thousand miles in Mexico without spending a cent. Make a Mexican friend and he is your friend for life; his loyalty is boundless until you show yourself utterly unworthy. Affection has no material restrictions. Your friend's house, his pocket-book, his time, his all is

at your disposal. He will deny you nothing. Nor will he imagine that there is any obligation on your part to repay him unless he should be in need.

The Mexican's possessive instincts are not strongly developed. Property is not his god. In Europe there is no generosity; money is hoarded; the Frenchman counts his *sous*, the Italian his *centessimi*. The American is generous because he has a superabundance. But the Mexican is generous because he is used to little, because he can accommodate his needs to almost any contingency; he is not gagged and bound by an inflexible standard, nor is he envious of his betters. In the villages what one *cecino* has, the other shares. The Mexican is still close to the great communal traditions. Instead of material comfort, he cherishes personality, individuality, independence.

In Mexico the spoken word does not carry conviction; the poetry of life resides in action. But that which Americans often mistake for untruthfulness is merely etiquette or imagination. Among themselves the Mexicans understand just what to believe and what to doubt. The American business man, having no manners and less imagination, is promptly "disillusioned." The Mexican knows well the sensitiveness of his kind. He invents a complicated, imaginative, yet obviously untruthful excuse for some minor breach of duty. But his hearer is pleased, for this is the etiquette of the proceedings: an attempt has been made to avoid hurting his feelings. The Mexican synthesizes the Orient and the Occident. On the one hand, he does not lose himself in the clouds of otherworldliness, and on the other, he is not interested in efficiency, in mechanistic processes, in means rather than ends. He is always realistic, cognizant that life is the one end, that living is the only art.

IX

In the plaza of Culiacán. A tall handsome Mexican, wrapped in a blazing *serape*,

black eyes and aristocratic features shaded into mysticism by his huge sombrero, big as a baobab tree.

"What do you do for a living?" I ask.

"Nothing." A humorous glint of teeth.

"Nothing?"

"Nothing, Señor." . . .

A similar specimen informed me that he was an election judge!

The Alameda in Mexico City. A ragged bootblack. He tells me that he prefers poverty to a nose-ringed job, that the middle-class is really miserable, eternally worrying about rent, clothes, petty appearances. "Blame rich or blame poor," is his motto. And he goes off singing a love-song: "*Si Adelita se casa conmigo. . .*"

This attitude is not a mere rationalization of laziness. The poorest Mexican is mystic; he has emotional depths, and he respects this side of his nature. He does not wall off his hours into arbitrary compartments. To work is to play; to play is to work. He will not ruin life by hurrying it.

X

Racially, socially, psychologically, Mexico is far more alien to us than Europe. The United States is a projection of Europe, a new graft on the old trunk; Mexico is only superficially European. In spite of recognition, reparations commissions, and visiting Chambers of Commerce, Mexico and the United States are drifting apart. Mex-

ico, more than at any other time in its history, is asserting its individuality.

It is one of the marvels of history that a handful of Spanish cavaliers and priests were able to impress their language and institutions upon a continent and a half; it is even more remarkable that the despised Indian, veneered with this glittering Latin culture, has been able to persist in a world of relentless imperialism and universal conflict. Eighty-five per cent of the people of Mexico are Indian or mixed, with Indian habits predominating. Take an interurban train out of Mexico City, walk for a few miles out to Contreras, to San Jerónimo; run down to Cuernavaca, to Cuatla, and you are upon the frontier again. The Caucasian has almost disappeared; little of his blood flows in the veins of these taciturn, mystical people.

The Spanish churches crumble, but the Aztec temples and the pre-Aztec pyramids are massive, rooted. The snake-sheathed Quetzalcoatl is still fanged and waiting. The aboriginal traditions keep the Mexican conscious of his group unity, his racial integrity. Mexican institutions, Mexican habits, Mexican etiquette, Mexican artistic perceptions, Mexican social psychology run back to civilizations that were great when Caesar was harrying the barbarians of Gaul. Today Mexico is in the throes of a vast revolution that has scarcely begun; it is seething with the re-emergence of unknown, aboriginal Mexico.

THE COMIC PATRIOT

BY CARL VAN DOREN

THERE might be, I suppose, a more precise term for my friend John Thane than the one he applies to himself when he says that he is a Comic Patriot; but he has not discovered the better term, and he seems to be well enough satisfied with the one he uses. He does not mean that it is comical to be a patriot or that he is a patriot in any comical way. He means rather, so far as I can gather from his definition, that he feels toward his native land and its inhabitants much as a comic poet or dramatist feels toward the race of men at large, without the elevation, and the occasional confusion and short-sightedness, which enter into epic or tragedy.

"A country," he once said to me, "is a comedy. It has its high hours, its noble gestures, its superb decisions. It has also, however, its doldrums, its shoddy episodes, its craven irresponsibilities. After all, a country is nothing but a body of human beings. As such, it drifts into imbecilities at least as often as it rises into admirable deeds. What right have we to expect anything else? If we do, we must expect sooner or later to be either disappointed or deluded. The disappointed patriots are those who have set their hearts on some national goal which is beyond the national reach or inclination. The deluded patriots are those who will not admit that their special goal has been missed. Between them, what sighs and howls, what songs and tragedies rise into the troubled air!

"Now, the Comic Patriot is rarely disappointed and never deluded. When his country fails to do what he had looked for it to do at some moment of its career, he merely sees that it was not the country he

thought it was, and revises his opinion. He does not break his heart with grief, nor pester the gods with questions. If he is cynical, he saves his skin among the ruins. If he is serious, he does what he can to change his compatriots. In no case does he go on fooling himself, compelling faith to undertake tasks it was never meant to undertake. He draws as long a breath as he needs and begins again with what is left."

"It strikes me," I told John Thane, "that your Comic Patriot is a light-hearted fellow."

"Not necessarily. He can be blue enough, but he trusts to his brains to pull him out. He has the sense to notice that things are never as simple in national affairs as most patriots imagine. Take the American Revolution, for instance, which, at one time and another, has drawn more ink than it ever drew blood. Seen through the spectacles of the grand style, the Revolution is a drama with a single plot. Virtuous men, according to those spectacles, rose against the oppressors who had long driven them, threw off the unendurable yoke, and assumed a separate and equal station among the powers of the earth. But to be dramatic such an action must be simple and passionate. And to be simple and passionate it must leave out of account a hundred or a thousand facts, such as that in certain sections of the country the Revolution was a civil war, that it dragged along with immense and shabby tedium, that it was partly won for the colonists by the opposition to the ministry in England, that it was followed by turmoil at home, that it took its eventual shape in the American memory only when poets and orators had

laid hands upon the very raw materials which the thing itself presented. Try to go behind the accepted version and you stir up all the deluded patriots who have founded their piety upon what they call a rock, though it is only rubble tolerably well cemented by time. Being a Comic Patriot, I merely wonder at them.

"Or take the question of the frontier, which has lately been raked by a very sharp fire of criticism. Was it wholly peopled by lion-hearted venturers who had the weight of a national destiny on their backs? Hardly. It had, like all communities, plenty of crooks and blockheads, loafers and nuisances, men and women who fitted it only because they fitted no other region. Its average of energy was on the whole higher than its average of intelligence. But the romancers could not leave it alone. They had to turn it into something epic to make it fit for patriotic digestions. Thus it came to be regarded as the scene of the march of heroes against sullen nature and violent aborigines, the breeding ground of independent spirits, the nursery of empire. Sooner or later there was bound to come the discovery that the frontier had never been very congenial to the graces or to the arts. After that discovery, controversy and broken heads. The deluded patriots hold to the tradition, against no matter what evidence. The disappointed moan that such things could ever be. But the Comic Patriot, since he was never taken in, cannot be taken aback.

"As for the Civil War, when the Comic Patriot thinks of that he exercises every muscle in his mind. He hears one set of patriots declare that the conflict was merely the end of a long crusade against the evils of slavery; then he passes on. He hears another set of patriots declare that it was the defeated resistance of a courageous minority who did not want to be absorbed into the industrial mechanism of the changing nation; then he passes on. He recalls the important item that the North forced the tariff upon the South to help make Northern manufacturers rich.

He recalls the important item that the South forced the war with Mexico upon the North to help extend the territory in which slaves might be owned. He comes to the conclusion that it would be difficult to decide, without partisanship, whether the Abolitionists or the Bourbons cut the handsomer or the sorrier figure in the history of the time. With the spirits of comedy and pity both stirring in him, he marvels that the common man in the North could have given so much to free slaves he had never seen or to preserve a Union which was in the main a metaphysical or a mystical conception; or that the common man in the South could have given so much to defend the slaves of the more prosperous men who, by using slave labor, made the economic life of the community a burden for those who were neither slaves nor slave-owners. The Comic Patriot would marvel more, however, if he did not find in the records abundant testimony that the common man of both North and South was less ardent than has customarily been made out, and in fact often dodged the draft, which filled the armies, expertly and pertinaciously. The Civil War a simple and passionate conflict! It was as muddled as a street brawl.

"I can say more," John Thane added. "It was as muddled as the World War!"

"You talk a great deal about wars," I said. "I should think a Comic Patriot might regard them as tragic subjects."

"The true Comic Patriot is never blind to national tragedies, though he does not let them overpower his judgment. I am talking about wars just now because they are simpler than almost anything else in the life of a country, and I want the simplest cases I can find for the sake of my definition. What interests the Comic Patriot about the World War is the question why the United States should have got into it at all. Was it because one righteous nation must come to the aid of other righteous nations when they are in danger? Was it because the most unconcerned bystander feels obliged to take sides in a fight if it lasts long enough? Was it because a neutral in

war-time has interests which must be regarded even at the price of ceasing to be neutral? Was it because the Allies, being nearer to American ears, had the advantage in propaganda? No one of these explanations will quite do for the Comic Patriot. He considers them all, as well as many others, and avoids hasty verdicts."

"But where are his moral sympathies?"

"His fault, perhaps, is that he is too moral. He cannot take sides with the facility of the ordinary patriot. He may be touched by the unselfish zeal with which the general run of Americans set out to free Cuba from Spanish misrule, but he still remembers that those same Americans were enduring within their own borders a misrule as gross—that of the Negroes by their white landlords and employers and terrorizers. Moreover, this spasm of unselfish zeal ended in as cool a piece of land-grabbing as any nation ever perpetrated. The Comic Patriot is such a moralist that he has to stand outside these dramas. Having a sense of humor, he does not expect his nation never to go wrong; but having a sense of humor, he also does not feel impelled to join in its wild oats. However cheerfully he may pay his taxes, he holds that no nation has the right to ask him to pay the extravagant price of indulgence in all its stupidities. What most marks him off from other patriots is his refusal to take a mystic's attitude toward his country, which is for him simply a portion of the surface of the earth whereon a portion of mankind, made more or less alike by the accident of association, lead a more or less uniform kind of life. When he feels the pull of mystical emotions, the expansion of the spirit which comes from the sense of being in the society of a mass of men all working together for a reasonably common goal, whatever it may be, he draws back. In that direction, the Comic Patriot knows, lie woolly notions about the souls of peoples, about the destinies of nations, about the existence of states which, conceived as something higher and more authoritative than the sum of the individuals who make

them up, may lawfully do what individual morality would not think of justifying."

"Admit at least," I said, "that your Comic Patriot, by his detachment, must seem inhuman."

"On the contrary, he is all humanity. He looks forever behind the nation, which is a kind of general idea, to the human beings who are the concrete details upon which the idea is established. These beings move him by their virtues, tickle him by their follies, distress him by their vices, enrage him by their obstinacy and cruelty, exalt him by their heroisms. It is they, he understands, who existed before the nation took its special shape; it is they who will outlast it. He is like a wise man at a play, who surrenders himself for the hour to the illusion of the scene but who knows that the action there represented is but a moment chosen out of a stream of life which never stops. At the same time, the Comic Patriot never loses himself in a vague universal philanthropy. Being a moralist, in his fashion, does not keep him from being a neighbor. He delights in the national memories which he shares with his countrymen. He savors the common tongue, with its familiar allusions and its hearty coloring. He responds to the laughter, recognizes the prejudices, participates in the fears, thrills to the songs, looks forward toward the hopes of his fellows. These things are familiar and so are dear to him, because he loves the feel of life when it comes close. To be a lucid critic of the show and to laugh at it as much as he must are, he considers, among his rights as a citizen as clearly as to look to the courts for justice. He fulfills his duties as a citizen none the less because he insists that he owes them to his neighbors and not to a metaphysical state, with a special soul and a particular destiny. He has learned, in short, how to combine affection with intelligence, the last lesson in the school of wisdom."

"It would be much easier," I said, "to be a Tragic Patriot and follow the passions."

"More men succeed at that," John Thane admitted.

A NOTE ON SHAKESPEARE

BY LEON KELLNER

EVERY reader of Shakespeare in one of the English or American standard editions is sure to be on terms of familiarity (not of friendship!) with the tiny marginal hieroglyphic resembling and therefore called a dagger (Greek: *obelus*), thus, †. This dagger is intended to act as a caveat to the unwary. "Don't run on," it warns, "with the idea that you have made sense out of this passage, because you haven't. And take care not to try and cudgel your brain in order to understand it, because you won't. It must not be tampered with in any way. It is taboo. The most eminent scholars have tortured their anointed heads about it and have given it up as 'corrupt' beyond the possibility of conjecture."

I have had a quarrel with this dagger for many years and I will now speak out. First, there is its arrogance in setting up, as it were by ecclesiastical authority, a canon of conjectures. Up to now, it seems to say everybody was free to suggest the true reading of this line, but henceforth the chapter is closed forever. Trying to get some sense into an absurd line by guessing at the proper reading was lawful, meritorious, a work of philological piety in the blessed time of the editors; today such efforts are of the devil.

Bad as this presumption is I could have put up with it. Clerical arrogance is proverbial. But the dagger is worse than that. By putting it against, say, forty passages in the whole of Shakespeare's work the editors state by implication that they understand everything else, and, consequently, that every reader who does not is an ass. Well, all I can say is that there re-

main hundreds of passages in Shakespeare which I cannot make head or tail of, and I am gored by the cruel horns of this dilemma: either the dagger is a liar, or I am an ass. Naturally I cannot be expected to take this verdict lying down. It hurts. I must justify myself somehow, and that is why I now appeal to all fair-minded readers of Shakespeare. Judge, I pray you, O inhabitants of England, and men of America, betwixt me and the dagger!

Take down your Shakespeare, open the volume—say the Globe Edition, if you have got it—and I shall lay before you my difficulties as we go along. In "The Tempest," Act III, Scene 2, beginning with line 96, Caliban unfolds his plan for getting rid of Prospero:

Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him,
I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst *brain* him,
Having first seized his books, or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his weasand with a knife.

How is that? *Brain*, as a verb, means to kill by beating out the brains. What alternative is this: "to brain him or to batter his skull"?

There is no dagger against the passage. The editors evidently found it perfectly correct. Do you?

In the same play, III, 3, 79, I read:

Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They [*i. e.* the powers] have bereft; and do pronounce
by me
Lingering perdition, worse than any death
Can be at once, shall step by step attend
You and *your ways*.

Can you imagine "lingering perdition" dogging somebody's "ways"? And if, by an effort, you can, do you think Shakespeare capable of writing a vacuous thing like that?

Again, in V, 155, Prospero, addressing his defeated enemies, says:

I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire
That they *devour* their reason and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth.

Need I expatiate on this as an impossible reading? I think not.

In the very first scene of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" I feel insulted by the absence of the dagger:

EVANS. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

SHALLOW. The luce is the fresh fish; *the salt fish is an old coat*.

If this is not sheer nonsense I do not know what is, and yet the editors will have us believe it to be sense!

"Measure for Measure" fairly bristles with difficulties for poor me, though the ingenious editors see none. Take, for example, Claudio's pathetic horror of death:

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod . . .

By what stretch of imagination can you wrest sense from this? What possible connection is there between a dead body and dough?

Again, look up III, 1, 266, in the same play. The disguised Duke is trying to impress on the shrinking Isabel how important it is for her to lend herself to the suggested pious fraud:

. . . and here, by this is your brother saved, your honor untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy *scaled*.

The word *scaled* is generally explained to mean "weighed in the balance," "tested," "found wanting." But it shows scant respect to the literary powers of the greatest master of English to saddle him with such a weak word, such a ludicrous anticlimax when we expect the strongest possible synonym of *exposed*.

The first scene of "The Comedy of Errors" concludes with what to all sensible readers and even to commentators has always been a vexing riddle. Old Aegeon,

when condemned to death, is told by the Duke that the sentence may be commuted by ransom. But the old man is a stranger in a strange land; how is he to find the generous soul to pay his ransom? So, when he goes on his bootless errand he says—

Hopeless and helpless doth Aegeon wend,
But to procrastinate his *lifeless* end.

Now, what reader outside the charmed circle of conscientious editors will accept this nonsense as having come from Shakespeare's pen?

Another passage in "The Comedy of Errors" (II, 2, 137) is a beautiful instance of what a liar the dagger can be when it is absent. Adriana, in her complaint about that neglectful husband of hers, says:

Sister, you know he promised me a chain;
Would that *alone*, *alone* he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed.

Why should such particular stress be laid on *alone*? Shakespeare, as a rule, is chary of emphatic repetitions. But there it is in the Globe Edition, and we are asked to make the best of it. Fancy my indignation when I found that the original reading, that of the First Folio, has nothing of the kind, and that the editors had gratuitously tampered with the text, and without the slightest improvement of the sense! The Folio has,

Would that *alone a love* he would detain.

If the dagger is called for anywhere it ought to have been put here against the original text.

And what in the name of commonsense do the editors make of the following passage in the same play (II, 2, 137)?—

How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I was licentious
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me
And hurl the name of *husband* in my face
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow . . . ?

II

I hope I need not go on with my list; as a matter of fact, I am afraid it is too long as it is. Have I been too severe in calling the

obelus arrogant, untruthful and insincere? Surely not. Even with these grave charges the case against it is not complete. By its presence and still more by its absence it has, for fully fifty years, led serious lovers of Shakespeare away from scrutinizing the text. In other words, textual criticism, started by Theobald two hundred years ago and zealously and most successfully pursued by such ingenious men as Hanmer, Johnson, Malone, Singer, Dyce, Collier, and Walker, suddenly came to a standstill fifty years ago, just at the time when the fatal dagger was introduced into the standard editions. The work of the Shakespearean Massorah was done.

But was it? No more than that of the Old Testament Massorah was done two thousand years ago. The other day I happened to hit on seven stately volumes, "Marginal Notes on the Old Testament Text," by the late American scholar, Arnold B. Ehrlich. The illuminating suggestions of the book attracted me powerfully; I found that English, American, French and German scholars had emended the Old Testament text out of all recognition during the past fifty years—the very years when the text of Shakespeare's plays was resigned to the despair of amateurs. Why? Apparently because some bigwig had declared that, with the exception of some thirty to forty passages, Shakespeare had been made perfectly intelligible. The lying dagger says so.

But what is the truth? Focus your attention on the text when reading Shakespeare, and you will be surprised at the prodigious phenomena you meet with. A lover is transformed by his passion into an "orthography" ("Much Ado About Nothing"); courtiers are "mere fathers of their garments" and "wear themselves in the cap of the time" ("All's Well That Ends Well"); Coriolanus suggests that the "parasite," silk, should be made an "overture for the war" ("Coriolanus"); the Roman mob is a "bosom multiplied" and consists of "woolen vassals"; "gyves" are converted into "graces," and peace is

standing "as a comma" between two realms ("Hamlet"); Falstaff has no other "injuries" in his pocket than tavern reckonings and like things ("Henry IV"); Holofernes, the schoolmaster, enlarges our knowledge by telling us that "the hound imitates his master, the ape his keeper, the horse his rider" ("Love's Labor Lost"); Desdemona elopes at an "odd-even" hour of the night, and, in her married life, turns out to be an "unhandsome" warrior ("Othello").

The stringing together of these absurdities looks, I feel, like a piece of irreverence, but nothing short of burlesque will do if the reader is to be impressed with the fact that hundreds of passages in the current standard texts of Shakespeare's plays present a mixture of the sublime and ludicrous such as is unparalleled in the world's literature. Is it not as if some lines had been written by an inspired genius, and the next by a drivelling idiot? If we could take it for granted that Shakespeare wrote all of them we should be face to face with a mental marvel compared with which the weirdest wonders of mesmerism and thought transference would shrink to nothing.

Did Shakespeare actually write these lines as they stand? Most decidedly not. Shakespeare's writings have not escaped the unhallowed hands of ignorant copyists and compositors any more than the works of Greek and Latin authors, than the Bible itself. But while Sophocles and Plato, Plautus and Cicero have been subjected to methodical scrutiny, to textual criticism which in the hands of masters has become a fine art, and so purged of the stupidities of ignorance and sloth, the grossest mistakes due to the copyists and printers of Shakespeare's plays are taboo and must not be touched, for, say the experts, all the purging that is necessary was completed fifty years ago.

III

I fancy I hear the impatient reader exclaim: "You have told us quite enough about the

sense lost; suppose you now tell us something about the sense regained?" I think that, in all modesty, I could do that. I cannot possibly develop the method by which my emendations have been arrived at within the space allowed me, but the proof of the pudding is in the eating; so let me give you my corrected versions of some of the passages quoted above, and you may judge for yourself.

The passage in "The Tempest," III, 2, 96, I read—

there thou mayst *brave* him
Having first seized his books. Or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his weasand with a knife.

It was anything but difficult to arrive at this conjecture. Anybody conversant with Sixteenth Century handwriting knows that a *v* cannot be distinguished from an *n*; hence the very common confusion of these two letters.

In III, 3, 79, of the same play I read—

Lingering perdition—

shall step by step attend
You and your *mates*.

Just as *v* was mistaken for *n* and vice versa, *w* was misread for *m* and *m* for *w*; *ways*, in Elizabethan spelling, was *waies*, and *i*, which was as often written without the dot as with it, closely resembled a medial *t*.

In V, 155, I read, as a matter of course, "*denounce* their reason," *i. e.*, slander. Again the original *n* misread for a *v*.

In "Measure for Measure" III, 1, 266, the emendation is obvious. Compare the substantive *stale* in "The Taming of the Shrew," I, 1, 58:

KATHERINE. I pray you sir, is it your will
To make a *stale* of me among these
mates?

The letters *c* and *t*, owing to their similarity when in a medial position, were constantly misread for each other. The passage thus becomes:

. . . and here, by this is your brother saved, your
honor untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and
the corrupt deputy *staled*—

id est, (in Elizabethan English) made a laughing stock, exposed to derision.

IV

Shall I go on with my emendations? I think not. I am absolutely certain that in "The Comedy of Errors" Shakespeare wrote, not "lifeless end," but "timeless end," *i. e.*, untimely or violent, for this meaning of the word was quite common at the time. But I am at a loss to account for the printer's error without launching into more palaeographical and grammatical arguments. And I am certain that no reader will accept the other emendations which I have up my sleeve unless I am given much more space than I have here. But I shall be perfectly satisfied, if in this short note, I have succeeded in raising suspicions against the dagger—and what it stands for.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

IT is the ingratitude of criticism that it can never forgive established genius for being anything less than complete genius. Like a sharp-shooter, it hides behind a rock on the upward trail waiting, and not without an occasional smirk, for genius to slip on a stray pebble and descend ever so slightly from the heights. Genius is the one thing in the world that can never afford to be even itself; it must ever progressively be more than itself. The artist who has painted a great picture or chiseled out a great statue or composed a great symphony or written a great play must next paint a greater picture or chisel out a greater statue or compose a greater symphony or write a greater play. If he does not, criticism will wag its head in doubt, and speculate on its earlier high estimate of him, and even now and again, base ingrate!, laugh derisively. This modicum of derisive laughter is now heard once more in certain quarters in the instance of George Bernard Shaw and his latest work, "Saint Joan," and in these certain quarters and among these deplorable and ignominious scoffers I regret to report that I find myself. For though the genius who has given us the greatest modern English ironic historical drama and one of the greatest of modern English comedies and the best of all modern English satirical farces and the most intelligent of modern English dialectic fantasies has been gradually slipping down, down the golden trail in the last decade and with his comparatively feeble one act plays like "The Inca of Perusalem" and ten act plays like "Heartbreak House" and two hundred and seventy-five act plays like "Back to Methusalem" has gathered behind the mountainside rock an increasing number

of skeptical *francs-tireurs*, there have been, and are still, those of us who look to him stubbornly and steadfastly to duplicate and even augment the dramatic gifts that these years ago were so dazzlingly his. But each new year with its new manuscript brings a new disappointment, and the treasures that the man of genius has given us in the past are with an ignoble thanklessness forgotten in the light of his more recent failures. I say failures, although of course such a man never fails as meaner men fail. There are streaks of diamond dust in even his shoddy. Yet one expects—has the right of expectation that the man himself has given us—that these streaks shall be not mere streaks. The cobra eyes of criticism ever fasten their deadly glare upon the artist who has already realized himself.

Thus, Shaw's "Saint Joan," though it is a work far above the general, fails to satisfy us. From a lesser genius, it might pass muster—at least to a degree. From the hand of Shaw, it comes as an *affaire flambée*. We have had the Drinkwater chronicle play, and now we have a Vegetarian one. It is relatively undernourished; it cries for Old Tawny and red meat. It is as literal as the inscription on an envelope; the incidents of history with which it concerns itself are sieved through an indubitable imagination whose holes in this instance are so large that the incidents remain much as they were before. One looks for brilliant illumination and one finds but pretty, unsatisfying candle light.

This "Saint Joan" seems to me to be for the major portion as affectation on Shaw's part to prove late in his career to a doubting world that he has, after all, a heart. Why Shaw should want to convince

the world that he has a sympathetic heart baffles me quite as much as if Darwin or Huxley or Einstein had wished or would wish similarly to convince the world of the fact in their own cases. But age ever grows sentimental, and Shaw, whose genius lay in tonic cynicism and disillusion, has grown comfortably sweet. Relatively so, true enough, but the genius of incredulity and dissent cannot compromise with the angels and survive. Yet one cannot convince one's self that this late compromise on Shaw's part is not very largely another instance of his sagacious showmanship, or in other words, conscious hokum. Shaw is undoubtedly just selling his soulfulness to the box-office devil. The sentiment of his rare Cleopatra was wise, and not without its leaven of irony, and very truly beautiful. The sentiment of his Joan of Arc is the bald sentiment of a wartime soapbox plea for money to buy milk for French babies. It is effective in an open and shut way, but its artistic integrity is suspect. Now and again in the course of his play, Shaw, with the ghost of the Shaw of fifteen years ago mocking him, becomes for a moment himself again, and we get a flash of the old-time quick mind playing its smiling skepticism in counterpoint to the Rubinstein "Melody in F" dramatic motif. But splendid though these isolated moments are—the speeches of the Archbishop of Rheims in the second episode and of the bench of the Inquisition in the episode before the last are Shaw at his best—they yet paradoxically, because of the confusion of the sentimental and rational keys, weaken considerably the texture of the drama as a whole. The greatest love scene in all the drama of all the world, a scene of tenderness and passion and glory all compact, would fall promptly to pieces were the heroine to hiccough or the hero, embarrassingly finding an alien particle in his mouth, to spit. Shaw's hiccoughing is amusing and his expectorations are corrective and prophylactic, but they do not jibe with the story of Joan as he has set

out to tell it and as actually he has told it. The story of Joan is perhaps not a story for the theatre of Shaw, after all. It is a fairy tale pure and simple, or it is nothing—an inspiring and lovely fairy tale for the drunken old philosophers who are the children of the world. It vanishes before the clear and searching light of the mind as a fairy vanishes before the clear and searching light of dawn and day. It is a tale for the night of the imagination, and such a tale is not for the pen of a Shaw. It is a tale for a Rostand, or a Barrie at his best, or maybe for some Molnar. If irony creeps into it, that irony should be an irony that springs not from the mind but from the heart.

Speaking of Shaw's "Joan" from the purely theatrical rather than from the library point of view, I cannot persuade myself that such an essentially inferior—very, very inferior—play as Moreau's on the same subject does not constitute a much more persuasive and convincing spectacle. It takes all for granted, and it accordingly sweeps the necessary theatrical emotions up into its arms. It may be a very poor play, but it never falters in its grim, artistically pitiable, passion. Shaw, to the contrary, has sung his dramatic "Marseillaise" with a trace of British accent. The melody is there, still vibrant and still thrilling, but with too many disturbing suggestions of Piccadilly. *It* moves, yet *we* do not move. It thinks when we would feel; it is literal when we would soar into the clouds of fancy; it is humorous, with a Krausmeyer's Alley species of humor—as in the handling of the episode of the eggs in the first act—when we do not wish to be humorous. The old Shaw jokes on the dunderheadedness and insularity of the English somehow do not seem to belong here; the George V. Hobart dream allegory of the epilogue is the old derisory Shaw making an obviously desperate last jump for the step of the rearmost car as the train is quickly pulling out and away from him; the episode of Joan kneeling, sword aloft, head bathed

by the spotlight man, before proceeding on her way to lift the siege of Orleans is the stained-glass stuff of the old Stair and Havlin circuit. When Shaw is literal, his literality lacks vital simplicity; when he is fanciful, as in the epilogue, his fancy is more literal still.

The Theatre Guild's presentation of the play is a poor one. The groupings are amateurishly contrived; the direction is frequently so lopsided, what with the characters quartered either wholly on the left or right side of the stage, that the stage itself seems imminently about to be resolved into a see-saw; movement is lacking; the manuscript is made static. Several of the actors are excellent, notably Mr. Albert Bruning as the Archbishop, Mr. A. H. Van Buren as the Earl of Warwick and Mr. Henry Travers and Ian Maclaren as the Chaplain of Stogumber and Bishop of Beauvais respectively. Miss Winifred Lenihan, however, is so unequal to the heroic demands of the rôle of Joan that the rest of the cast is plainly concerned with laboriously playing down to her. She may convince the Theatre Guild management that she could save the armies of France but not for a moment does she convince the actors who play the leaders of that army or, more important still, the folks out front. Her fire is a small blaze at Sargent's Dramatic School; her voice—"a hearty, coaxing voice, very confident, very appealing, very hard to resist," thus Shaw describes it—is dry, and coaxing and appealing only with the mechanical formality of a player-piano. Several of the minor moments she manages nicely; in scenes calling for cold directness and chill reserve she is competent; but otherwise she lacks, and lacks entirely, the warm spark that must set aflame such a rôle as this one.

II

To that branch of the native dramatic literature dealing with the American negro, which already includes such meritorious work as Ridgely Torrence's

"Granny Maumee," Eugene O'Neill's "Emperor Jones" together with the play that leads the present number of the *American Mercury*, and Ernest Howard Culbertson's "Goat Alley," there has been added recently the "Roseanne" of Nan Bagby Stephens. This last play, while not up to the high level of the others named, is none the less a creditable and interesting contribution, with much honest observation in it, a considerable penetration of darky character, and several specimens of forceful dramatic writing. The weakness of the play lies in the author's attempt to over-elaborate what was originally a manuscript in one act. This attempt has been instrumental in spreading out the materials until they become very thin, notably in the instance of the last act which runs about half an hour and which is at best a five minute episode playing desperately against time. But much of the rest of the exhibit is excellent, particularly that portion which depicts a negro revival meeting. This has been admirably staged, simply, unpretentiously, yet vitally, and mounts to a stirring act-end. The fable concerns a black man of God who, glorying in the power his newly acquired position gives him in the community, uses that position to further each one of his own ends, whether of the pocket or the flesh. His detection and undoing constitute the body of the play.

Up to eight or nine years ago, it is doubtful if, in the entire range of the American drama, there was to be found a single authentic negro character. The negro of drama was then either of the white wool wig and kidney pain species, given to excessive hobbling, many a "Yas, yas, massa, I'se a-comin'," and a comic line on his every exit, or of the species that was essentially a mere blacked-up Caucasian minstrel end man in a cutaway coat three sizes too large for him and a snowy toupee who was rather dubiously transformed into a dramatic character by giving him one scene in which he taught little Frieda and Otto how to say their prayers and another

in which he apologetically shuffled into his master's library when the mortgage on the latter's old Southern estate was about to be foreclosed by the Northern villain and, with tears in his eyes and a quaver in his voice, informed him that, come what might, he would stick to him until he was daid. It is further doubtful if up to eight or nine years ago there was on the American stage a single negro character under fifty years of age. In the dramatic credo of the antecedent epoch it was an invariable doctrine that no negro existed who did not have white hair and the misery in his back, and who had not been in the employ of the same family since boyhood. Those stage Ethiops were a peculiar lot, as far removed from the American negro of actuality as the *raisonneurs* of Galsworthy are removed from the *raisonneurs* of Viennese musical comedy. Now and again a playwright would come along and try to break from the established tradition, but the best he seemed to be able to negotiate was, as in Edward Sheldon's case, a partly blacked-up Sardou, or, in Thomas Dixon's, a melodramatic lay figure who served as the pursued animal in a fox hunt by the Ku Klux Klan. The effort to look under the old superficial burnt cork is a very recent one. Miss Stephens' is another such effort, and one contrived with much accuracy and competence. Miss Mary H. Kirkpatrick is the entrepreneur. She and her associates in the production have managed with great success the difficult business of instructing white actors in the manners and idiosyncrasies of the blacks.

III

The genius of Maurice Maeterlinck is a product of the talented imagination of second-rate critics. In all the civilized countries of the world there has been but one critic of the first rank who has succumbed to the Belgian Percy MacKaye, and James Huneker, for all his other high analytical gifts, was admittedly a poor

critic of the theatre and drama. At that, I single out the late Lord Jim somewhat unfairly, for, though he wrote of Maeterlinck in terms sweet and ecstatic, he was given—when his right foot rested upon a brass rail and his mind took on that rare noonday clarity of his—to a skeptical snickering at his own judgment. Those persons who have seen in Maeterlinck an artist of pure facet have been betrayed into that estimate by his posturing of genius rather than by any actual genius. An extraordinarily shrewd showman with a fine feeling for the poetry that lies ever at the breast of beauty but with a relatively small aptitude for imprisoning that feeling in words, he has succeeded—in the past, if not in more recent years—in persuading the susceptibles that the task he set himself was a task accomplished. Yet though his field was strewn with flowers and though his aim was at the heart of beauty, his arrow almost uniformly found its home in the rear of an earthly cow. And the reason therefore is at hand. The man himself is essentially less the spiritual artist that he would have us believe than a materialist in a Belasco getup, with the two qualities constantly warring with each other and with the latter, by virtue of its greater bulk, ever the confounding vanquisher of the former. Maeterlinck is like nothing so much as the nun in Reinhardt's production of "The Miracle": the performer of a pious rôle who, in order properly to impress the paying public, keeps to himself in his hotel room and permits himself seldom to be seen off the stage, and then only with eyes cast down and face made ascetic with a liberal smear of holy talcum powder. As his particular hotel room, Maeterlinck has affected a remote ruined castle, but for the rest he has conducted himself more or less faithfully after the instructions of whoever it is who would be Morris Gest's press-agent if Morris Gest lived and operated in Belgium. But the job of living up to his self-made legend was a difficult one, and thus it came about presently that the

good Maeterlinck's foot slipped, as Halvard Solness' foot slipped before him, and that the good Maeterlinck found his circus pretensions crushed in the quarry whereinto he fell. He could, poor fellow, keep up the bluff no longer. Twenty years is a long time. There is a Boulevard des Italiens as well as a path of brambles and thorns that winds behind a Belgian retreat. There are rich movie lots in Hollywood as well as virgin meadows in Herenthals. There are Hilda Wangels in the world as well as bees. "And who are you?" *He pulls off his whiskers.* "I am Hawkshaw, the detective!"

Thus did the Belgian Shakespeare (how they must laugh who erst invented the phrase!), mayhap not wholly consciously, remove his spiritual plumage and reveal to his astonished eulogists the charlatan underneath. This charlatan, this pretender, has ever been there behind the venerable mystic whiskers, for as a man doeth so is he in his heart, and it has been this spirit of charlatanism and pretence in Maeterlinck that has conveyed itself to almost everything that he has written. For one touch of uncorrupted beauty, there have been a dozen touches of affectation and sham: like W. C. Fields' fly-paper, they have stuck irremovably to Maeterlinck's fingers for all his efforts to shake them off. For one honest flight of free imagination, there have been two dozen flights of mincing self-consciousness. The horses that the Stratford Shakespeare held in check outside the Globe Theatre turned into Pegasus; the Pegasus that the Belgian Shakespeare tried to hold in check for Tintagiles, Aglavaine, Sélysette, Joyzelle, Pelleas, Melisande and many such another promptly and disconcertingly turned back into so many everyday nags. Genius dramatizes itself. All that Maeterlinck has dramatized is the vague symbol of genius.

Although, true enough, "Pelleas and Melisande" came into being early in his career, it is a typical example of his generally defective artistry. While the play

has some of the inevitable appeal that inheres in any story of romantic love, whether that story be told by the Shakespeare of "Romeo and Juliet" or the Richard Harding Davis of "Soldiers of Fortune," it otherwise misses in every detail the heightened appeal that comes from an imaginative orchestration of such a story's emotions and from a felicitous verbal embroidery of such a story's little fancies. Striving for the simplicity that the play must have or in the not having perish, Maeterlinck succeeds only in achieving the kind of simplicity that is achieved by a rich dowager dressed up as a country maid at a fancy dress ball. Striving again for drama at the play's numerous curtain falls, he contrives only such banalities as long, tense, silent gazes, bald announcements of peril imminently to descend, sudden streams of radiance from bunchlights turned on in the wings, and—if not quite all of Mr. Gene Buck's hokum trinity: Mother, the Baby and the Flag—at least Mother and the Baby. His verse or poetic prose has an occasional starlit glimmer—I say occasional very generously, as I can recall only two such instances in the entire play, and they are minor ones—but in the mass it is the stuff of an imagination chained to a linotype machine. It is uninspired; it is pompous, peacocky, snobbishly simple—royal raiment worn for rags' sake. Miss Jane Cowl's Melisande is a delicately shaded and noteworthy performance, one that, with her admirable Juliet, lifts her high in the sound esteem of the American theatre. Mr. Rollo Peters' Pelleas, however, tries so assiduously to capture the wistful romantic note that it becomes before long as unintentionally humorous as the lugubrious playing of "Träumerei" on a saw.

IV

Actresses usually keep scrapbooks of all the plays they have acted in. Occasionally one of them goes so far as to dramatize her scrapbook in the form of a synthetic

vessel for her own particular stage use. Such a compound is "Hurricane," by Madame Olga Petrova. Not only has Madame Petrova put into it all the materials out of her past plays that were dearest to her actress heart, but also a lot out of several dozens of other plays of her sister stars, to say nothing of a few tasty touches of the Broadway hokum, currently believed to be so profitable, for good measure. The exhibit is a post-graduate study in the star actress play of commerce. In it the star vouchsafes to herself the opportunity to reveal herself to her audience at the outset as a poor, abused, bedraggled and illiterate young woman and, at the finish, as a regally accoutred creature with the mien of a queen, the wit of a Madame de Staël, and yet, with it all, the same heart of gold that was hers in the humbler day. We see again the sordid surroundings of eight-thirty and the gilt magnificence of eleven. We hear the heroine gradually being persuaded to say "he taught me" instead of "he learned me." We hear the lesson in French, with the comic byplay. We see the brave little crippled sister and give ear to her thus: "Oh, doctor, do you really think I'll be able to walk again like other girls and be able to feel the green grass under my feet—and maybe be able to dance and sing? Wouldn't it be wonderful—too wonderful! If I pray to God, dear doctor, do you think He'll let you cure me?" (Yes, little girl, never fear; you will be miraculously cured at exactly 10:45 P. M., when with a cry you will fling aside your crutch and braces and shout aloud: "Look! Look! It's true; it's true! I can walk—I can walk!") We see the love scene in the moonlight; we hear the heroine's confession of past sin; we hear the manly hero's asseveration that all that means naught to him—"It is not what you were; it is what you are today, darling. Through the murk of the past I can see the virgin purity of your untarnished soul." We hear the naughty epithet duly hurled at the heroine by the villain by way of dredging up the necessary box-office blush

out front. And we get, *seriatim*, all the stencils such as "If God wants poor people to have so many babies, why doesn't He look out for them after they're born and not let so many of them die?" and "Take me; I am yours, body and soul; do with me as you will; only—only—I cannot marry you; I cannot be your wife. Think of your name, your career, what your friends would say! I love you too much to let you sacrifice yourself! I love you, Michel, I love you . . ." Madame Petrova finds no difficulty in juggling these rubber-stamps into an effective performance. Miss Camilla Dalberg is extremely good in the small rôle of a Polish peasant woman given to excessive child-bearing. But the dramatic evening knows no trace of quality.

V

When a Frenchman turns coy and tries to write a chaste comedy, what follows is often as unfortunate as when an American paints his blue nose red and tries to write a risqué comedy. The Frenchman's comedy in such circumstance is generally so strainfully virtuous that it is deadly, as the American's is so laboriously smutty that it is deadly no less. The most recent brace of Frenchmen to attempt the sweetly sentimental are those erstwhile consistently naughty fellows, Maurice Hennequin and Romain Coolus; their product is "La Sonnette d'Alarme" ("The Alarm Clock") done into English by Avery Hopwood. While it is true that the original is not without a trace of blush bacteria, that trace is so small as to be negligible, and being so small gives to the comedy as a whole the aspect of a reformed *roué* holding hands with Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy. Entertaining clean sentimental comedy seems to be as far from the talents of the generality of French playwrights as entertaining risqué comedy is from the talents of the generality of American. For that matter, the American Harry Wagstaff Gribble in "March Hares," meeting the Frenchmen on their own ground, has

written a better risqué comedy than any Parisian has turned out in the last half dozen years, while not a single Frenchman, meeting the American playwright on *his* own ground, has succeeded in composing an immaculate comedy of any sound merit whatsoever. Hennequin and Coolus are witty and engaging comic artists of the popular theatre; some of their risqué exhibits are gorgeously funny; but their "Sonnette d'Alarme" is as dull a sentimental comedy as an attempt at French naughtiness by an American like Wilson Collison. This original dulness has not been diminished in Mr. Hopwood's transposition of the text. The latter has cluttered up that text with obvious vaudeville jokes, allusions to Flo Ziegfeld and Greenwich Village, and wheezes on Prohibition, jazz and ladies' undergarments, and has otherwise vulgarized a manuscript whose only small virtue lies in its comparative abstention from such barbarisms. The comedy is further damaged by the staging of Mr. David Burton who, in an attempt to inject life and speed into the text, has caused the actors to run around, shout, and rattle off their lines as if the piece were a farce. Bruce McRae is the plausible and ingratiating actor that ever he is, and Miss Marion Coakley brings considerable charm and distinction to a rôle that is essentially as banal as one of Edward Childs Carpenter's little orphan heroines.

VI

Although I am not acquainted with the Edouard Bourdet comedy which George Middleton has adapted into "The Other Rose," I feel that it is a reasonably safe assumption, knowing pretty well some of the other work of the sprightly author of "The Rubicon," that the American has deleted from the original the one thing that made it perhaps entertaining in the French. Unless my guess is a bad one, the French original dealt with the humorous

conflict in an idiotically impressionable young man of what Molnar has called heavenly and profane love, the pull of romantic feminine purity against romantic feminine sex. From the local version, the sex has been carefully pruned, the result being that what minimum of conflict remains is the hackneyed collision in the young man's Martha Washington heart between two summerized and sentimental women rivals. This hybrid has been produced by Mr. Belasco with his customary uncommon finish, and it is admirably played in its two leading rôles by Miss Fay Bainter and Henry Hull; but it is all a waste of good effort.

VII

Leon Cunningham's "Neighbors," produced by the Equity Players, is a swollen vaudeville sketch that seeks to extract humor from the bitter feud that springs up between two families as the result of a trivial occurrence. The author has managed certain minor technical details adroitly, but his play, for all its effort to capture the homely and authentic humors of such a comedy as "The First Year," seldom gets underneath the greasepaint on the faces of its actors. The dramatizing of a triviality into a pervading catastrophe calls for an exceptional imagination and talent, and in these the present craftsman is deficient. His sortie into the field of kindly irrision misses success by virtue of his inability to distinguish between the situation that breeds humor and humor that breeds a situation. His situations and his humor are visibly joined together with gutta percha; there is an air of humorous calculation that prejudices the reactions of the auditor; there is no natural flow to the dramatic events. Attempting to capture various lower middle-class, small town American characters, he has succeeded only in dressing up so many vaudeville comedians in overalls, suspenders and calico.

THE LIBRARY

How We Are Governed

THE GREAT GAME OF POLITICS, by Frank R. Kent. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Company.

ASTONISHINGLY enough, this is the first book ever written in America which describes realistically and in detail the way in which the mountebanks and scoundrels who govern 110,000,000 free and brave people obtain and hold their power. There are, of course, multitudes of texts on the political institutions of the nation, and a great many solemn treatises on the ways in which those institutions might be improved, but nearly all such tomes have been written by pedagogues rather than by practical men, and so they are generally long on theory and short on fact. Dr. Woodrow Wilson's "Congressional Government" offers a good example, if only because it is probably the best of the lot. Considering that it was written by a young scholar, still a year short of his Ph.D., it is, in truth, a genuinely distinguished performance. But how different and how much better a volume upon the same subject the learned author might write today, with fifteen years of hard political experience behind him! Not even the title, I venture, would remain, for congressional government, as the thing was understood in 1885, is now as extinct as the Bill of Rights. Dr. Wilson helped to murder both. His story of either butchery would make a book, indeed!

Mr. Kent is no pale young man in the grove of Pallas, but a political reporter of twenty-five years unbroken service—a man whose knowledge of practical politics sweeps upward from the elementary devices whereby drivers of garbage-carts are selected from the great mass of 100 per cent

Americans to the far more intricate and subtle artifices whereby a Hiram Johnson's heart is broken and a Harding is set upon the throne. Add to this vast experience an unmistakable passion for the sinister craft and mystery that he discusses—he views politics, indeed, with something of the lyrical fervor that gets into a bibliophile's view of first editions—and there issues an equipment that is almost perfect. His book radiates authority from end to end. When he describes the inner machinery of a primary election he describes something that he obviously knows completely. And when he details the tricks and dodges whereby Corrupt Practices Acts are evaded, he doesn't have to give names and dates, for he is no more to be doubted than "Robinson Crusoe" is to be doubted.

It goes without saying that a man so crammed with facts is not greatly inflamed by Vision. Nowhere in his book does he offer a new sure cure for all the corruptions of our politics; nowhere, in truth, does he show much confidence in any of the sure cures already proposed. All that he has to say of a hortatory and moral nature is crowded into three and a half pages of fine type at the end. And that all is simply this: that political machines are absolutely essential to the functioning of democracy, and that getting rid of them is thus quite as hopeless as getting rid of rain or frost. If they were abolished by a miracle tomorrow, the result would not be Utopia, but chaos. *Someone* must divide up the money looted from the plain people and distribute the easy jobs; politicians are simply persons with a special appetite and capacity for that subtle art. But it is not necessary, says Mr. Kent, that they should all be alike—that is, that they

should all be unmitigated rascals. The plain people not only have a God-given right to substitute measurably decent ones for those who are beyond redemption; they have, in every American State, a means already at hand. This is the means of voting in the primaries. Not one honest burgher out of ten does it—but all politicians, high and low, do it. In the primary, says Mr. Kent, lies the boss's strength, and also his Achilles heel. He may lose general election after general election and still hold his power, but let him come to grief in a couple of primaries and he is done for. For it is on victory in the primary that control of the party depends, and a politician who cannot control his own party, within the limits of his bailiwick, is no longer a politician, but only an ex-politician. The woods and wailing-places are full of them, nearly all done to political death by other politicians. But the plain people, if they only had the resolution, could achieve the same end, and if they did it sufficiently often the whole race of politicians would greatly improve.

Here, perhaps, I devote far too much space to what is, after all, merely a footnote to the book. Of its 322 pages, 319 are devoted illuminatingly, not to what might be or ought to be, but to what is. The facts are set forth clearly, accurately and often amusingly. It is an odd and highly instructive book.

H. L. MENCKEN

One of the Immortals

REMEMBERED YESTERDAYS, by Robert Underwood Johnson. Boston: *Little, Brown & Company*.

THE literary conquest of the East by the Middle West was made in two waves of attack, and the first was very faltering. The earliest invaders, indeed, did not come to conquer; they came to apply humbly for entrance and countenance, hat in hand. Of such sort were Howells, Clemens, Hamlin Garland and John Hay. The sad story of the dephlogistication of Clemens by the blue-noses has been told affect-

ingly by Van Wyck Brooks; how Howells and Garland were polished, pomaded and embalmed has been told by themselves; of Hay it is sufficient to say that he arrived in the East an Antinomian and died a fop. All this was in the seventies and eighties of the last century, when Parnassus was a *papier-mâché* mountain on rollers, slowly lurching along the Boston Post-Road toward New York. The second rush of long-horns, set off by the Chicago World's Fair of 1893, was far less timorous and *pianissimo*. This time they came, not to woo the decrepit dons of tidewater, but to flout and rout them. Some Berserker blades were in that company—for example, Dreiser and Frank Norris, and, in the reserve, Masters, Sandburg, Lindsay, Anderson *et al*—and they made rough and effective practice. Today, as a result of that practice, the New England tradition survives only historically, and the New York tradition, never very vigorous, has taken refuge in the abandoned stables of Greenwich Village. The dominant voice in the American letters of today is obviously that of the Middle West. Even Cabell, who is so typically Eastern that he is almost wholly European, had to wait for fame until the West discovered him.

Robert Underwood Johnson *de l'Académie Américaine*, B.S., A.M., Ph.D., L.H.D. and all the rest of it, is an archaic and somewhat bewildered survivor of the first brigade of invading Westerners—that is, of the brigade that came on velvet foot, eager to be patronized. Brought up in a remote march of Indiana, where the Bible and Ayer's Almanac were the only books generally read, he arrived in New York in the seventies, got himself a job on *Scribner's Monthly* (later the *Century*), and instantly fell under the spell of its editor, Dr. J. G. Holland, author of "Letters to Young People" and "Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects," the Dr. Frank Crane of that era. The things that Dr. Holland admired were elegance, restraint, what he called good taste; the things that Dr. Johnson admires today are elegance, re-

straint, what he calls good taste. This good taste, it appears, takes the form of a rancorous hostility to every idea hatched since 1885. It would be amusing but somewhat cruel to list all the bad authors of whom the good doctor speaks with respect, beginning with the aforesaid Holland and ending with Frank R. Stockton; it would be even more amusing to list all the good ones he shows no sign of being aware of. Here is a book of 624 pages by a man who helped to edit one of the principal American magazines for forty years, and yet there is absolutely no mention in the index of Stephen Crane, Jack London, Edith Wharton, Theodore Dreiser, George Ade, Frank Norris, Willa Cather or James Branch Cabell—nor, indeed, of Joseph Conrad, Gerhart Hauptmann or Anatole France! But there is a long and lyrical chapter on the American Academy of Arts and Letters, in which it appears that one of the *literati* most active in organizing the underlying Institute was F. Marion Crawford, and that among the first members of the Academy were such brilliant lights as Crawford, Hamilton Wright Mabie, Donald G. Mitchell, Bronson Howard and Johnson himself! Surely a curious company of immortals! Dr. Johnson, at that time, was an assistant editor of the *Century* and had printed three trivial books of verse—chiefly dull set pieces in the college commencement manner of 1875. How Richard Harding Davis came to be left out it is hard to imagine.

Dr. Johnson says that he retired from the editorship of the *Century*, in 1913, because of a difference with the trustees over the policy of the magazine. Such forgotten successes of that day as *Everybody's*, *Munsey's* and *McClure's* were cutting into its circulation. The trustees favored popularizing it,—which is to say, I surmise, restoring to it the enterprise and timeliness that it had shown in the early eighties. Dr. Johnson, on the contrary, favored keeping it “unimpaired in tone and character,” and proposed setting up an independent “cheap, illustrated, all-

story periodical,” clubbing it with the *Century*, and “thus utilizing the capital of our name.” This difference is rather hard to understand. If the trustees actually planned to degrade the magazine, as Dr. Johnson hints, then they changed their minds after his retirement, for it continued very dignified, and remains so today. The chances are that the combat was not actually between dignity and cheapness, but between Dr. Johnson's notion of dignity and some other notion. The year he succeeded Richard Watson Gilder as chief editor of the *Century* Ellery Sedgwick became editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Without sacrificing dignity in the slightest, Sedgwick pumped the *Atlantic* full of new life, and by 1913 it was already an assured success, notwithstanding the competition of Munsey, McClure and the rest of the barbarians.

Despite the fact that Dr. Johnson is an Academician, a Ph.D., an L.H.D., a commander of the Order of the Crown of Italy, an officer of the Order of Leopold II of Belgium, a commander of the Order of St. Sava of Serbia, a grand cordon of the Order of SS. Maurice and Lazarus of Italy and a personal friend of King Victor Emanuel III, some curious slips are to be found in his book. For example, he seems to believe that the *one-he* combination is good English. Again, he speaks of the walls of a hospital being “discolored by pyaemia,” which is much like saying that the windows were broken by headache. Yet again, he praises the following doggerel as “touching lines” in a “beautiful lyric”:

the rain would come full often
Out of those tender eyes which evermore did soften:
He never *could* look cold until we saw him in his coffin.

The italics are from the text. I should add that this lovely fragment of the J. G. Holland school is not from the *Century*, but from the *Atlantic*. But Sedgwick is blameless: it was printed eleven years before he was born.

H. L. M.

Pseudo-Science

- REJUVENATION AND THE PROLONGATION OF HUMAN EFFICIENCY, by Dr. Paul Kammerer. New York: *Boni & Liveright*.
- REJUVENATION: HOW STEINACH MAKES PEOPLE YOUNG, by George F. Corners. New York: *Thomas Seltzer*.
- THE RE-CREATING OF THE INDIVIDUAL, by Beatrice M. Hinkle, M.D. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company*.
- A PLEA FOR MONOGAMY, by Wilfrid Lay, Ph.D. New York: *Boni & Liveright*.
- THE PHILOSOPHY OF CIVILIZATION, by R. H. Towner. Two volumes. New York: *G. P. Putnam's Sons*.
- CONTRACEPTION: THEORY, HISTORY AND PRACTICE, by Marie Carmichael Stopes. London: *John Bale, Sons & Danielsson*.

Six books—all of them highly profound and scientific in manner, all of them addressed to the layman, and all of them concerned chiefly with the phenomena of sex! There is a moral in the fact, I have no doubt, but if so you must deduce it for yourself. As for me, I content myself with reporting that all six seem to me to be very unconvincing, and that five of them are also dreadfully dull. The worst of them is Dr. Hinkle's huge volume, for she takes 450 large pages to explain earnestly what psychoanalysis has revealed about the division of humanity into psychological types, and succeeds only in repeating in a pseudo-scientific jargon what all the more intelligent phrenologists were saying a century ago. Dr. Lay is less obvious, but still more garrulous: in the whole course of his long, laborious and often indignant treatise upon the physiology and pathology of holy matrimony he says so little that is new that a competent writer might have got it upon a postcard. Corners and Kammerer both cover the same ground, the one somewhat journalistically and the other with a great show of scientific solemnity. Both leave doubts behind them. Kammerer, I believe, is a highly romantic fellow: he has been announcing of late that he has discovered proofs of the inheritance of acquired characters. In his account of the Steinach operation, its theory, its technic and its effects, he constantly shows a great deal more evangelical enthusiasm than critical acumen. When-

ever, in order to support Steinach, he has to embrace an absurdity, he embraces it boldly and without qualms. For example, on page 132, where he finds himself forced to argue that sexual continence is "strength-preserving." This is sheer nonsense. So is it nonsense to argue that "the very worst that could happen to the patient in consequence of the ligation of the spermatic duct would be that nothing whatever would happen." And so is it nonsense to argue obliquely that vasectomy can work improvement in a case of cancer.

Mr. Towner's two volumes are given over in large part to maintaining a quite novel thesis, to wit, that so-called cold women make the best mothers for the race—that their children tend to be measurably superior to the children of passionate mothers. All I can see in this is a truly stupendous example of the *post hoc, ergo propter hoc* fallacy. Mr. Towner first proves what everyone already knows, *i.e.*, that the women of the upper classes tend to be less loose and amiable than the women of the slums and barnyards, and then proceeds glibly to the conclusion that the superiority of their children is due to their relative sexual reserve. But isn't their sexual reserve itself a mere symptom of their general superiority, or, perhaps more accurately, a secondary and not invariable accompaniment? Certainly, not *all* of them shrink from motherhood. Well, what evidence is there that the children of those who do not shrink are inferior to the children of those who do? I can find none in Mr. Towner's book, and I can find none anywhere else. His accumulation of materials is gigantic, and much of it is very interesting, but it falls very far short of proving his case. When, in his second volume, he undertakes to show that the use of wine is beneficial to a race he is on far safer ground, but it was covered years ago by Sir Archdall Reid.

Dr. Stopes' tome on contraception is bellicose, bombastic and extremely unscientific. Whenever she sets up shop as an

authority on physiology—as, for example, on page 117 and on page 76—she quickly becomes absurd. And whenever she discusses the theories of rival birth controllers she descends instantly to the raucous, waspish manner of all earnest propagandists and uplifters, at all times and everywhere. As for the contraceptive device that she advocates herself, I suggest that the opponents of birth control print 10,000,000 leaflets describing it, and distribute them from end to end of the Republic. The result, if I do not err, will be a doubling of the birth-rate within one calendar year—and the adoption of the name of Stopes for scaring children.

H. L. M.

Three Volumes of Fiction

HORSES AND MEN, by Sherwood Anderson. New York: B. W. Huebsch.
 THE ROVER, by Joseph Conrad. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company.
 A LOST LADY, by Willa Cather. New York: A. A. Knopf.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON dedicates his new book of short stories to Theodore Dreiser and prints a short but eloquent hymn to the elder novelist as a sort of preface. A graceful acknowledgment of a debt that must be obvious to every reader of current American fiction. What Dreiser chiefly contributed to the American novel, next after his courageous destruction of its old taboos, was a sense of the tragedy that may play itself out among the lowly. The lowly, of course, had been familiar figures in our fiction for many years; the most popular of all American novels of the middle period, indeed, had had a hero who was an actual slave. But even the authors of text-books of literature for undergraduates must be aware by this time that Mrs. Stowe never actually saw into the soul of Tom—that she simply dressed up a dummy and then somewhat heavily patronized it. The same patronage continued unbroken until Dreiser wrote "Sister Carrie." In that book, for the first time, a girl of the Chandala suddenly became real. Dreiser did not patronize her in the slightest. In-

stead, he tried to see her exactly as she was, to understand her secret soul, to *feel* with her. It was a new kind of novel among us, and after the Comstocks, the college tutors and other such imbeciles had tried in vain to dispose of it, it began to have an influence. Today that influence is visible in stories as widely different otherwise as Miss Cather's "My Antonia" and Anderson's "Many Marriages," Tarkington's "Alice Adams" and Elliot H. Paul's "Impromptu."

"Horses and Men," indeed, is largely a set of variations on Dreiserian themes, though mere imitation, of course, is nowhere visible. The book represents a sort of reaction from the elaborate and often nonsensical psychologizing of "Many Marriages." In other words, Anderson here returns to earth—specifically, to the rural Ohio that he knows so well, and to the odd, pathetic peasants whose aspirations he sees into so clearly. I put the first story in the volume, "I Am a Fool," beside the most esteemed confections of the day, and call confidently for judgment. If it is not enormously better than anything ever done by Katherine Mansfield, Arthur Machen or any other such transient favorite of the women's clubs, then I am prepared to confess freely that I am a Chinaman. There is a vast shrewdness in it; there is sound design; there is understanding; above all, there is feeling. Anderson does not merely tell a story; he evokes an emotion, and it is not maudlin. So in "An Ohio Pagan," a story scarcely less adept and charming—the tale of a simple youth to whom going to school is a tragedy almost as poignant as the nationalization of men would be to an archbishop. And so, too, in "The Sad Horn Blowers," in "Unused," and in "The Man's Story." These are short stories of the very first rank. They are simple, moving, and brilliantly vivid. Another such volume and all of us will begin to forget the Wisconsin washing-machine manufacturer and his occult posturing in the altogether.

Mr. Conrad's "The Rover" contains in-

dications that he has profited by the adverse criticism which began to rise against him in England two or three years ago. For a long while he had been accepted as a sort of overwhelming natural phenomenon or act of God, above and beyond ordinary criticism. Then a few anarchists began complaining that he was, after all, a bit too careless of design—that his great romances would be even greater if only he could be induced to articulate them more deftly. In "The Rover" there is an unmistakable improvement in this department. The story has a beginning, a middle and an end; it moves smoothly and logically; it is nowhere discursive or obscure; in truth, it is almost well-made. Personally, I was quite content with the garrulous, wandering, absent-minded Conrad of "Nostromo" and "Chance"—it seemed to me, indeed, to be foolhardy to risk alarming him by challenging him, as it was foolhardy to alarm Beethoven by suggesting that he change his shirt—but now that the business has been dared and its effects are visible, I believe that there will be a measurable increase in Conradistas. There is nothing in "The Rover" to daunt the most naïve novel-reader. It is a simple story, very simply told. It has a good plot, plenty of suspense, and what the idiots who presume to teach short-story writing call rapid action. In brief, a capital tale, done by a great master. Scene: the south coast of France. Time: the year before Trafalgar. Hero: a retired French pirate who dies magnificently in an enterprise against *perfidie Albion*.

Miss Cather's "A Lost Lady" has the air of a first sketch for a longer story. There are episodes that are described without being accounted for; there is at least one place where a salient character is depicted in the simple outlines of a melodrama villain. But this vagueness, I suspect, is mainly deliberate. Miss Cather is not trying to explain her cryptic and sensational Mrs. Forrester in the customary omniscient way of a novelist; she is trying, rather, to show us the effects of the For-

rester apparition upon a group of simple folk, and particularly upon the romantic boy, Niel Herbert. How is that business achieved? It is achieved, it seems to me, very beautifully. The story has an arch and lyrical air; there is more genuine romance in it than in half a dozen romances in the grand manner. One gets the effect of a scarlet tanager invading a nest of sparrows—an effect not incomparable to that managed by Hergesheimer in "Java Head." But to say that "A Lost Lady" is as sound and important a work as "My Antonia"—as has been done, in fact, more than once in the public prints—is to say something quite absurd. It is excellent stuff, but it remains a bit light. It presents a situation, not a history.

H. L. M.

The Chicago Outfit

MIDWEST PORTRAITS, by Harry Hansen. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company.

THE appearance of this very serious tome probably marks the passing of the movement with which it deals. The center of literary gravity in the United States has hovered over Chicago since the Columbian Exposition of 1893, which taught the natives not only table manners but also connoisseurship. But now that most elusive mathematical point seems to be preparing to wander again, and just which way it will go no man can say. It may come eastward, to the New York that held it between the downfall of Boston and the rise of Chicago. It may move further West, though never, I am sure, as far as the Coast, where Methodism now makes all the fine arts impossible. It may even go southward. But that it will remain where it is seems highly improbable. For Chicago, running out of ideas, has begun of late to take refuge in postures, and so it tends to repel the young artist and to attract the young mountebank. The literary circle that Mr. Hansen describes is already almost indistinguishable from that of Greenwich Village. It has its Great Men, many of them bogus; it has its whips and arbi-

ters; it is extremely self-conscious and it is beginning to be ridiculous.

What ails it, as I hint, is that it has run out of ideas. The older men in it, e.g., Masters, Sandburg and Ben Hecht, either repeat what they have already said or descend to platitudes and worse. Masters, having written the most honest, the most eloquent and altogether the most important long poem ever done in America, now devotes himself to indignant and unconvincing novels. Sandburg, a true primitive, having got the harsh, sweaty drama of the prairie and the packing-house into lines as bold and musical as those of a Negro spiritual, now writes fairy tales that decline steadily in charm, entertains the hinds in fresh-water colleges with banjo-music, and heads tragically into the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Hecht, having marked out the American Philistine for his victim, now writes blood-tub melodramas to divert that Philistine on Sunday afternoons. As for the youngsters, who are they and what have they done? They have talked a great deal, but they have written nothing. Anderson I pass over as one who has escaped, as Dreiser escaped before him. Greenwich Village, I believe, has done him some damage, but had he remained in Chicago he would have suffered damage far worse.

What a change in a few short years! Once a battleground; now a parade of literary Elks! I find on page 84 of Mr. Hansen's programme of the show a very ironical indication of the extent to which even the Middle West has begun to fall away from the Concord on the lake. He is describing a visit to Sandburg, and Sandburg is showing some of the letters received from his customers. "This," he says, "is from a chap in Grinnell College—on the faculty there, and let me tell you, *they are up and coming there.*" Some time ago an American magazine printed a novelette obviously dealing with Grinnell College, called "A Part of the Institution." The author was Ruth Suckow, of Iowa, but

most assuredly not of Chicago. Read it, and you will find out just how up and just how coming Grinnell really is.

H. L. M.

Origins of the Revolution

REVOLUTIONARY NEW ENGLAND, 1681-1776,
by James Truslow Adams. Boston: *The Atlantic Monthly Press.*

THIS is the second volume of a work that should constitute, when it is completed, a contribution to American history of the very first consideration. For the first time a serious and painstaking effort is made to disentangle the whole history of the New England colonies from the mass of sentimental legends that has surrounded it, and to present it objectively and with some approach to scientific accuracy. The result, of course, is an almost complete recasting of the familiar story; the record of the causes which brought on the Revolution becomes itself revolutionary. The tyrant king and the brave and altruistic patriots both depart. In place of them we have two sets of antagonists, and neither, alas, of the highest virtue. On the one hand, there is the battle between English traders and American traders—each seeking advantages, fair or foul; each eager to profit at the cost of the other. On the other hand, there is the battle between the rich men among the colonists—chiefly traders, but sometimes landowners—and the great masses of the dispossessed. How the two struggles eventually merged into one—how the rich colonists, by playing upon the credulities and sentimentalities of their propertyless brothers, finally managed to present a united and formidable front to the City of London and the British *raj*—this is the story that Mr. Adams tells.

It is told simply, clearly, without much rhetorical ornament, and yet always with a great deal of charm. Despite the immense mass of material digested, there is never any obscurity. Effects follow causes in logical chains. There is always room in the closely-packed narrative for touches of the picturesque, small sketches of char-

acter, even some sly humor. The book, no doubt, will strike more than one reader as pro-English—almost, at times, as a piece of special pleading for Parliament and the Lords of Trade. But it is actually nothing of the kind. It is simply history with the varnish knocked off—and inasmuch as most of the varnish was on the heroes of the school-books, the net effect is inevitably that of whitewashing some of the villains.

That such works should be appearing in the United States in the face of a formidable Fundamentalist movement in history, with laws getting upon the statute-books making the most absurd legends official and impeccable—this is surely something to cheer the despairing heart. One hopes only that, as the historians of the new school finish with the Revolution and come closer and closer to current times, they will not collide with the New Patriotism, and so find themselves in jail. The years 1860-1875, done as realistically as Mr. Adams has done 1681-1776, would make a chronicle at least twice as startling as the present one, and the years 1914-1923—but here, perhaps, we approach the limits of the lawfully thinkable!

W. F. ROBINSON

The Case of Luther

LUTHER NICHOLS, by Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Company.

UNPERTURBED by the ballyhooing at other and more pretentious booths, Mrs. Watts continues to do business at the old stand. Her goods are of the reliable variety—nothing flashy, you understand, but free from shoddy, and guaranteed to wear well.

In "Luther Nichols" she deals once more with the Hinterland. Luther is a country lout, poorly educated but good-looking, who, coming to a mid-western town in search of his fortune, drifts into the employ of a garage, as he might have become a hostler twenty years earlier. Then comes the war, and his friend, Roy McArdle, an inarticulate bumpkin, is

drafted and leaves his gum-chewing fiancée in the care of Luther. She hankers after the good-looking chauffeur, but is restrained by the chastity of her class. Then Luther himself is drafted, and ordered to the front. The night before he leaves he and Roy's fiancée get married as a pleasant way to spend the evening, and the next morning wake up to the noise of the Armistice. So they settle down to an unexciting conjugality.

The second part of the book deals with the vamping of Luther by the blonde daughter of a *nouveau riche* family, whose chauffeur he becomes. At last she corners him in a roadhouse, but her stodgy brother conveniently blunders in. Luther is discharged, and the story really ends with him slinking away from the great house. But the author has tacked on a chapter. There is a scene at a club, a crash outside, and the bridge-players, running out, find a rum-running automobile smashed. Luther is unhurt, but his friend Roy is killed. So we have a happy ending after all. Luther, we hear, has rehabilitated himself. With his good looks and his luck (shown by his escape in the accident), he must go on inevitably to social and economic success. We leave him feeling that all will be well.

Unluckily, Mrs. Watts has set the stage for a comedy of manners which doesn't quite come off. The amorous young lady dallies with Luther in a lonely country lane—and her brother walks around the corner. She sits in his lap before a dying fire in a deserted library late at night—and we hear the brother's latch-key. Worse, Mrs. Watts has yielded to the temptation to moralize. Not quite at her ease in this, she speaks through the mouths of her characters, themselves apologizing. Just what moral she wishes to point is a trifle vague even at the end. Apparently, that things are different since the war, and that the classes show a regrettable tendency to mingle. This is bad; one must keep the servants below stairs.

JOHN E. LIND

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

CARLETON BEALS, A.M. (Columbia), went to Mexico in 1918, and save for two years in Italy, has lived there ever since. He has published books on Mexico and on the Fascisti movement in Italy. His latest work is "Mexico: an Interpretation."

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GUY EGLINGTON is an American who has passed much time in Europe, chiefly engaged in the study of painting.

MORRIS FISHBEIN, M.D., is associate editor of the Journal of the American Medical Association. He teaches the history of medicine in Rush Medical College, and is the joint author, with Dr. Oliver T. Osborne, of a standard handbook of therapy.

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GEORGE H. SARGENT is a well-known bibliographer and a member of the American and English Bibliographical Societies.

HOWELL SYKES is an American who has lived in China for a long while. It should be added, in view of the complaint voiced in his article on the missionaries there, that he is not a business man.

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON has been a political writer for nearly thirty years, and has represented the New York World and Times at Washington.

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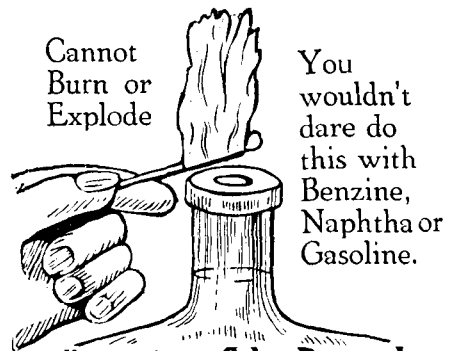
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